THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Earl Derr Biggers—Samuel Crowther—Fanny Heaslip Lea—Edward Hungerford
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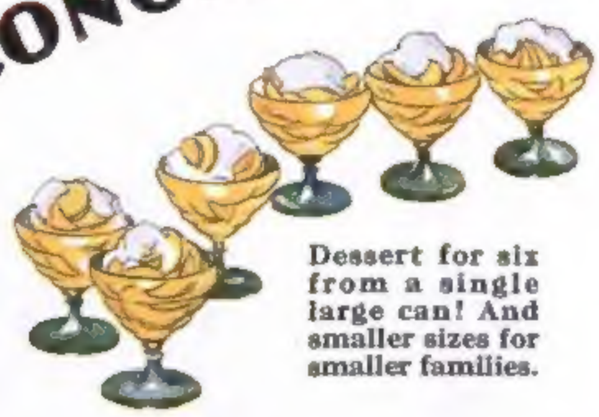

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I discovered a complexion secret in 24 basins of water

[And 62 leading skin specialists approved it]

THE other day I got a letter inviting me to a "conference." That's nothing frightfully unusual in my life, for I have a job I think every woman would *love* to have. I advise business men about women and their ways!

This letter asked me to come at once. So I bought a new hat I felt was becoming and took a train for Cincinnati.

But what a strange conference I found! Twelve girls were seated around a long table. Each girl had two large hand-basins in front of her. Each was trailing her hands back and forth in the basins, much like a small child out in a rowboat!

Camay's "rain-water" test

"What on earth is going on now?" I asked the man who seemed to be directing this strange proceeding.

"Well, when the clock strikes 11, I think that last question of yours is going to be answered."

"You mean about the rain water?"

He nodded. I *was* excited then. You see I'd been cleansing my face with Camay's velvety lather for months. It was the mildest soap *I* had ever found. But I wanted to be sure that Camay was as gentle to *any* skin as the *softest water alone!*

Pretty soon the clock struck 11. The girls who for a whole hour had had one hand in clear rain water and the other in Camay lather dried their hands and showed them to us.

"Why," I gasped, "the hands that have been in Camay are just as smooth and soft and supple as the ones that have been in the clear rain water!"

And when you consider that was a whole *month* of washings compressed into one short hour, it certainly shows how really mild and gentle Camay is for feminine skins!

Why 62 leading dermatologists approve Camay

Isn't it interesting how this test confirms the one I told you about in an earlier article?

You'll remember that I wanted Camay to come to you with an assurance no complexion soap had ever had before. So I took Camay to the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States, himself one of the best-known skin specialists in the country.

This scientist was most sympathetic with Procter & Gamble's desire to give you a perfumed complexion soap, *provided* it would give your skin the *right* kind of care to keep it fresh and clear and lovely. He agreed to have Camay analyzed, and to test it thoroughly in use.

And he did much more! He sent copies of Camay's analysis to 61 leading dermatologists and asked *them* to examine it and test Camay, too. Most of these men are heads of the department of dermatology in the largest universities and hospitals in the country.

And now I am very happy to tell you that all these skin specialists approved Camay's formula. They quickly proved its gentleness in cleansing even the most delicate feminine skins. In a word, Camay has their unanimous approval—something no other perfumed complexion soap in history ever had.

So every time you cleanse your face with Camay's velvety lather, you can know that you are using just the kind of soap these famous skin specialists would recommend to you if you asked their best advice about a soap for *your* complexion.

Could *any* complexion possibly ask for more?

Helen Chase

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Free! For you — Complexion help from famous skin specialists. Into a smart little book I've put all the things I learned about complexions from the famous dermatologists I consulted about Camay. Dry skins; Oily skins; Sensitive skins are all discussed. Care in Winter and in Summer; with Hard Water and Soft. Also Diet; Exercise; Rest; Sleep and their effect on complexions; the Way to Use Cosmetics and many other important subjects. Write for Booklet A to Helen Chase, Dept. YS-59, 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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THE BLACK CAMEL

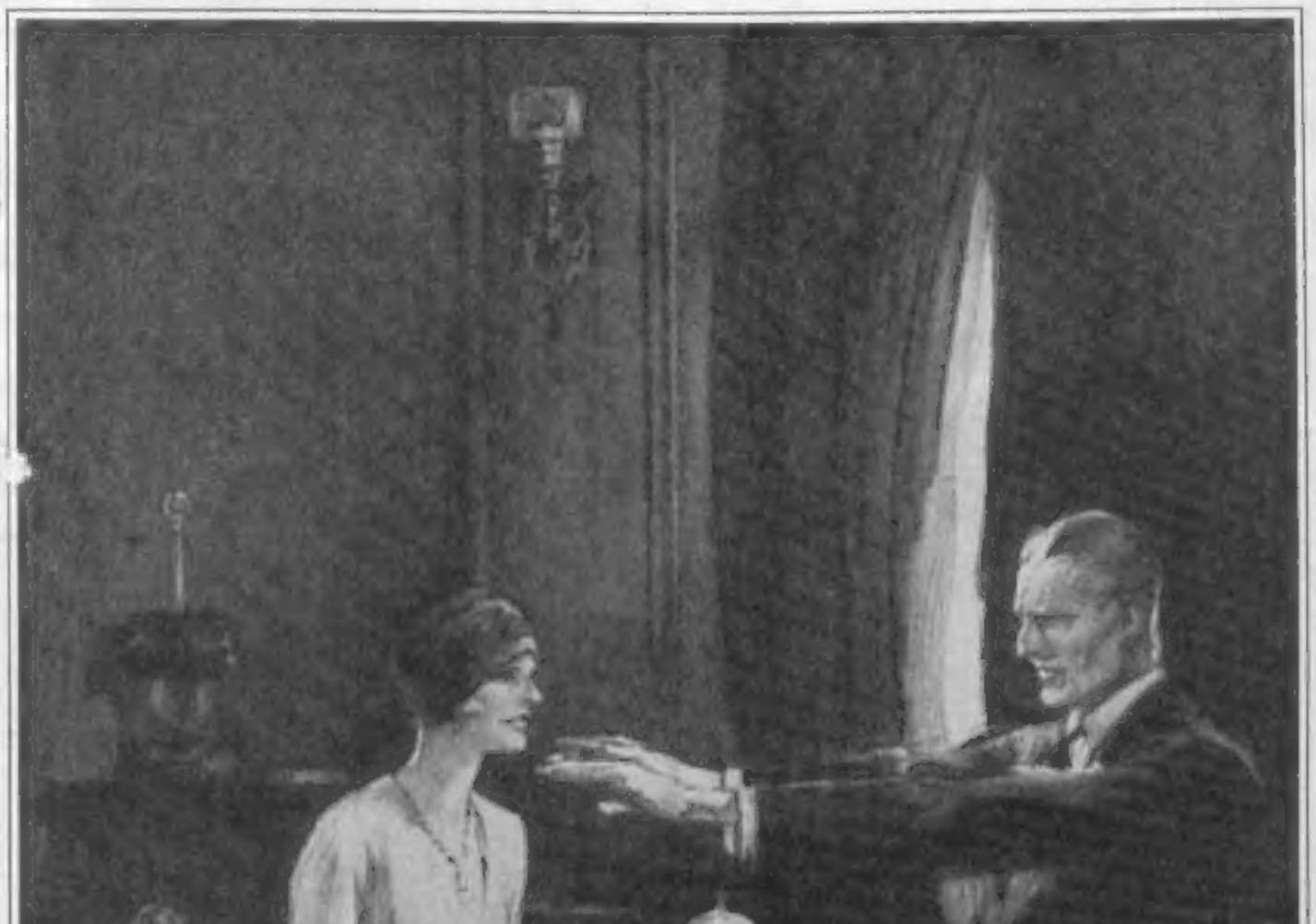
By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE Pacific is the loneliest of oceans, and travelers across that rolling desert begin to feel that their ship is lost in an eternity of sky and water. But if they are journeying from the atolls of the South Seas to the California coast, they come quite suddenly upon a halfway house. So those aboard the Oceanic had come upon it shortly after dawn this silent July morning. Brown, misty peaks rose from the ocean floor, incredible, unreal. But they grew more probable with each moment of approach, until finally the watchers at the rail were thrilled to distinguish the bright green island of Oahu, streaked with darker folds where lurk the valley rains.

The Oceanic swung about to the channel entrance. There stood Diamond Head, like a great lion—if you want the time-worn simile—crouched to spring. A crouching lion, yes; the figure is plausible up to that point; but as for springing—well, there has never been the slightest chance of that. Diamond Head is a *kamaaina* of the islands, and has long ago sensed the futility of acting on impulse; of acting, as a matter of fact, at all.

A woman traveler stood by the starboard rail on the boat deck, gazing at the curved beach of Waikiki and, up ahead, the white walls of Honolulu half-hidden in the foliage behind the Aloha Tower. A handsome woman in her early thirties, she had been a source of unending interest to her fellow passengers throughout that hot, monotonous voyage from Tahiti. No matter in what remote corner of the world you have been hiding, you would have recognized her at once; for she was Shelah Fane of the pictures, and hers was a fame equal to that of any president or king.



She Was Trapped and Helpless. "Now!" Said Tarneverro the Great

"A great piece of property," film salesmen had called her for eight years or more, but now they had begun to shake their heads. "Not so good. She's slipping." Golden lads and lasses must, like chimney sweepers, come to dust, which is something the film stars think about when they cannot sleep of nights. Shelah had not been sleeping well of late and her eyes, as they rested on peaceful Tantalus with its halo of fleecy cloud, were sad and a little wistful.

She heard a familiar step on the deck behind her, and turned. A broad, powerful, keen-looking man was smiling down at her.

"Oh, Alan," she said. "How are you this morning?"

"A bit anxious," he replied. His was a face that had never known Klieg lights and make-up; it was deeply lined and bronzed by tropic suns. "Journey's end, Shelah—for you at least," he added, laying his hand over hers. "Are you sorry?"

She hesitated a moment. "Rather sorry, yes. I shouldn't have cared if we had just sailed on and on."

"Nor I." He stared at Honolulu with the bright look of interest that comes naturally to British eyes at sight of a new port, a new anchorage. The ship had come to a stop at the channel entrance and a launch bearing the customs men and the doctor was speeding toward it.

"You haven't forgotten?" The Britisher turned back to Shelah Fane. "This isn't journey's end for me. You know I'm leaving you behind here tonight. Sailing out at midnight on this same ship—and I must have your answer before I go."

She nodded. "You shall have it before you go. I promise."

For a brief moment he studied her face. A marked change had crept over her at the sight of land. She had come back from the little world of the ship to the great world whose adoration she expected and thrived upon. No longer calm, languorous, at peace, her eyes were alight with a restless flame, her small foot tapped nervously on the deck. A sudden fear overwhelmed him—a fear that the woman he had known and worshiped these past few weeks was slipping from him forever.

"Why must you wait?" he cried. "Give me your answer now."

"No, no," she protested. "Not now. Later today." She glanced over her shoulder. "Were there reporters on the launch, I wonder?"

A tall, handsome, hatless youth with a mop of blond hair waving in the breeze rushed up to her. His energy was a challenge to the climate.

"Hello, Miss Fane. Remember me? Met you when you went through here on your way south. Jim Bradshaw, of the Tourist Bureau, press agent of beauty, contact man for Paradise. Our best *aloha*—and here's a *lei* to prove it." He hung a fragrant garland about her neck, while the man she had called Alan moved quietly away.

"You're awfully kind," Shelah Fane told him. "Of course I remember you. You seemed so glad to see me. You do now."

He grinned. "I am—and besides, that's my job. I'm the doormat on the threshold of Hawaii, with 'welcome' written all over me. Island hospitality—I have to make sure that my advertisements all come true. But in your case, I—well, believe me, it isn't any strain." He saw that she looked expectantly beyond him. "Say, I'm sorry, but all the newspermen seem to be lingering in the arms of Morpheus. However, you can't blame them. Lulled as they are by the whisper of the soft, invigorating trade winds in the coco palms—I'll finish that later. Just tell me what's doing, and I'll see

"'With Love From One You Have Forgotten.' Who Could That be, Shelah?"

that it gets into the papers. Did you complete the big South Sea picture down in Tahiti?"

"Not quite," she answered. "We left a few sequences to be shot in Honolulu. We can live here so much more comfortably and the backgrounds, you know, are every bit as beautiful."

"Do I know it?" the boy cried. "Ask me. Exotic flowers, blossoming trees, verdant green hills, blue sunny skies with billowy white clouds—the whole a dream of the unchanging tropics with the feel of spring. How's that? I wrote it yesterday."

"Sounds pretty good to me," Shelah laughed.

"You'll be some time in Honolulu, Miss Fane?"

She nodded. "I've sent for my servants," she told him. "They've taken a house for me on the beach. I stifle in hotels—and then, too, people are always staring at me. I hope it's a large house ——"

"It is," Bradshaw cut in. "I was out there yesterday. They're all set and waiting for you. I saw your butler—and your secretary, Julie O'Neill. Speaking of that, some day I'd like to ask you where you find secretaries like her."

Shelah smiled. "Oh, Julie's much more than a secretary. Sort of a daughter, almost. Though of course that's absurd to say, for we're nearly the same age."

"Is that so?" said the boy to himself.

"Julie's mother was a dear friend of mine, and when she died four years ago, I took the child in. One must do a good deed occasionally," she added, modestly looking down at the deck.

"Sure," agreed Bradshaw. "If we don't we'll never be tapped for the Boy Scouts. Julie was telling me how kind you've been."

"I've been amply repaid," the star assured him. "Julie is a darling."

"Isn't she?" replied the boy heartily. "If I had my riming dictionary along, I'd give you a good description of the girl right here and now."

Shelah Fane looked at him suddenly. "But Julie got in only two days ago."

"Yes, and so did I. Made a flying trip to Los Angeles, and came back on the same boat with her. The best crossing I ever had. You know—moonlight, silver seas, a pretty girl ——"

"I must look into this," said Shelah Fane.

Two of the passengers joined them—a weary, disillusioned-looking man whose costume suggested Hollywood Boulevard, and a dashing girl of twenty. Shelah yielded to the inevitable.

"Mr. Bradshaw, of the Tourist Bureau," she explained. "This is Miss Diana Dixon, who is in my new picture, and Huntley Van Horn, my leading man."

Miss Dixon lost no time. She sparkled instantly. "Honolulu is an adorable place. I'm always so thrilled to come here—such beauty ——"

"Never mind," cut in the star. "Mr. Bradshaw knows all that. None better."

"Always happy to have my ideas confirmed," bowed the boy. "Especially from such a charming source." He turned to the man. "Mr. Van Horn, I've seen you in the films."

Van Horn smiled cynically. "So, I believe, have the natives of Borneo. Has Shelah told you anything about our latest epic?"

"Very little," Bradshaw replied. "Got a good part?"

"It always has been a good part," Van Horn said. "I trust my rendering of the rôle will not impair its future usefulness. If it does, many of our leading studios will have to close. I'm a beach comber, you see, and I've sunk lower and lower."

"You would," nodded the star.

"I'm wallowing in the depths, and quite comfortable, thank you," went on Van Horn, "when—if you can believe it—I'm saved. Absolutely rehabilitated, you know, through the love of this primitive, brown-skinned child."

"Which child?" asked Bradshaw blankly. "Oh, you mean Miss Fane. Well, it sounds like a great plot—but don't tell me, don't tell me." He turned to the star. "I'm glad you're going to take a few shots in Honolulu. That sort of thing makes us very happy at the Tourist Bureau. I must run along—one or two other celebrities on the ship. Fellow named Alan Jaynes—very wealthy."

"I was talking with him when you came up," Shelah said.

"Thanks. I'll go after him. Diamond mines—South Africa—he sounds good. We're strong for the arts in Hawaii, you know, but as for money—well, when that appears in the harbor, then we really get out the flags. See you all later."

He disappeared down the deck, and the three picture people moved over to the rail.

"Here comes Val," said Huntley Van Horn, "looking like the man who wrote the tropics."

He referred to Val Martino, director of Shelah's latest picture, who was rapidly approaching along the deck. He was a short, stocky, gray-haired man, dressed in a suit of immaculate white silk. Above a flaming red tie loomed his broad, heavy face. It was almost the same shade as the tie, suggesting that Mr. Martino had never concerned himself with such trivial matters as blood pressure and diet.

"Hello," he said. "Well, here we are. Thank heaven, Tahiti has been attended to. From this on, I'll take my tropics after they've been ruined by American plumbing. . . . Was that a newspaperman you were talking with, Shelah?"

"Not precisely. A boy from the Tourist Bureau," she explained.

"I hope you laid it on thick about the new picture," he continued. "You know, we'll need all the publicity we can get."

"Oh, let's forget the picture," returned the star a bit wearily.

The Oceanic was drawing slowly up to the pier, on which a surprisingly meager crowd was waiting. Shelah Fane gazed at the group with interest and some disappointment. She had rather hoped for a vast throng of schoolgirls in white, bearing triumphal *leis*. But this had happened when she went through before; she could not expect history to repeat itself; and it was, too, only seven in the morning.

"There's Julie!" she cried suddenly. "Near the end of the pier. See, she's waving." She returned Julie's signal.

"Who's that beside her?" Van Horn inquired. "Good Lord, it looks like Tarneverro."

"It is Tarneverro," Miss Dixon said.

"What's he doing here?" the leading man wondered.

"Perhaps he's here because I sent for him," said Shelah Fane. A quiet, black-garbed maid stood at her side. "What is it, Anna?"

"The customs men, madam. They're going through everything. You'd better come. They want talking to, it seems."

"I'll talk to them," said the star firmly, and followed the maid into her suite.

"Well, what do you know about that?" Van Horn remarked. "She's sent for that phony fortune teller to come all the way from Hollywood ——"

"What do you mean, phony?" cut in Miss Dixon. "Tarneverro is simply wonderful. He's told me the most amazing things about my past—and about my future too. I never take a step without consulting him, and neither does Shelah."

Martino shook his great head impatiently. "It's a rotten scandal," he cried, "the way most of you Hollywood women have gone mad over voodoo men! Telling them all your secrets—some day one of them will publish his memoirs, and then where will you be? A few of us try to lift the industry to a dignified plane—but, oh, Lord, what's the use?"

"No use, my dear fellow," said Van Horn. He looked across the stretch of water at the tall, lean figure of the fortune teller. "Poor Shelah, there's something rather touching in such faith as this. I presume she wants to ask Tarneverro whether or not she shall marry Alan Jaynes."

"Of course she does," Miss Dixon nodded. "She wants to know if she'll be happy with him. She cabled Tarneverro the day after Jaynes proposed. Why not? Marriage is a serious step."

Martino shrugged. "If she'd only ask me, I'd read her future quick enough. She's nearly through in pictures, and she ought to know it. Her contract expires in six months, and I happen to know—in strict confidence, you understand—it won't be renewed. I can see her taking a long journey by water then—going abroad to make a picture—the beginning of the end. She'd better grab this diamond king quick before he changes his mind. But no, she's fooling round with a back-parlor crystal gazer. However, that's like you people. You won't grow up." He walked away.

The formalities of the port were quickly ended and the Oceanic docked. Shelah Fane was the first down the plank, to be received by the eager arms of her secretary. Julie was young, impetuous, unspoiled; her joy was genuine.

"The house is all ready, Shelah. It's a knock-out. Jessop is there, and we've found a Chinese cook who's a magician. The car's waiting."

"Really, dear?" The star looked up into the dark, deep-set eyes of the man at Julie's side. "Tarneverro, what a relief to see you here. But I knew I could depend on you."

"Always," said the fortune teller gravely.

What the crowd lacked in numbers, it made up in noise and confusion. Anna, the maid, was overwhelmed with boxes and bags, and seeing this, Tarneverro went to help her. There was no condescension in his manner; he treated her with the same courtly grace he would have shown the star.

Alan Jaynes and Bradshaw appeared on the scene. The latter went over to greet Julie with as much warmth as though he had just arrived after a long hard voyage from some distant port. Jaynes stepped quickly to Shelah's side.

"I shall be damnably anxious," he said. "This afternoon—may I come then?"

"Of course," she nodded. "Oh—this is Julie—you've heard about her. . . . Julie, please tell him the number of our house. We're just beyond the Grand Hotel, on Kalakaua Avenue."

Julie told him and he turned back to Shelah. "I shan't keep you ——" he began.

"Just a moment," said the star. "I want to introduce an old friend from Hollywood. . . . Tarneverro, will you come here, please?"

The fortune teller handed a couple of bags to Shelah's chauffeur and came at once. Jaynes looked at him with some surprise.

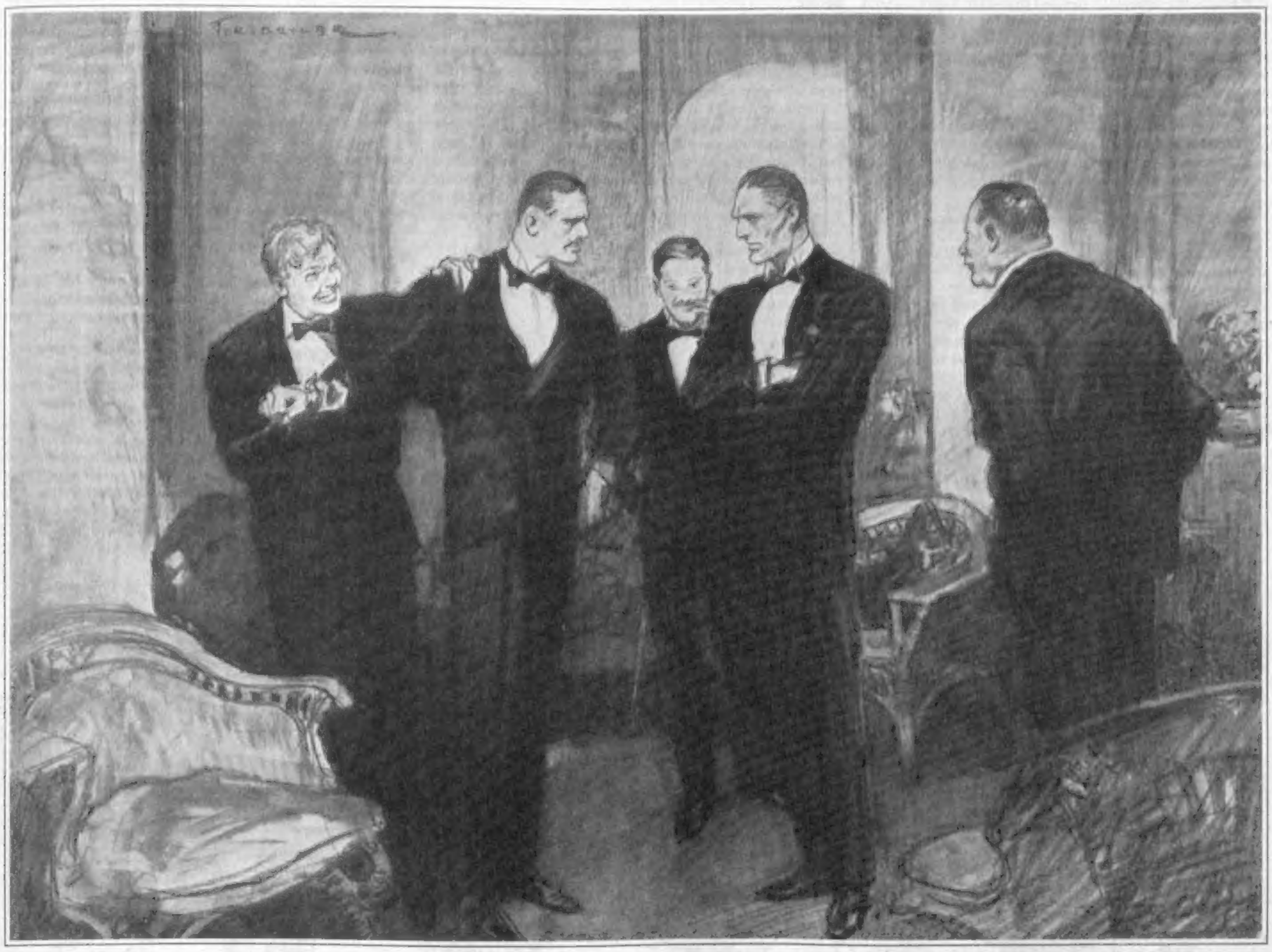
"Tarneverro, I want you to meet Alan Jaynes," the star said.

They shook hands. "Glad to know you," remarked the Britisher. As he gazed into the other man's face he experienced a sudden sensation of deep dislike. Here was power; not the power of muscle, which he had himself and could understand, but something more subtle, something uncanny, inexplicable and oddly disturbing. "Sorry, but I must dash along now," he added.

He disappeared into the crowd, and Julie led them to the waiting car. Tarneverro, it appeared, was stopping at the Grand, and Shelah offered to drop him there.

Presently they were bowling along through Honolulu's streets, under a flaming blue sky. The town was waking to another leisurely day. Men of many races languidly bestirred themselves; at the corner of King Street a boy offered the morning paper, and a fat, brown-skinned

(Continued on Page 174)



"Now, Now," Martino Interposed. "A Slight Misunderstanding, Inspector. There Will be No Trouble"

Some Things We are Learning

An Interview With Henry Ford

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

MORE and greater changes are daily coming about in industry than appear on the surface. The surface changes that are most talked about—such as the supposedly rapid displacement of men by machines—are not changes at all but developments in a direction in which we have been going for a long time. There is not the slightest danger that machines will too rapidly displace men in the production of things for consumption. If there be any danger it is that a halt may presently be called in the process; since the need for accuracy has for the moment passed the ability of the machines that industry formerly used in large-scale production. The engineering requirements are today such that more men, in a growing number of instances, are required than in the days when one could compromise with accuracy. Therefore, unless we quickly can find tools that will not require so much human guidance, we may halt our progress.

It should not be at all necessary to have skilled men in production. The place for the skilled man is in making machines that will do the work of production. The unskilled man gets his start toward the acquiring of skill by mastering these superior machines. There is no point in wasting the skilled man in doing something that a machine can do better. Eventually we shall shift the skill still further back to making machines to make machines that will in turn make the machines used in actual production. It is necessary to use the producing machines to their absolute capacity, and even then they are out of date before they wear out. That means a change in the arrangement of man hours.

We have very generally decided that eight hours is about long enough for a man to work—and for various reasons. Some of us have further decided that a week of five days is something to be adopted and put into effect as rapidly as possible. Eight hours a day and five days a week is enough work for the human being in industry, but it is not enough work for the machines. There should be no work whatsoever on Sunday—that is a day apart. It will be in the interests of everyone to stagger the days of rest for men and at the same time keep the productive machinery of the country going through all the useful hours.

A Jump Ahead of the Prophets

AND, as a natural development of more intricate manufacturing, it has become apparent that, although there are very few limits to management, there are other considerations which, though not restricting the size of a corporation, do limit its functions, and that, therefore, it is not in the interests of the best and most economical manufacturing for any one institution to attempt to do everything with all materials, from the source to the finished product. It is positively wasteful for some companies to attempt to span the whole distance from source to finished product for all requirements.

It seems that about the time when people begin to get excited over an industrial movement is also just about the time when the movement is either waning or has considerably changed its form. When the prophets get together and decide when and how disaster is coming, the conditions from which they predict disaster usually change. Prophets do not keep up with current events. It has always been so with machinery. Every little while someone without a complete knowledge of the subject gets a general notion of what is going on and then starts in to predict and to forecast. The net of their prophecies is that the world will soon be so full of machines as to leave no place for men.

I have been in business now for quite a number of years and one of our principles has been never to have a job done by hand if it could be better done by a machine. We have been displacing men by machines as rapidly as we have known how. Yet in less than thirty years our pay-roll roster has gone from three men to more than a hundred thousand. In view of these facts, it would appear that there might be something wrong with the theory that machines take away work from men. There is a great deal of wrong in the theory. It is founded not on fact but on very superficial reasoning. A good deal of that reasoning starts with the error of assuming that machinery is merely labor-saving because someone in the past called it labor-saving.

Most of our more important machines today do not save labor except in a larger sense. They either do things which could not be done by hand or which would not be done at all had not the machines come in to make the product cheap enough to touch a universal demand. The automobile is only one of hundreds of commodities that have been made possible by the machine. One may look at the automobile as only an extension of the power of man, but it is really a thing of itself. A man can go faster on roller skates than he can on foot, and on a bicycle he can make his strength still more efficient. But in an automobile he contributes only guidance and control. His personal strength is not of moment. The automobile is, therefore, not a labor-saving device at all. It enables the doing of things which would not otherwise be done. A drop-forging machine does what men might do with heavy hammers, but an upsetting machine—which presses a bit of metal into shape—is doing something requiring a strength and power not attainable by human beings.

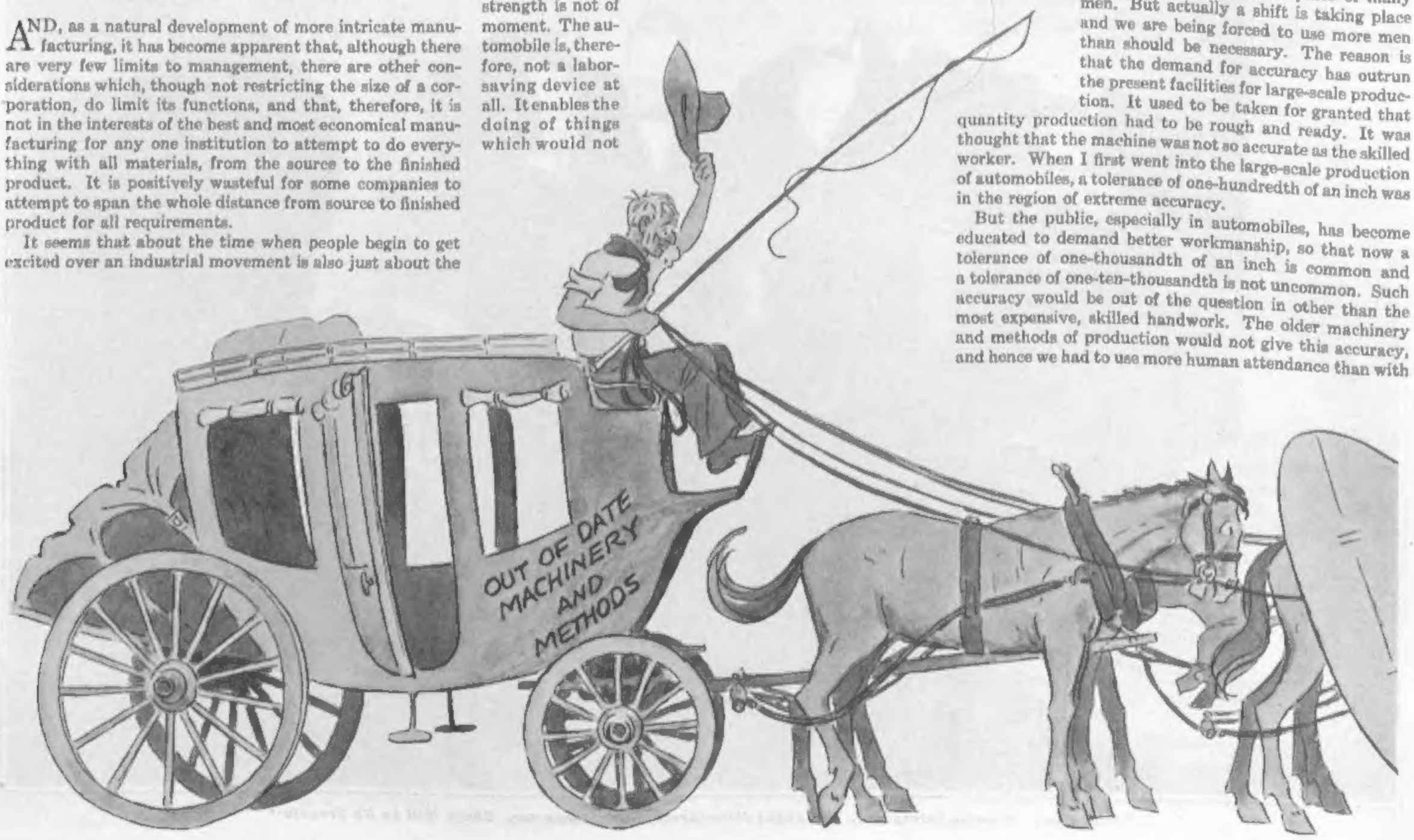
Up until 1925 our factories had never used as much as thirty million kilowatt hours of electrical power in a month. It was not until last year that we ever touched forty million a month, but now we are using around sixty million. To think of such amounts of power in terms of slaves or of substituting for the strength of men or in any human terms is only distorting the picture, for human strength could not possibly be mobilized to exert any such amount of power in one place.

The power is nothing of itself. It has to be used through machines. It cannot be used through men. These machines are, therefore, more than mere extensions of the human hands. They are labor-making, not labor-saving. Describing them in terms of labor saved brings in the thought that there is only so much work to be done in the world and that there is a choice between doing it with men and doing it with machines. There is no such choice. The work simply could not be done by men.

Asleep at the Switch of Progress

IT IS quite generally believed that the introduction of machinery to do work formerly done by men creates unemployment. That, however, is not usually the case, for if the machines are properly used they will create more employment than before and the period of change will be neither long nor difficult. The larger unemployment arises out of the wiping out of whole industries through technical progress, or in those industries or sections of industries which refuse to keep up with the advances in science or in practice. We can never have any prolonged unemployment if the leaders in industry stay fully awake. Only such industries as are asleep awaken to find themselves not needed. And we are always better off for the ending of sleepy industries, for they invariably are low-wage industries. The machine creates a supply of goods which we could not otherwise have. Just now the talk is about unemployment due to machines taking the place of many men. But actually a shift is taking place and we are being forced to use more men than should be necessary. The reason is that the demand for accuracy has outrun the present facilities for large-scale production. It used to be taken for granted that quantity production had to be rough and ready. It was thought that the machine was not so accurate as the skilled worker. When I first went into the large-scale production of automobiles, a tolerance of one-hundredth of an inch was in the region of extreme accuracy.

But the public, especially in automobiles, has become educated to demand better workmanship, so that now a tolerance of one-thousandth of an inch is common and a tolerance of one-ten-thousandth is not uncommon. Such accuracy would be out of the question in other than the most expensive, skilled handwork. The older machinery and methods of production would not give this accuracy, and hence we had to use more human attendance than with



the former and less accurate methods. In our present model we are compelled to use more men per car than we did in our former model. The same trend is apparent throughout all the industries that are going on a more accurate basis than before. It is not peculiar to the automobile. Instead of worrying about throwing men out of work, the general bother will shortly be about the rise in the cost of products due to too much hand labor.

The present problem is to discover the principles and to work out the designs for automatic machinery which will turn out articles of whatever accuracy of measurement may be required. We have one job right now that needs great accuracy and which employs 900 men. That whole job could be far better done by the right kind of machine, with very few attendants. Such a machine will have to be devised. Accurate large-scale production must now have automatic or nearly automatic machines in order to reduce the cost and the errors of human labor. And so many of these machines will shortly be required that the making of them will come out of the specialty class and fall into the high-production class.

Progressive American industry has never held on to old tools. It has bought or devised the best tools it could get, run them at top speed, and then scrapped them as they became worn or were superseded by better tools. The newer tool steels permit much higher speeds than ever before—which is one of the reasons why more power is being used. High-speed machinery has to be strongly built and it is expensive; some of the seminutomatic and automatic machinery is very expensive. And also it takes time to have the machines designed and built. Often it is economical to scrap whole plants; we are slowly moving out of what was formerly our main plant simply because work can be done more cheaply in a new plant.

Staggering Play as Well as Work

ALL this makes it imperative to use plants and machinery to the utmost; for, although high-speed machinery wears out fairly quickly, it becomes obsolete still more quickly. One rarely gets a chance to know how long it would take to wear out a machine. In theory machinery should be used twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week, and some processes that cannot be interrupted are actually on that schedule. But here the human element has to be considered, and from two angles.

The first is from the angle of actual as compared to theoretical efficiency, and the second is from the standpoint of creating a leisure to increase the standards of living and, through increasing these standards, to increase consumption. We have found—as has everyone—that eight hours a day is the limit of efficiently productive time for the average factory worker. Also we have found that it does not pay to work the shifts from midnight to early morning. We have found that we get the most profitable production out of a series of shifts starting early in the morning and ending at midnight.

Several years ago we began experimenting with the five-day week and about two years ago put it into effect. No change in hours or working time or anything of the sort can be brought about at once. But gradually the schedules are nearing 100 per cent and before long will be there. The plan has been not to work on Saturdays and, of course, not to work on Sundays. We take for granted that Sunday is a day set apart. It is the Lord's Day, and I consider it the duty of an employer to give his employes the opportunity to go to church with their families. It is up to them to make use of the opportunity, and we have no Sunday work at all except for watchmen and tenders. Even our railroad shuts down on Sunday. But, all other considerations aside, Sunday work pays no better than work after midnight; it is not a day when men want to work in a factory, and even though they put in an appearance they do not do a normal amount of work.

It has now been sufficiently demonstrated to us that the five-day week for men brings better results than the six-day week. Simply on the point of production it is as much better than the six-day week as the eight-hour day is better than the ten-hour day. The five-day week is therefore a settled policy. But five days is not enough for machines. They not only grow old long before they begin to wear out but working them for only five days compels a much larger plant investment than if they were worked six days. So now we have extended the factory week to six full days from early morning until midnight for each day, but have arranged the men on an eight-hour day of five days a week.

This plan seems to us to have many advantages from a national standpoint. The Saturday holiday or half holiday is now so nearly universal that the recreational facilities in the more densely populated sections of the country are too crowded for people really to enjoy themselves. Many years ago, when we employed a small force, we had all our men come to work and quit work at once. Then, as we began to work in shifts, we let the full shifts out on the streets at the same time. As these shifts grew in size they began to swamp the street-car service, and soon there was no way of getting the shifts either to or away from the plant. The street railway had neither the cars nor the tracks to handle so many people at once. Then we worked out a plan of staggering the shifts so that a certain number of men would be coming to work and another group leaving work every few minutes of the day. That has taken the congestion out of the traffic.

Today the roads around any large city are almost impassable on Saturday and no one gets much real pleasure out of motoring. Every amusement park is jammed. It would be needlessly expensive to provide roads capable of taking the whole holiday traffic; amusement places which would be large enough to accommodate the holiday crowds with comfort would cost so much to maintain on the off days that they would have to charge very high prices during the week-ends. Staggering the free days in the week will make everything more comfortable and less expensive. There are reasons for having no work Sundays, but there are no reasons at all for having everyone take a holiday on Saturday, and then lose much of its benefit through crowding.

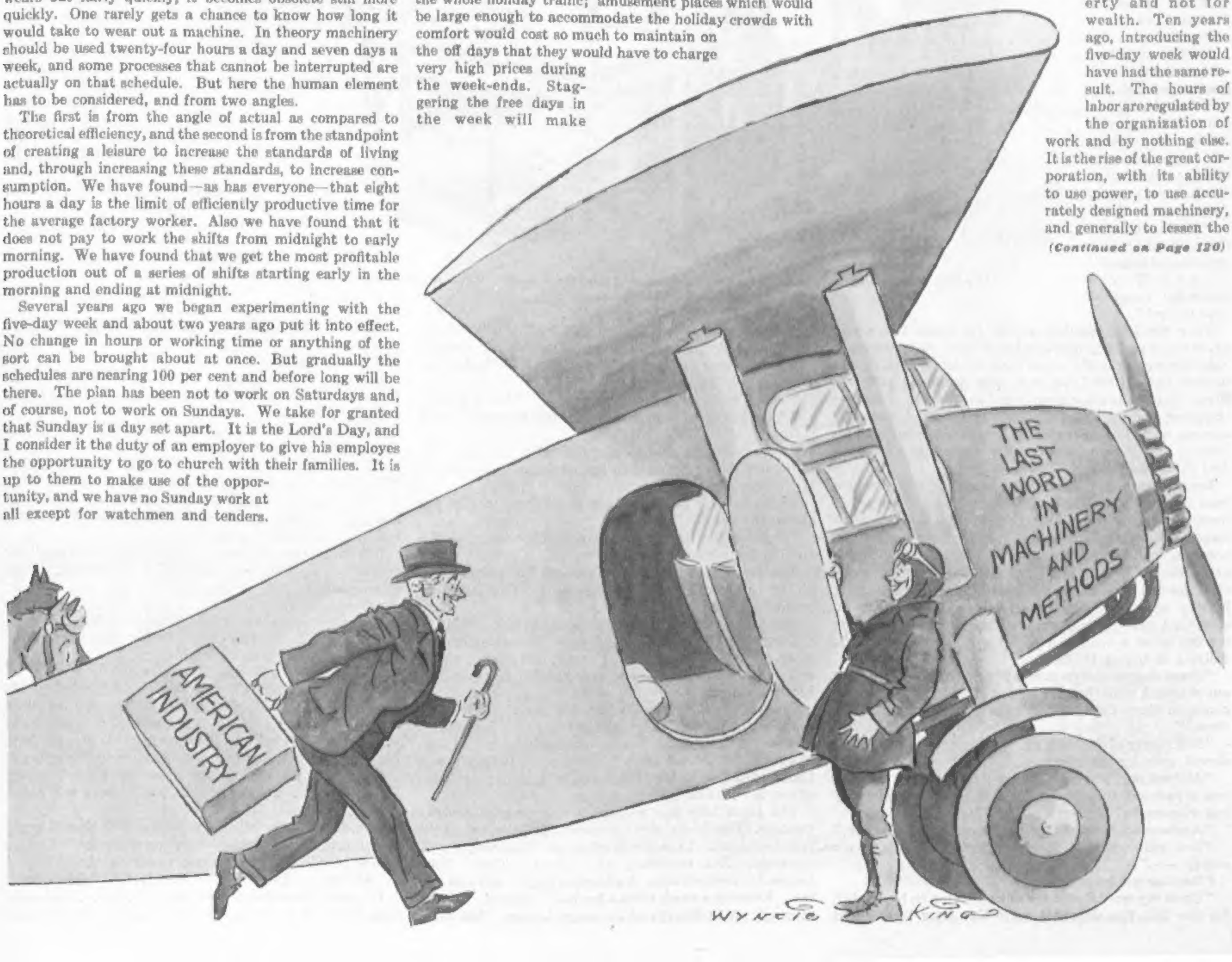
The influence of all this on consumption is obvious. The short week is bound to come, because without it the country will not be able to absorb its production and stay prosperous. The harder we crowd business for time, the more efficient it becomes. The more well-paid leisure workmen get, the greater become their wants. These wants soon become needs. Well-managed business pays high wages and sells at low prices. Its workmen have the leisure to enjoy life and the wherewithal with which to finance that enjoyment.

Less Work and More Prosperity

THE industry of this country could not long exist if factories generally went back to the ten-hour day, because the people would not have the time to consume the goods produced. For instance, a workman would have little use for an automobile if he had to be in the shops from dawn until dusk. And that would react in countless directions, for the automobile, by enabling people to get about quickly and easily, gives them a chance to find out what is going on in the world—which leads them to a larger life that requires more food, more and better goods, more books, more music—more of everything. The benefits of travel are not confined to those who can take an expensive foreign trip. There is more to learn in this country than there is abroad. Just as the eight-hour day opened our way to prosperity, so the five-day week will open our way to a still greater prosperity.

Of course there is a humanitarian side to the shorter day and the shorter week, but dwelling on that side is likely to get one into trouble, for then leisure may be put before work instead of after work—where it belongs. Twenty years ago, introducing the eight-hour day generally would have made for poverty and not for wealth. Ten years ago, introducing the five-day week would have had the same result. The hours of labor are regulated by the organization of work and by nothing else. It is the rise of the great corporation, with its ability to use power, to use accurately designed machinery, and generally to lessen the

(Continued on Page 120)



THE MOTH

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Do You Have to be Tortured," Cried Christopher Hotly, "for Me?" "You Know What Families are," Said Sidney

AND that," said the one, waving his cigarette somewhat shakily, yet with an air—debonair, as you might say, had the word still a flavor and a significance—"that was America in the 70's and 80's! 'Bliss,'" he went on, with yet more of an air, with indeed a definite debonairishness deriving from a day when to quote was a gentleman's habit—"'bliss was it in that dawn to be alive, but to be young was very heaven!' . . . Have you any very heavens, nowadays?" he inquired with courteous skepticism. Chuckling, he coughed. With discretion, but still with a gesture, he threw his cigarette overboard. A starlit Atlantic, heaving like the bosom of cinema love, received the spark.

Replied the other, with delightful deference, yet with joy of living very high in him: "Surely there's fashion in heavens, sir; one generation merely takes off what the last one put on. I imagine ——"

"Is there anything left to the imagination of today?"

"Ah! Maybe yesterday imagined vain things!"

They chuckled together, as two for whom talk would never run dry. They continued their walk about the deck, alike impeccable in the cut of their dinner jackets, the set of their ties. If the head of the one gleamed a yellowish silver, that of the other a curly and brazen red; if the one staggered slightly before the force of the wind, rounding corners, while the other strode along like Mercutio on his evening off; life can show greater disparities than that. And these two knew it.

Beneath their feet a great ship made her costly way—from the Goddess of Liberty's liberties to the wrongs—uncertain—of fifty million Frenchmen—beneath their waistcoats an excellent dinner sustained them. Having been slightly limited, for the one, by such distressing necessities of life as high blood pressure and a failing digestion; for the other only by the satisfying of an extremely healthy appetite. Chief difference, after all, between silver and red—journey's end rushing down on the one; for the other a road still splitting hills, fording rivers, dallying in flowery thickets.

"Great sinners and great wits!" panted the one, slightly out of breath with the pace he was keeping. "There were giants in those days. What have you now to fill their shoes?"

"Still plenty of clay feet, sir." Imperceptibly, the other slowed, grinning cheerfully.

"Ah, my boy, you should have lived when an epigram was a passport to polite society. What have you today but wise-cracks?"

"A wise-crack is only an epigram traveling second-class."

"Not bad—not bad! But your first-class carriages are empty ——"

"Because wit loves company."

"Upon my word," said the one, stopping to blow a bit; his fine thin lips showed a trifle blue after three smart rounds, with the wind tugging and beating—"upon my word, you remind me of Tom Aldrich in his younger days—the same smooth impertinence. A delightful romantic ass—that was Tom."

"That's me!" said the other amiably. "Ass, I mean."

"Wind has quite an edge tonight," said the one, slightly shivering.

"I should say it has!" said the other quickly. His rather boyishly engaging smile said he should have thought of it sooner.

As if any wind that ever blew could show an edge too sharp for him!

"Shall we join the ladies?" suggested the one, with discretion, but reluctant.

Said the other—blood rising beneath his bronzed skin at the behest of some secret reaction—"That'll be immense!"

"Gad, I'm glad you think so!" said the one, sighing.

They found the ladies in a lofty, gilt, yet not glamorous room, where little tables stood about, and swollen chairs and sofas, and waiters bearing coffee and liqueurs scurried like water bugs.

One lady could not readily have been overlooked. Contours of a suburban Juno, with the features of Xanthippe. Henna georgette, with beads, inevitably shrouded her. She read, by the aid of shell-rimmed spectacles, from a book entitled, Why We Misbehave, with no apparent reason on her part for such research.

The other lady was perhaps a quarter of a century younger. Fragile and slim and sweet. Daphne, before the laurel sprouted. Unaware, it might be. Unafraid, almost certainly. Not essentially the nymph either. More Sèvres, by a second look. A charming trifle in gilt and rose leaf. Keeping a crook behind her back perhaps. Crooks, after all, are in the eye of the sheep largely. Not more than eighteen—this other lady. By that dew-on-the-rose, by that rainbow-in-the-fountain sort of look even lipstick and powder can't alter. Her pale soft hair was smooth upon her pretty head—bunned, not bobbed, in her fashion of her heaven. She wore a blue taffeta frock, showing her deliciously bony little neck and arms—frail bones of a fledgling—and she read from a book entitled, Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing. For her, Practically of Nothing at All.

"Oh, do you like it?" cried redhead, approaching. Enormously pleased—having lent her the book.

"Oh, Mr. Stagg!" she evaded adorably. Imperceptibly, yet with a certain executive ability, she indicated to him the nearest chair.

Juno Xanthippe bridled; she inflated her henna-georgette bosom and crested her permanently waved head.

She said, "Father, you have been out on that cold windy deck for an hour. I don't know what you're thinking of!"

"Just as well you shouldn't, my dear," returned the prodigal parent dryly.

Seating himself, he lifted a shriveled but imperious finger.

"We've had our coffee," said his daughter, coldly alert.

Mr. Stagg came up at a gallop, bringing reënforcements.

"Then won't you have a liqueur, Mrs. Smith?"

"Thank you, Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Smith. "I don't care for it."

"Then, Miss Smith?"

"Sidney," said Sidney's mother in syllables like the footprints of a cow in a swampy meadow, "doesn't care for anything either."

"What, Sidney? Not even white mint?"

"Father, you know perfectly well ——"

"It's all right, grandfather. I don't want it, really; I'll just taste yours." The sweetest, cool smile—little dancing lights in the back of her sea-gray eyes. No wonder a young man with red hair couldn't quite take his gaze off her, hitched his chair a bit nearer.

"Father, I hope you aren't thinking of having anything yourself. You know perfectly well the last thing Doctor Dorrity said to you ——"

"Dorrity's a fool!"

"Nothing for me, Mr. Keane," said Mr. Stagg suddenly, rather cleverly. He had caught the sea-gray eyes watching his brother at arms with a lovely anxiety.

"Yes, Mr. Keane?" said the waiter.

"Two Benedictines," said Mr. Keane grimly. He waved two fingers at his daughter. "Save your breath to cool your porridge, Maria!" He nodded and winked at young Stagg. "Don't let these women ride you, my boy. Life is too sweet to preserve it in mud like a Chinese egg!"

"Very well," said Mrs. Smith, meaning obviously very ill—"very well. You know what you've been told about your heart."

"By Dorrity—or others?" inquired old Keane, wryly grinning, squinting his tired dark eyes wickedly. "You are among friends, Maria; you may speak plainly."

"All I say is," pursued Maria heavily, "don't blame me."

Her father leaned toward her unexpectedly. He touched with the tip of one finger a hybrid blossom of pallid satin

adorning the breast of the beaded gown -doubtfully adorning it.

"Isn't that," he asked, "the 'white flower of a blameless life,' or do my eyes deceive me?"

"Don't tease her, grandfather," said Sidney softly

"You are your own worst enemy," said Mrs. Smith loftily. She took off the shell-rimmed glasses and put them away in a sizable brocaded bag. "You know perfectly well ——" she said.

"Again!" said Mr. Keane politely

"—— what Doctor Dorrity told you. He implored you—we all implored you—not to come on this trip."

Sidney said suddenly, laying a soft small hand over a dry and withered one, "I didn't. I think it's going to do him good."

"I have never," said old Keane pleasantly, "embarked upon any voyage in search of that tasteless fruit." But he patted the small hand tenderly

"I think," said Mrs. Smith, "I shall try and get a game of bridge." She tucked her book under one arm and rose. "I will tell the steward to have a glass of hot milk in your room, father, at about ten."

"Why," inquired Mr. Keane, "should the steward be having his hot milk in my room? Hasn't he a room of his own somewhere?"

Mrs. Smith went away. "I don't want you up too late, dear," she said to her daughter in parting. Less a suggestion than a warning.

"Not too late, mother," said Sidney gently. She looked at Christopher Stagg. He looked at her. His mouth twitched.

"Run along run along," chuckled old Keane, directly the henna georgette was out of hearing. But at that moment the waiter brought the two Benedictines.

"To golden lads," said old Keane, lifting his glass, "and lasses!" he added, nodding at his grandchild. He added further, almost in a conversational tone: "'Golden lads and girls all must, as chimney-sweepers, come to dust.' There's your real waste; Nature's your real spendthrift. As I am, you shall be. The tender bud and the crispen leaf grow on the selfsame tree." He turned the small glass in trembling fingers. He held it beneath his nose and his thin nostrils flared, scenting the bouquet. As if smoke of dreams rose from the rim, his eyes misted.

"My heart," he said. "It's come a long way, but, by gad, it's in my breast yet! Not in cotton wool. It's been a high heart!" He seemed to forget the two at the table with him. He smiled mysteriously, turning his glass. "Maria's a good girl," he muttered, "but she's a bore, like her mother before her."

"Darling!" cried Sidney with a protesting murmur of laughter.

"Eh, what is it?" said old Keane. He looked at Christopher's empty glass and shook a reproachful head. "That's no way to drink Benedictine, my dear fellow."

"Sorry!" said Christopher contritely

"Get along with you," said old Keane. "If you can dance to the atrocious caterwaulings and tub thumpings in that gilded nightmare of a ballroom, pray do! Did you ever," he inquired abruptly of Christopher, already standing, with Sidney's light hand on his arm—"did you ever read Byron on The Waltz?"

"It's great stuff, isn't it!" said Christopher, with deep respect.

"I should like," said old Keane, lighting a cigarette with his imperishable air, "to have heard Dean Swift on the Black Bottom."

They left him sitting with his glass and his cigarette. They fled to the deck—to the very topmost deck -to the quietest corner they could discover. They had neither of them for one moment thought of dancing.

Far stars and a free wind blowing, chill of spray in the air. Waves, creating and shattering in darkness. Through the hiss and the surge and the windy moan of the night staccato sharp the wireless jabbering. Below, in the ballroom, caterwauling and tub thumping; here, alone under the sky, a great ship driving on. He wrapped her close in her soft fur coat. He sat between her and the wind. He crouched his shoulders to make a further windbreak for her. Her little face smiled up at him out of the shadow like a pale rose, like a pearl, like the dream of a kiss.

"Gosh," he said, "I've missed you!"

They had been parted since sunset, when she had gone to her room to dress for dinner. He took her fragile hands in his own. He put them to his lips, finger tip by finger tip, arriving eventually at the palm, over which he lingered till she laughed and sighed and drew it away from him—not very far away.

"You've known me five days," she said.

"I knew you," he objected, "before I ever saw you. Before I knew you existed."

She inquired practically, "Is that what you call reincarnation? I never am certain ——"

"You adorable infant," he murmured. "Nobody's certain. It's reincarnation or just straight magic. Take your choice!"

"Mother," she considered, "would say it's just poppycocks."

"Poppies," he admitted, "may be in the brew."

"I love the way you talk," she mused.

He said, "I'd rather have you love me when I'm silent."

He slipped an arm about her inconspicuously, keeping her close and warm.

"Your technic," she said, "is pretty fair. I'll bet you've had a lot of practice."

"Do you want me to lie to you or not?"

"It's up to you," she assured him. "I'll make up my own mind anyhow."

"I know you will; you've got a head behind those Undine eyes. That's what takes me off my feet. I could never love a fool."

"Would a girl be a fool to love you?" she asked him.

"Maybe," said he, stricken with a moment's sober realization of actualities. "I told you, you know, talking up here the first night out ——"

She said, with a little-girl giggle breaking through her porcelain shell of woman-of-the-world-ishness: "If mother hadn't been so seasick we'd never even have met; you know that, don't you?"

"You bet I know it. She watches you like a hawk."

"And if grandfather hadn't taken such a fancy to you, you'd never have seen me again."

"Your grandfather's immense; he's the most interesting man I've ever known in my life; he makes the fellows you meet today seem like rabbits in a hutch"

"He's an old lamb," said his grandchild softly.

"He's—you know, he's a very gallant gentleman!" said young Stagg, somewhat embarrassed by his own enthusiasm.

"He's been a knock-out with women in his time," said the Sèvres one quaintly.

"You ridiculous darling!" said young Stagg.

"I know, you think I'm dumb. Just because I'm a blonde."

"I think you're exquisite; I think you're unbelievable, I think you're ——"

"That'll be enough," she assured him gravely "So long as you're not kidding."

He disclaimed deceit in terms to melt the Sphinx. "I think you use a lot of boarding-school *clichés* that don't mean a thing really."

"Men like you think a girl like me never knows what she's saying." *(Continued on Page 137)*

He Got to His Feet Abruptly and Stood Before His Hostess With His Red Head Up, His Shoulders Squared. "Christopher!" Cried Sidney Warningly

THE RAILROAD TALKS BACK

By Edward Hungerford

A Corner in the New Soo Line Lounge Cars on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad

IN 1920 the passenger revenue of the American railroads reached the record high figure for all time of $1,300,000,000, and almost every big railroad executive from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, leaned back in his chair and purred to himself. There had been a time when the railroader and his fellows had been inclined to lift their noses just the least bit at the passenger traffic. "You know, my boy, it's the freight that really keeps our road moving," was his favorite line to the young reporters who kept dropping in to see him. The World War had given the railroader a chance to remove a good many of his notoriously unpopular trains. Those that remained were now doing well. Passenger business, when you considered it in terms of $1,300,000,000 a year, was not a thing to be scorned

Good old 1920. It was better than 1921 And 1921 was better than 1922. And all these years infinitely better than 1928, when passenger revenues had descended to about $900,000,000, a record low figure for many years past. The railroad passenger revenues might go up to a peak, but they also might come down. For the past six or seven years the railroader has been knitting his brow a good bit, finding excuses, finding alibis. Too many of these automobiles. Too many motorbuses. Turning to his train schedules. Could not some more of these expensive trains particularly the big losers—come off? Unfortunately, not so many. There was no wartime emergency now. And local communities and the public-service commissions were hard factors to overcome. And competition of other roads.

A Long Run for Three Passengers

MOREOVER, the railroader himself is too good a business getter not to recognize certain fundamental facts By removing passenger trains you cut down the frequency of your service, and when you cut down the frequency of your service you have rendered it far less attractive; just so much more difficult to sell. So, in most cases, he has voluntarily left off cutting out passenger trains, even though many of them continue notably unprofitable. I know of one which daily makes a run of 150 miles and which for more than two years past has not carried more than three passengers on any day—ten cents a mile revenue for a train which costs at least a dollar a mile to operate. Not much velvet in that. But because of certain mail and express arrangements, it is almost impossible to drop that particular train from the schedules.

On the other hand, other and longer-distance passenger trains have shown astonishing increases in their individual records. And so these railroads of ours have shown an increasing tendency to add, not remove, high-speed, long-distance trains to their schedules, in addition to increasing sleeping-car routes and decreasing running times All of which in a moment

For this first moment consider the powerful and increasing opposition that the American railroad has to face at this time

One of the Busses Which Supplement the Train Service of the Pennsylvania Railroad

The competition of the automobile—both the privately owned car and the public carrier—has increased steadily in these past six years. The motorbus has become a far-reaching national institution. From a multitude of short routes, almost entirely local in their character, there have evolved, through growth and consolidation, far-reaching bus systems comparable to sizable railroads. There has even been an effort to adapt sleeping-car accommodations to these motorbuses. They have attained a fixed place in the national transport scheme. They are competitors not to be ignored. Even though, in many instances, they attract a type of traveler unwilling to pay the regular rail fares. Some seventeen busses are now running each day in each direction between Detroit and Chicago. They have one-way fares of $4.00, as against the railroad's one-way fare of $9.81, without Pullman charges.

Detroit is an industrial city of widely fluctuating changes. Chicago is one of the greatest potential labor markets in the land. Men go from the one city to the other to get jobs or to return after losing them. Many of these men feel the necessity of saving the $5.81 in the bus fare over the rail.

At the other end of the scale are the so-called de-luxe busses—some of these attaining the dignity of personally conducted tours and attracting a considerably different type of rider from the commercial-bus runs. These are more disturbing to the railroads and recently the rails have shown an increasing tendency to cooperate and coordinate with them, the longer and less interesting parts of the tour being made swiftly by train.

The Pennsylvania, rarely asleep in matters of passenger strategy, has gone at the problem in a characteristic straight-from-the-shoulder fashion by buying large groups of motorbus routes in and about New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, many of which already paralleled its lines. These bus routes now are operated in a direct correlation with the train services; bus tickets are sold in the road's stations in these and other cities and time-tables have made their appearance which show the train and motorbus services combined This has come in a time when bus franchises are becoming well established by law and are, in many cases and over certain designated highways, exclusive. In the other cases, the Pennsylvania can be relied upon to hold its own. Its large plans for correlation not only with motorbuses but also with aeroplanes—as set down some weeks ago in an article by its president in the pages of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—are being watched with the keenest interest by railroad executives all the way across the land. A good many of these men have been loath to enter upon the bus business. If the Pennsylvania can make a success with these correlated services its example is likely to be followed quickly.

The Family Trip

BUT the gasoline competitor that gives the railroader the real worry—the competitor that, as yet, he has found no practical way of holding in check—is the car that is privately owned and operated. Here is his problem: A mechanic in a village up a branch line decides of a Sunday to take his family to dine over at Brother Henry's, thirty miles distant. There are six in the family and the flivver takes the entire party. Of course. Even on a thirty-mile haul the round-trip fares would come to $12.96, which is not so much for the railroad, but it is a deal for the young mechanic. Probably, if he had to pay railroad fare, there would be no excursion to Henry's. From that point of view, then, the railroad has lost nothing.

From another it has lost much. Because another American family has ceased to be "rail-minded." On longer journeys—journeys of necessity—the flivver, having

A Room on the New-Type Sleeping Car Now Being Operated by the Pennsylvania Railroad

proved itself on the thirty-mile haul, is again brought into action. This time the railroad actually has lost money. And when these instances are multiplied it has lost a good deal of money. Just as when a man uses his own car for commercial purposes; the occasional run over to the city or, perhaps, the regular visits to a line of customers make aggregates in the millions when multiplied. It is in ways such as these that the motor car becomes the most serious antagonist of the railroad.

Now what is the railroad doing? What can it do? Only one thing: improve its passenger service radically. And that is the very thing that our American railroads are doing at this moment. Sometimes by better types of equipment in their passenger trains; sometimes by speeding them up appreciably; and other times—not so often—by increasing the frequency of the service.

"Speed's the thing," says the passenger-traffic manager of one of the largest of our roads. "Speed, just as far as you can go without endangering safety." And he straightway proceeds to put his theory into practice.

Not all of his fellows are in accord with him. For more than a generation past, your typical railroad executive in this country has made a sort of virtue of the fact that no longer does he run his trains at the topnotch of possible speed. "It's unnecessary," he will tell you. "And extravagant. Eats up fuel like the mischief. Wears out the machinery. And"—in lowered voice—"it raises the possibilities of serious accident."

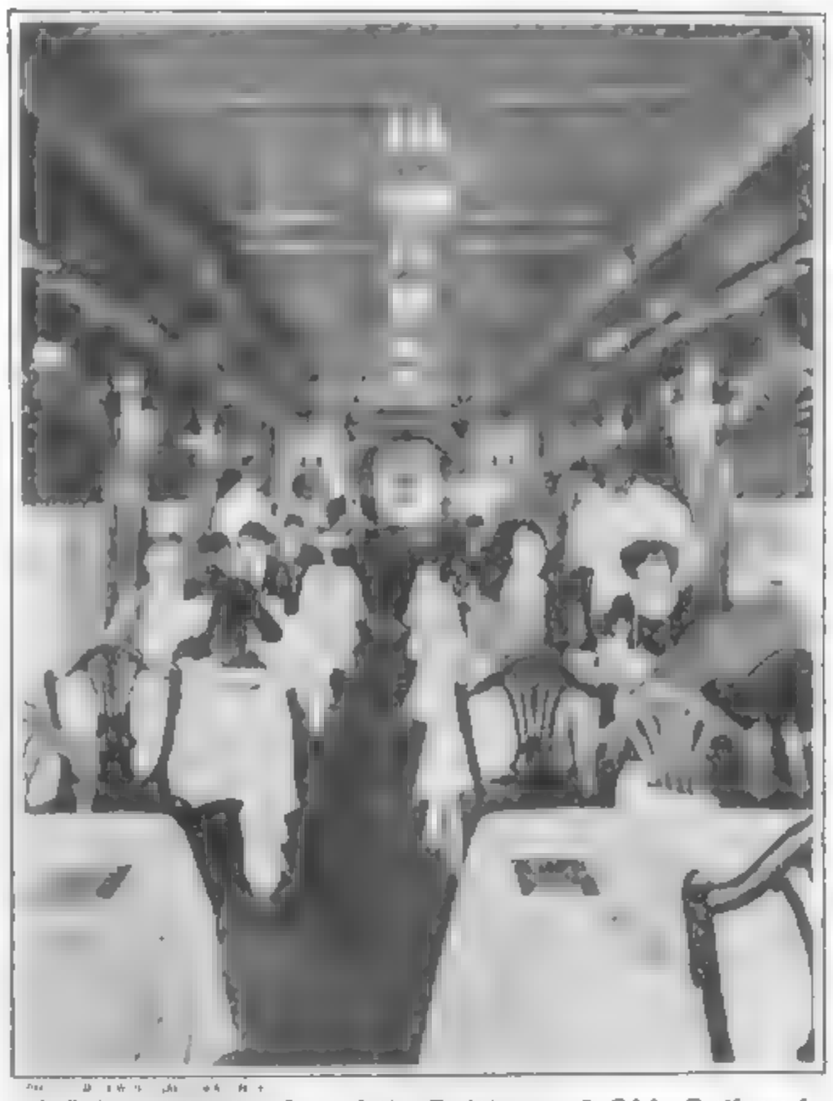
Cutting Down the Throttle

IT IS hardly necessary to add that this time the executive is an operating man, not a traffic man. The facts bear him out. Twenty-five years ago many of our American trains were much faster than they have been of late. The two chief railroads between New York and Chicago were operating their crack trains in a flat eighteen hours and boasting that they could do it in less time. As a matter of fact, a special train, hired by Mrs. Cyrus H. McCormick only three years ago, ran from Chicago to New York in sixteen hours and fifty-five minutes. And if pressed, it could have done it in less. There is at least one route between the two cities—not used for extreme high-speed trains at the present moment—where the run could be made in close to fifteen hours flat.

On our American railroad speed is no novelty. The Governor Paine was built away back in the 40's to do a mile a minute for the Central Vermont Railway, and actually did a mile in forty-three seconds. The Empire State Express, fifty years later, ran several miles at a recorded rate of 112½ miles an hour. The fastest short-distance trains in the land—the Camden-Atlantic City expresses of the Reading System—for thirty years have been making that fifty-five mile run in fifty minutes—considerably better than a mile a minute.

With the coming of its operating staff into control of the American rail system—a step forced some fifteen or twenty years ago by the need of stringent economies—one of the earliest steps was to lengthen the running time of many of the trains. The fastest New York-Chicago expresses were given twenty hours for their runs, instead of eighteen. The famous Empire State was slowed appreciably. New York-Washington and New York-Boston fast expresses followed suit. While on the short-haul local trains the slowing came almost automatically through the reduction of station forces and the increased time required for the station stops.

That is the sort of thing that now is going into the discard. And wisely. Here is a single instance: A and B are two large New York State towns seventy-three miles apart on an important side-line railroad, double-tracked for more than half that distance. There is no competing railroad. The line had gradually let its time schedules drag until it took three hours, with all the stops, to go on its best train from A to B. Not much speed about that. A few years ago there came a new competitor; not a railroad, but a swagger concrete highway, with fast busses as its natural complement, and an easy run from the one city to the other in two hours or a little over. The traffic fell off the four trains daily, which still operated between the two cities, like leaves off a maple tree in October. Then the railroad woke up. It prepared for action. There were several things it might have done. An obvious economy was to take off at least one, possibly two, of the four passenger trains in each direction. A good many roads, faced with similar conditions, were doing that very thing. This one didn't. Its shrewd old passenger traffic manager had tried that once or twice before on other branches. He had discovered something: If you are operating three passenger trains on a line and take off one of them, you lose not 33 but 50 per cent of the business. Frequency of service does count for something. The road tried, primarily, not so much to gain new traffic on the side line as to retain that which it already had, and succeeded in doing both. It added first one and then two fast trains to the schedules already existing and made them nonstop in a flat two hours between A and B. This spring another fifteen minutes will be taken off that running time.



A Colonial Dining Car of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad

A Day Coach on the Blue Comet

Comforts for the Day-Coach Rider

THE experiment is successful. It is leading to others of a similar sort. There is no question that the side-line schedules of most of our roads have fallen into a sad plight: ten or fifteen minutes lost at a local stop for the handling of parcel post or express is not a way to appeal to passenger traffic. Of course parcel post and other mail make a valuable addition to the earnings of many of these local trains, but there is a way that they can be speeded up. It is simply a case of sharper supervision. By watching this point carefully, the Boston & Maine in New Hampshire alone last year saved an average of 13.8 minutes per train per day, and quickened the operation of 75 per cent of its trains.

The type of passenger equipment is another large factor in the situation—the comfort of the individual passenger. The use of the present general type of passenger seat and passenger coach on the American railroad train began in 1838, and it has not changed very much, in type, from that day to this. The seats have been raised in height and made infinitely more comfortable, while the car itself has been raised and lengthened, made heavier, stronger, fireproof. The air brake has come, the steam heat, the electric light, the safety vestibule. But the type of the day coach has not changed. It is still the same elongated tunnel-like single compartment with the aisle down the center and the stiff row of benches on either side.

(Continued on Page 167)

An Observation Car on the Black Diamond, Looking Toward the Sun Room

Livestocks and Laughingstocks

"What's to Hinder Me?" Bristled the Other. "Me and"—Jodie Swung His Pails Toward the Family, Who Were Also Bristling—"Them"

By OMA ALMONA DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

NO, I CAN'T say I have any matrimonical intentions for now or never," said Miss Etta Getz.

"But you're the missus for me, or none," said Mr. Jodadiah Zwalley.

"You ain't the mister for me—you nor your family neither," said Miss Etta dryly. Her voice was always dry upon refusing him; tonight it was so dry it cracked upon "family." Jodadiah left.

As always, he lingered slowly past the munificent Getz holdings: the square, substantial house, the large yard with its smaller yard inclosed in the rear—perfect for his family; he could see them romping in that safe inclosure. And Etta—she was perfect for him; she had always been perfect, even in their school days, twenty, thirty years before; she was statically perfect. He drew a final long breath as though to draw into his very system the entire Getz domain; then went on, fairly content, beneath the skittering light of the new moon.

After all, he hadn't expected anything else. He proposed to Miss Getz every alternate new moon; just why this lunar phase seemed dimly auspicious he couldn't have told. Of course, one always planted crops in the gaining of the moon—perhaps that was it—but thus far any seed he had attempted to sow in Miss Etta's heart had apparently not even taken root.

Where the town began to fray into ragged fields he lifted his own gate latch and his family met him with ecstasy. Eli, Sylvester, Frank, Samuel and Annie rushed toward him from various corners of the yard; Moses, Alfred, Julia and Adam charged upon him in the kitchen; the timid twins, Cora and Dora, wiggled and squirmed. Mr. Zwalley set out a porringer of oatmeal for himself and a porringer for them. "It's either that or either nothing," apologized Mr. Zwalley, and averted his eyes from the tall cupboard draped in shadows in the corner. However, only the epicure Sylvester growled; the others fell upon the offering with yelps of approval; Julia and Moses barked; even Cora and Dora yipped and wagged.

But every cloud has a silver lining and it is always darkest before dawn. Not that Mr. Conrad Stottlemaier, halting his horse outside the Zwalley gate early in the morning, resembled the dawn save in the general particulars of being large and bellushed; still less did he connote the silver lining for any cloud—Mr. Zwalley's or otherwise. When Mr. Stottlemaier spoke, one perceived at once that he was lined with gold: A golden eyetooth upon either side flashed alternate fires; if the sunlight were particularly propitious he emitted sparks from both directions at once. A merry villager had once named him Moloch.

Moloch had an extraordinary proposal to make, and he made it while Mr. Zwalley's incredulous fingers strayed from one to another of his leaping family. Moloch was on a scent, and the scent was that of oil. Treasures of Ind had leaked through to a strand called Californy, and to Californy would Moloch a-riding go. His own boy had made a pile; why shouldn't he? Anyway, he would be living free of board off his plethoric son for the winter and that would more than pay out for the ticket. However—and here the visitor's wide-opening mouth flashed north-northeast—that is to say, full in Mr. Zwalley's left eye—so far forth as a ticket off the fancy railroads was concerned, what did that make to him? His chickens had given him the price of full many a ticket and oft this past year.

And now he'd taken notice that Mr. Zwalley had ready upon his premises empty chicken houses and equipment of all descriptions ——

"Just never got the chickens," murmured Mr. Zwalley, regretfully.

—— so would he now consider into taking care of his—Mr. Stottlemaier's—chickens over the winter for the emolument of the eggs thereof?

It was here that Mr. Zwalley's fingers began to stray incredulously over the varicolored craniums of his family. Why, Stottlemaier was famous for his chickens! They were of noble breed and they proved it by noble production. More than once Mr. Stottlemaier had boasted that the income from his chickens paid the expenses of his entire farm.

"I don't conceit you mean it for really," said Mr. Zwalley simply.

Ho, ho! Didn't he? And here Mr. Stottlemaier emitted sparks both east and west in blinding succession. Well, here was a little paper to prove it; just such a little paper for Mr. Zwalley to sign; and Mr. Stottlemaier read in large bellushed voice as welcome as the dawn itself to his host's enchanted senses:

I hereby agree to keep care of one hundred and twelve chickens for Conrad Stottlemaier from November 10 this year to March 10 next year and to deliver same whole, alive and sound of limb and body to same C. Stottlemaier.

Mr. Zwalley read, reread, gave thanks and signed.

"Och, but here's somepin I could of forgot!" exclaimed Mr. Stottlemaier. "Give me oncet the paper." He drew forth an indelible pencil, and as he wrote he commented "This here will make it hog-tight. Ho, ho! Chicken-tight! A chicken-tight paper yet!" Mr. Zwalley read:

And in case of default for any chicken or chickens I agree to pay out to said C. Stottlemaier two dollars—$2.00 per each and every chicken not present at date of delivery.

Jodie lifted agitated eyes: "But ain't that dear expensive—two dollars for chickens on the hoof yet? One dollar I was hearing you charged always for ——"

Mr. Stottlemaier clapped him largely upon the back: "Och, what's a few words among friends? What's a difference it's one dollar or two, or even three yet? Them chickens are that healthy that you couldn't hire them to die away for you. Now, leave me see. Till next Thursday the Horkheimer boy will fetch me to the train. Next Thursday, then, he will pack you the chickens."

"It was rumoring around that you had better than six hunert," suggested Jodie hopefully "Now, my pens are plenty big ——"

The visitor, now upon his horse, swayed merrily. "He thinks a hunert twelve ain't enough. You will be finding out plenty soon if it ain't."

It was his final buoyant farewell. The custodian of his chickens never saw him until the following March

Dawn, the silver lining and Mr. Stottlemaier having appeared almost simultaneously, augury seemed provided for an ecstatic day. Mr. Zwalley set about conniving to that purpose. He liked nothing in the world so much as work, the feeling of accomplishment. Therefore he decided to redecorate the white house in honor of the distinguished inmates scheduled so soon to rule the roost.

Sheriff Oliver Olp, his nearest neighbor, came across the pasture which separated their respective holdings

"Whitewashing them coops agin!" he commented dismally. He was a short, compact man whose left eye had a trick of slipping out of bounds during moments of excitement. It made him seem somehow more ferocious than he really was, ungovernable.

Joyous tidings rushed upon Mr. Zwalley's tongue like a pack that would out; he clamped his teeth hard to hold them back, they must make spectacular climax. As a child he had been taught to suck long on his candy and to save the best to the last.

"If you only had you a job fur to work at!" burst out the other irritably

"It ain't anybody in this town had as many jobs as what I have," defended Mr. Zwalley with some dignity. "I can work anything."

"Yes, and what do you do to your jobs when you get them? Always somepin outlandish. Here I up and go to work and get you a job off the town, and what do you do? Betray your official trust so we have got to take it off you the next election."

Even Mr. Zwalley's fingers grew pink. "I ain't betrayed nothing," he faltered.

And Etta—She Was Perfect for Him

"Well, look!" the sheriff spat his palm toward Alfred, Samuel, Adam and Annie, who reposed in a moment of elegant languor in the chicken yard. "Here your contract called for you disposing of these strays if you couldn't either sell them or ——"

"I sold twenty-three during the durations of my office," interposed the ex-poundman.

"—— or, if they wasn't redeemed off you, you took such an oath that you would dispose of them; and here you are ——"

"Well, I disposed of them, ain't I?" the harassed ex-official challenged with his brush. "It wasn't nothing in the oath how I was to dispose of them, was it? Only I was to do it humane. Well, I done it humane, ain't I?"

Olp's shoulders huffed. His eye slipped. Mr. Zwalley began to smile. Now—now he would

"Always somepin outlandish!" cut in the other, who was nothing if not persistent. "Look yet at your grocery store; no sooner git it than you up and lose it. You could of soon had you all the trade; but, no, you got to turn sneaky and pass out witties to all the bums in town ... any low-life—if they'd been in jail or hadn't they—what did it make a difference with you? Oh, no! You just ——"

"Well, it was my own witties, wasn't it?"

"Just anybody—old Solly Blimlein, them shiftless Gohns, old Cory Gettys ——"

Jodie straightened and stared across the fields.

"And she starved . . . then after"

The hiatus was caused by a lump which rose in his throat. And the lump always mysteriously hoisted water as far as his eyes. He turned quickly and began blindly to whitewash the glass in the window sash

Ollie Olp also stared across the fields for a moment. But he had no windowpane to whitewash, so he took it out on the dog Annie, who at that moment raised up and bit her hind heel: "Git aways! Keep your fleas by your own stummick, you dopplig hound! . . . Och, but what does it make to talk to a dumb head! Now I will say what I come for to say, then I will pack myself off: Don't you leave yourself run so low that you lose your place here. Don't you go and git yourself swindled out of that."

"Swindled once?"

"I seen Stottlemaier stopping by," said the other significantly. "And I want you to pass your promise you won't be sticking no papers onto this place of yours without I give you the dare"

Jodie's blue eyes rested tenderly upon the red, furious little man. "I have got a friend anyway," he said quietly

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When the Sheriff Passed a Half Hour Before the Sale Jodie Was Weltering and Skeltering. Feathers and Emotions Were Rampant

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

"A Pile of Money," Old Mac Repeated Slowly; and He Added: "I've Got to Sign Over My Spruce to Him, I Guess. Looks Like it's Going to Take All I Got, Dan."

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

DEEP in the Northern forests, on a wilderness river that bears upon its bosom every year a jostling, crowding freight of logs, old Mac McCusker's main camp is located. The low, log-walled, flat-topped buildings straggle in a disorderly fashion up the slope from the landing, and behind them a stump-scarred hillside ascends to the fringe of hardwoods along the border of the second growth.

Halfway up this slope, tall and solitary, a grand old pine towers against the sky. Four hundred years ago it sprouted from the rocky soil, one seedling among thousands. In the press of its fellows it grew, and by some quality inherent in itself it survived when weaker brethren perished. The seedlings became a forest, a fellowship of splendid trees.

When it was half its present age, fire swept the hillside; but by some miracle of resistance this single tree survived the flames which scarred its trunk. A new growth arose around its foot, and grew lustily in turn, to fall at last before the ax of the lumberman. But when his men felled the younger trees, old Mac bade them leave the tall pine standing. It wears now a lonely majesty, dominating all the countryside.

There are those who perceive a resemblance between old Mac and this ancient pine. Not that Mac is particularly old, but you may discover in the man some of those qualities which have enabled the tree to endure, which make it venerable. Strong and serene, temperate and fine, he has strength in him like a rock to withstand the buffets of adversity. Just now, for instance, when Clint Auger came upriver to the camp in the deep woods to do his treacherous errand, Mac met the man unflinchingly.

Auger was younger than old Mac, but they had been associated long ago, when McCusker was a mill boss, and Auger a malingering workman upon whom the other's honest indignation sometimes fell. Now Auger was become a man of business. He liked to describe himself, somewhat pompously, in such terms. He served the gods of barter and of sale, and he lived by the creed he knew.

It would have been hard to persuade Auger that old Mac was a better business man than he. From his point of view, McCusker was nothing but a lumberman, at home only in the woods; and this despite the fact that he had a big white house in Orono, and the deeds to a fine tract of virgin spruce locked in his safe-deposit box. But Auger could have pointed out that the deeds would not be there long; and if you had urged that old Mac numbered among his assets a word men could bank upon, Auger would have retorted that this was not an asset but a liability, and he would have believed that what he said was true.

Auger's errand might have abashed a more sensitive man, but Auger was a smiling, burly individual with an easy tongue and a complete confidence in his own abilities. Dan Bye brought him up from Orono. They traveled by canoe, with an outboard motor for propulsion; and he and Dan were two days on the way.

Dan was somewhere in his twenties, a cheerfully audacious youngster, a good river man, a good man in the woods; and old Mac was his religion. He sensed in Auger's coming something inimical to the chief he served; so, though he was naturally inclined to conversation, he was during this journey almost wholly silent, while Auger did the talking.

Auger came on business. "Business and pleasure," he amended. "I've got some business with old Mac, but I thought I'd shoot a deer while I'm in here. Any around?"

"Some," Dan told him. "But you have to go back in the deep woods."

"I'll get you to take me after them," Auger suggested. "We might have a snow to make it good for tracking. Take two-three days."

Dan said no. He was busy, he explained, helping get all in order for the winter's work in the woods; he had no time available.

"Well, Mac may call off the work," Auger suggested in a provocative tone. "After I talk to him!"

Dan was curious, but he asked no questions. However, Auger thus indirectly referred to his errand again and again. Once he remarked that McCusker had made a bad mistake; and when Dan stubbornly kept his tongue between his teeth, Auger read him a complacent homily.

"It's always a mistake," he explained, "to monkey with something you don't know about; to play the other fellow's game. That's all there is to business. Stick to your own game and know the value of what you want to buy or sell." And he laughed. "Now take yourself," he remarked. "I had to come up here. The trip means a lot of money to me, and I offered to pay my passage, but you wouldn't charge me anything."

"I was coming anyway," Dan reminded him.

"The Twentieth Century runs to Chicago anyway," Auger retorted, "but they charge a fare just the same. That's the trouble with you folks up here. You give away what you ought to sell." He added cheerfully: "And old Mac's the biggest fool of all of you."

Dan patiently turned the talk another way. He had no desire to hear the tale from Auger; but later, after they reached their destination and after Auger had talked with McCusker, Dan had it from old Mac himself. McCusker was always apt to confide in Dan. There was between them a close and enduring bond. McCusker was a solid, plodding individual not easily to be diverted from his ends,

toward which he moved in a manner methodical and sure. Dan, on the other hand, achieved his successes by an audacious enterprise. Yet they were spiritually akin, each recognizing certain laws and obeying them. So McCusker talked to Dan.

This happened on the night of their arrival at the camp. Clint and McCusker had spent an hour together; then Auger went to bed. But old Mac wandered down to the shore; he seated himself on a log by the landing and lighted his pipe and watched the still river gliding sleekly as a snake in its channel through the forest, and the stars that were reflected like jewels in the bosom of the stream. And Dan—the young man may have been uneasy—came by and by to join him there.

"Saw you light your pipe," he explained. "A great night, eh?"

"You can hear the wind in the spruces on old Blackie," Mac said softly. "Listen!"

And the two men sat in silence for a while, their ears attuned to the far night sounds. About them, mile on mile, the wilderness lay slumbering. To the south the mountains, forest clad, were a dark, ragged silhouette against the dust of stars. Somewhere a great owl hooted, and the Northern Lights glowed and faded in an arc across the sky. There was frost in the air.

"Be ice in the backwaters in the morning," Dan suggested; and old Mac said.

"Aye!"

It was Dan in the end who could no longer bear the silence. "When's Auger starting back?" he asked. The older man did not at once reply; and Dan added: "I'll send Jim Wheat down with him. I'll have to be here to get the swampers busy."

So old Mac told him, somewhat confusedly, the story. He spoke with long pauses between his sentences, puffing gently at his pipe; he sat without moving, a great bulk like a rock in the darkness, with only the recurrent glow in the bowl of his pipe and his quiet tones to testify that he was not a rock but a man. A strong man, stricken sore.

He had made a trip to New York last summer, he reminded Dan, and he encountered Clint Auger there. "Clint worked for me twenty years ago," he explained. "He wan't much good here, but he got out and got into business. Stocks, and so on. I guess he's done well for himself too."

And in New York, Clint persuaded old Mac that he could make a great deal of money in the market if he chose. The procedure he suggested was to McCusker obscure and meaningless

"I didn't have to put up any money," Mac said thoughtfully. "I just signed some notes. It was something about some stock in a power company in Nova Scotia." He tried, though the matter was vague to him, to make it clear to Dan. "The idea was, I'd sell it, and then the stock would go down, and then I'd buy it back again for less than I sold it for. But now it turns out that the stock went up to beat the band, and I owe Clint a pile of money. He's got to have it right away. That's why he come up here."

Dan Bye said nothing, but his hands were cold.

"A pile of money," old Mac repeated slowly; and he added: "I've got to sign over my spruce to him, I guess. Looks like it's going to take all I got, Dan."

Dan protested: "On Auger's say-so? I wouldn't go on his say-so, Mac. Not on anything."

"He's mighty sorry it come out this way," the old man insisted.

"He'd tell you so," Dan scornfully commented.

"Well, I hadn't ought to have got into it," the other confessed. "My own fault, I guess." But he added a moment later, with a surface irrelevance: "Ma died last winter, though; and Joe can stand alone."

Ma was Mrs. McCusker, and Joe was the old man's son

"I wouldn't do it," Dan insisted furiously, but Mac chuckled in the darkness.

"Oh, yes, you would, Dan," he cheerfully corrected. "Oh, yes, you would, young fellow. If you 'greed to pay, you'd pay."

There was a long silence between them. Dan's teeth crushed the stem of his pipe. The older man watched the black serpent of the river, jeweled with reflected stars; and by and by he took off his soft felt hat and wiped his brow and sat bareheaded for a while

Dan said at last, half to himself: "This Auger told me, coming upriver, that all there was to business was knowing the worth of what you wanted to buy or sell."

"I've got four million feet of spruce, but it's worth more than market price to me," old Mac remarked dispassionately. "I paid for it with my hands, Dan, and twenty years of work. Paid too much, maybe, but the price is paid, and I own it free and clear. A pair of hands and twenty years."

"How long'll Auger be here?" Dan persisted.

"He wants to shoot him a deer," the older man explained; and Dan nodded with a sudden, quick motion.

"That's right," he agreed. "He said so, coming up. He 'lowed he'd like to shoot a deer." And he remained for a while thereafter silent and absorbed.

Later he suggested that they go up to bed, but old Mac shook his head.

"I'll set a while," he explained. "I kind of take comfort from watching the river at night. It brings the stars down where you can reach them handy. You go along, Dan. You go along."

So Dan went along, but after breakfast next morning he sought a word with Auger.

"You said something about a deer," he reminded the other. "I'm not busy, the next two-three days, if you want to go."

They set out at midforenoon in Dan's canoe, and Dan was in a cheerful humor, full of a loquacious optimism "I'm going to take you back where the deer live," he promised boastfully. "We might get one around here, but I'll give you a chance to pick out the buck you want, and take your time to it."

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But Auger said Obstinately: "Pshaw! The Trouble With You Fellows Up Here, You Want Things Too Easy. How Far is it in to This Swamp?"

AND ANOTHER REDSKIN—

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

Out of the Woods Across That Field There Was a Line of Men

ONCE upon a time it seemed as certain that we would find ourselves in the Crown Prince's dugout, when the big show moved on, in its wave of confusion, as it was that we would be opposed by the crack regiment of the Prussian Guard. It is wonderful, when one remembers how large the Prussian Guard must have been and how many its crack regiments Headquarters of the Umpty-8th Brigade always seemed to end up in the Crown Prince's recently deserted dugout, with the Prussian Guard ahead.

Captain Crook, with the signal detail, would generally select the dugout and string in the wires. Then, through the dark and rain, slipping and stumbling in the mud, the whole ineffective staff of the Umpty-8th Brigade would stumble in—orderlies with the general's sleeping bag and cot and chair, tired and coughing runners with their red brassards, the aides and the weary adjutant—the one named Leahey who got it in the chest at Dun-sur-Something or other—and the cook and the operations officer and all the rest. And last of all would come our General Swasey, looking like all those other generals who had grown old in the service, except that he was pleasanter than some, not being a first-rate general. General Swasey—perhaps a little fat about the waistline, as generals went—would come picking his way down the slimy dugout steps and would push aside the two blankets at the dugout entrance.

"'Tention!" somebody would call, and there would be the general, standing in one of those rooms with concrete walls, festooned by scores of telephone wires going the Lord knew where, and surrounded by tiers of hen-wire bunks. A half dozen candles would give a mellow, smoky light. The operator would be plugging in at the switchboard. A table of boards and boxes would be covered by those one-in-twenty-thousand meter maps which nobody could read, and the general would look at it all in the way that only a general could look—somewhat as an old gentleman regards his cutlet in the club. His eyes would half close beneath the brim of his tin hat; he would give his gas mask a twitch and his complexion would have that excessively red appearance. It was the Regular Army epidermis, which had been shaved and shaved.

"So this is it, is it?" the general would inquire.

"Yes, sir," Major Leahey would say. "They say it's the Crown Prince's dugout."

The general's eyes would rove coldly about the room. "Well, where's my bedding roll and cot?"

"In the little room on the right, sir." One of the aides would always tell him that.

The knowledge that his bed was safe seemed always to please the general; his features would relax slightly, his chest with the service ribbons on it would expand immensely beneath a sigh of content, and he would look at all the nice young men—aides and operations boys—and he would permit himself to smile, as grandpapa would smile when you brought his slippers.

"Gad!" old General Swasey would say. "This is pretty soft, young men—pretty blank-blank soft. They don't know much if they call this a war. You should have seen it when we fought the Arapahoes back in '78. There wasn't any soft stuff. War was war back then. Ho, hum, I'll just be turning in."

"Do you care to see the front-line positions, sir?" Major Leahey said. "We've got the coördinates. They're plotted on the map—all that we can get."

"Major," said the general, "I wish you'd talk American. If the front line knows where it is, it's good enough for me."

Then the general would walk away to bed and everyone would look at one another.

You never knew whether to laugh, exactly; that was the trouble with so much of the war. It was so hard to tell whether it was a time to laugh or weep. There were so many old gentlemen pulled from forgotten corners during that emergency, like furniture from attics; so many odd, old men set to direct the younger ones, that our General Swasey was a type and hardly more.

You could imagine how they must have looked when they were young, despite the speed with which fashions change in killing. They must have been like those military pictures by Frederic Remington, who did more than any words have done for a vanished life upon the Plains gaunt and dusty, lounging in their McClellan saddles, with felt hats, fringed buckskin gloves and single-action Colts' and regulation sabers. They must have been a cross between the Spanish War and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show when General Swasey hit the saddle.

"Portrait of an officer and gentleman, of course." That was how a poem about them ran.

"All officers are gentlemen, but I will take the horse."

Who knows! It may have been the truth that all officers were gentlemen when Sitting Bull was on the trail.

"Yes, sir," General Swasey used to say, "that was where the traditions of the Army were manufactured out at Fort Ezra Hubbard, and not over here in Paris, France. Now, I can remember —— Which one of those wars was it? It must have been the Cree war ——"

You could never stop the general, once he was started, and yet as generals went he was not so bad, if he had not always rubbed it in about those Indian wars. He was not nasty, as lots of generals were, and not hard-boiled. He had probably never in his life seen a brigade of infantry all at once until a year before. His mind ran in tens instead of thousands; his contempt for the new was the contempt of an old man, perpetual and weary.

"Distillery 1," the telephone operator was saying in the dugout. . . . "Very good, sir, I'll put you on to Dandelion. . . . Dullness, connect me up with Dullness 2."

"Runner," called Major Leahey. The major was looking very tired, and he had lost his bedding roll long ago. "Go out to the crossroad and tell the M. P. the Umpty-8th Headquarters is in the Crown Prince's dugout."

From the general's room there came already a deep and solid snore. Instinctively we turned our heads to listen, half a dozen drawn-faced officers. Berthelot, one of those perennially puzzled liaison lieutenants, detached from the French, raised his eyebrows in polite inquiry.

"I do not on'erstan'," he said. "Who were these Arapahoes of which our general so continually speaks?"

"Indians," said Leahey, and lighted a cigarette. "Perhaps you have gathered that General Swasey fought the Arapahoes."

"Ah," said Lieutenant Berthelot, waving his hands. "The sauvages? I on'erstan'.

"Yes, Sir," Said Percy Softly. "I'm Here, Sir"

They live on your great plains, do they not, and kill the buf-falo?"

Tom McCloud, one of the aides, began to giggle. "Maybe they did," he said, "when the general was a boy."

"Mon Dieu!" said Berthelot. "Are not the Arapahoes still fighting? Now I have on'erstood, for I listen and shut the mouth—and I have on'erstood that the general, he has been fighting the Arapahoes continually, all the time."

Major Leahey laughed—that is, he made a sound like laughing.

"Listen," he said, because the whole thing was getting on his nerves, and the major was the one who had to take the weight of it. "Listen! Can't we get off this subject of the Arapahoes even when the general's asleep? There haven't been any Arapahoes for forty years or any buffaloes either, except in national parks, and I'll bet"—the major threw his cigarette on the floor and stamped on it, and jerked his head toward the room where the general still was snoring—"I'll bet he never saw an Arapahoe unless it was in a magazine."

The idea of Leahey's saying such a thing made everybody start, for, of course, you might think such thoughts, but never say them. Captain Crook got out of the bunk where he was lying and slapped his hand on the major's back.

"Can it, Tom," he said. "Some of the orderlies will hear you."

Major Leahey's face grew red; he had not slept for a week and his nerves were not all they should have been.

"I don't give a hoot," he said, and banged his hand on the maps. "I've been running this whole brigade since we've got into action, and you know damn well I have."

"Won't you shut up, Tom?" said Captain Crook. "I tell you the orderlies will hear you."

"*Tiens, tiens!*" said Lieutenant Berthelot. "You have said enough, my old branch. Believe me, I on'erstan'. You must not be distrait. Ah, no. For nearly all the generals are like that or how could they be generals? They all talk of the last war. Ah, *oui*, I on'erstan'. They talk and the young men fight, so do I always say."

Leahey lighted another cigarette. The flame of his match made the blue circles beneath his eyes jump out at you.

"I wouldn't mind if he wasn't a fake," said Leahey. "I can tell a windbag when I see one. You get to know 'em if you get stuck on a staff."

"Call for you, sir," said the switchboard operator.

Major Leahey snatched up the telephone and jammed it to his ear. "Yes," he said, "this is Distillery. Distillery 1's asleep. He doesn't want to be disturbed. . . . Damnation! I told you he didn't want to be disturbed." Then a quick obsequious change in the major's voice made it obvious who was speaking. "Oh, yes, sir, I beg your pardon, sir. But I think I can tell you everything, sir. . . . Yes, I'm Leahey. . . . Yes, sir, everything is quite all right. They're all moved in. . . . Yes, sir, the artillery is getting the positions as fast as they come back. . . . Yes, sir, he's all right. He's sleeping, that's all. May I ask you a question, sir—just a matter of personal interest, if you've got time? You know him, of course, sir. . . . Yes, of course. Did he fight the Arapahoes back in '78?"

Major Leahey set down the telephone and he began to laugh—not loudly—and his narrow shoulders shook, and then he began to cough from laughing because his lungs had been burned by mustard gas. "Do you know who that was?" the major asked. "That was General Dodd back at the division—the one who sent me up here—and do you know what the general said? He said Swasey never saw any Arapahoes back in '78, Swasey was in the Quartermaster Corps in Washington. Can you tie it? I ask you can you tie it?"

"Tom," said Captain Crook, "won't you shut up? The orderlies will hear you."

The major pulled off his tin hat and threw it on the floor. "I don't give a blank who hears me," he said. "Why should we be put here with a general like that? It was soft all right when that old-timer went to war."

Probably it was only human nature after all. One remembers that most of us talked of things we did which we had never done at all. You could hardly blame the general for wishing to make an impression; you could only be

The General Turned Toward Him Ponderously. "I'm Trying to Find Where I Am on This Confounded Map"

mildly annoyed. It did not surprise us very much. We looked at one another and nodded. The only thing that really seemed remarkable was that Leahey should have dared to ask such a question over the telephone and should have received an answer. It only made you remember that Leahey was a good soldier, the level-headed, conscientious kind, old enough to think fast and to understand what orders meant without half reading the papers through, and that was why all the generals liked him, no matter where he went.

Knowing Leahey as we did, it was not nice to see that the war was rasping on his nerves, just as it did on ours, because it was as though the whole outfit was beginning to totter in a way that made you wonder what would happen next.

Outside of that stuffy concrete hole the fields were full of dead men. The nightly fire upon the crossroads was beginning, and you could hear its steady sound, which never vanished entirely from the senses. The noise was like a dark curtain in the back of the mind, for it was more than noise.

Major Leahey lighted another cigarette and began to cough again.

"You can't beat the War Department," said Leahey. "Do you know what I wish? I wish Newton D. Baker was here for half an hour!"

Lieutenant Berthelot drew a little atomizer from his blouse pocket and began to press gently at its rubber bulb.

"What the devil are you doing?" asked Leahey.

"Ah," said Berthelot, "I am covering myself with perfume. It makes to take away the odors of the Front."

"What's that?" said Leahey. "Have you got perfume in that thing?"

"But yes, exactly," said Berthelot. "It makes to take away the odor, you on'erstan'. It makes one to think what you call the beautiful thoughts. It makes picture the lovely ladies—aha!—all in the silks in the boudoirs. It makes for the beautiful thoughts, for the illusion. Will you not try some on the hair?"

"Me?" said Leahey. "Take that confounded thing away."

"Aha!" said Berthelot. "As for me, whenever I depart for the Front my bottle of scent goes with me. It makes one forget, you on'erstan'. What is a general? Nothing but a figure finally, like the king on the board of chess. What does the small general do? Exactly nothing, except be a *façon de parler*. He does not make the war but rather makes the young men make it—like you, you on'erstan'. Why be hard on the general if he is what you call the bluff? They are nearly all the bluffs, save the very big generals—a *façon de parler*, that is all."

"Tom," said Captain Crook to the major, "I wish you'd both shut up! The orderlies will hear you."

Lieutenant Berthelot pressed the bulb of his atomizer; it made a gentle hissing sound.

"Orderly," said Leahey, "take these cups and get some coffee. On the telephone, there, call up the regimental P. C.'s and see if the lines are in. . . . I don't care what I say—not one continental blank! What difference does it make? We'll all be finished off before this show is over."

"Tom," whispered Captain Crook, "for heaven's sake, shut your face. Here's the general now."

"Attention!" said someone, and everyone got up. Contrary to his habit, the general had ceased snoring and had emerged from his room rubbing his eyes, and we looked at our watches somewhat surprised. It was four o'clock in the morning.

"Sit down—sit down, gentlemen," General Swasey said.

He himself sat down heavily in his canvas chair and gave his gas mask a comfortable pat.

"Well, well! This is what I call soft—pretty blank-blank soft." And he looked contentedly around and smiled that condescending smile of his. "A little snack of coffee, or what? Right hot off the stove—and they call this a war. And what's that our French friend's doing? Hanged if he isn't squirting perfume on himself. Well, well! And yet they say it's a war."

Nobody answered, for no one answered when a general spoke.

"Dreary 1's calling," said the switchboard operator.

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THIRSTY CITIES—By Magner White

MANY years ago engineers began to feel that something important was happening down under the ground in Southern California. In 1922 the State Division of Water Rights decided to make an investigation. A call was sent up and down the Southern California Coastal Plain for figures on the water levels in more than 700 irrigation and artesian wells. Fortunately, as was to be expected in a country where water was of such vital importance, scores of well owners had kept just such figures—some of them for as far back as 1885.

By 1925 the engineers had volumes of data. When the full import of the figures was realized, the necessity for action became apparent. For the water plane under the whole Southern California Coastal Belt, covering five counties, was falling!

This meant that the thirty-one cities of the Coastal Belt were depleting their underground water reserves from which came—and comes today—a large part of their local water supply.

Twenty Years Ago, When Los Angeles Was Building the Owens River Aqueduct. The Mule Teams are Now Replaced by Tractors

Once before, in 1907, Los Angeles had come face to face with a water crisis. The answer in that case was the 253-mile Owens River Valley aqueduct, the city's present main outside source of supply. But this new crisis ——

The Colorado River to the Rescue

WHEN the seriousness of the situation became apparent, William Mulholland, for forty-three years chief engineer of Los Angeles' water department, and now the city's consulting engineer, made a reconnoitering trip, accompanied by half a dozen trusted assistants. After traveling several hundred miles, they wound up, late in October, 1923, on the banks of the Colorado River.

"Well, here's where we get our water," said Mulholland, casting a shrewd Irish eye over the great, brown stream.

"You mean, an aqueduct? To this river?" asked a young engineer.

"The longest aqueduct the world has ever seen," said Mulholland.

Thus was conceived what promises to be one of the major engineering projects of the world.

The Panama Canal cost, in round numbers, exclusive of sanitation features, $236,000,000. The Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct will cost, taking the average of current estimates, around $170,000,000. It will, therefore, rank in cost second only to the greatest engineering job ever achieved by Uncle Sam himself. And it will be bigger by millions of dollars—particularly if the highest estimate, $200,000,000, proves accurate—than its much-publicized parent, the $165,000,000 Boulder Dam project, on which it will be dependent for power for pumping purposes.

Boulder Dam, like the Panama Canal, however, is a government project, backed by the wealth of the people of the United States. The Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct is a joint municipal project, to be backed, comparatively speaking, by a mere handful of the people of the United States—people, it should be added, who have shown an enormous capacity for civic daring and courageous enterprise.

The condition in which the coastal-plain cities find themselves arises from their geographical situation. The orange and lemon groves, the cities, the tens of thousands of houses and hundreds of factories and skyscrapers and palatial public schools, the green lawns, the flower-bright parks, and the miles of palm and acacia lined streets—all these glittering, sun-kissed evidences of civilization which greet the traveler when he glides by train, airplane or automobile down onto the Southern California Coastal Plain, have sprung up in a section that is essentially reclaimed desert land.

It is difficult to make the traveler believe this, even after he has bought a house and lot, become a native, and had time to study his surroundings. But the essentially desert aspect of the country may be ascertained by traveling by automobile out of Los Angeles in almost any direction, except westward toward the ocean, for four or five hours. You will arrive in that time in the desert, amid cactuses, mesquite, barren hills, sand dunes, rocky peaks or other unmistakable symbols of aridity.

The Limit

BEING surrounded by such areas renders all the more acute the coastal plain's problem of getting additional water quickly. In an official report to the California State Legislature two years ago the state engineer made these significant observations:

"California, southerly from Tehachapi Pass, embraces 20 per cent of the area of the state that is favorable to human habitation, while but little over 1 per cent of the state's water, exclusive of the Colorado River, is tributary thereto. One-fifth of the area possessing water supply lies within the limits of incorporated cities and towns, and this ratio is continually growing larger.

"A survey of available water, both surplus and ground, shows that four-fifths of the local supplies on the Pacific slope of Southern California, exclusive of Owens River Valley, are now in use. Utilizing four-fifths of the available local water, less than half of the available area is occupied by cities or towns and irrigated lands."

Only half of the available area occupied, and four-fifths of the water already in use!

"In order that the growth and expansion may continue to the full limit of the natural resources, other than water," the engineer goes on, "the Pacific slope of Southern California will require three times the volume of water that can be obtained from Nature's allotment to this territory."

Hail, the Colorado River!

Within ten years, Los Angeles municipal engineers say, the city will have reached the limit of its present water resources—which include dozens of wells, the Los Angeles River, and water obtained from the Owens River Valley. Then what?

Engineer Mulholland stated the problem succinctly and with a trace of characteristic Irish humor several years ago, when the city was considering a $23,000,000 bond issue for the Owens River Valley aqueduct, now the main outside source of the city's water supply. There was a large gathering During Mulholland's remarks, a taxpayer interrupted.

PHOTOS BY COURTESY OF LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER

A Few Construction Difficulties in the West

"If we don't vote these bonds and don't get this water, then what?" he asked.

"If we don't get it," Mulholland told him, "we won't need it."

Mankind has built possibly one or two larger aqueducts than the Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct will be, but it has never built one so large that will be so long. In length, it will compare, if the longest of four proposed routes is adopted, with the 320-mile Coolgardie pipe line in Western Australia.

But the Coolgardie line was merely a thirty-inch pipe, not so large as some city water mains. The Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct will be sixteen feet in diameter, bigger by four feet—up, down and across—than the average bedroom.

The Coolgardie pipe line cost only about $50,000 a mile. The Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct will cost more than $600,000 a mile.

The Coolgardie pipe line's capacity was relatively negligible when compared with the 1500 second-foot capacity of the Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct. Fifteen hundred second-feet, as any engineer will tell you, is a lot of water. You may get an idea of just how much by imagining a river 1500 feet wide and one foot deep flowing past you at the rate of one foot a second—a torrent nearly a third of a mile wide—enough water to supply a city of 10,000,000 people.

An Inverted Siphon on the Los Angeles-Owens River Valley Aqueduct

Filling the Maps

LONG before even the legal *modus operandi* had been decided upon, plans were going forward for the aqueduct. Surveyors, topographers and engineers have been in the field now for several years, and more than $1,000,000 has been spent on preliminary investigations and surveys.

About 50,000 square miles of rugged mountain and desert lands have been charted between the river and the Pacific Ocean. More than 18,000 square miles of these lands had never before been topographically mapped. In many instances, the surveying crews played the rôle of explorers, running down—in a topographic sense—and reducing to maps many maverick mountain peaks, uncharted desert areas and previously unaccounted-for dry washes. As a result of this topographic round-up, spaces that formerly were blanks on government maps have been filled in.

Incidentally, very modern methods were used, and are being used, on this surveying job. Instead of a small army, accompanied by a cook wagon and other equipment necessary to long periods of isolation, a surveying crew today consists of five or six men who get into a flivver, chug to some convenient village or farmhouse, engage lodging or camping space, and travel out daily—afoot or on horseback, when the car can't go any farther—to the places where they are to work.

The familiar tripod is still in service, but the instruments atop it are new—a plane table, sighting instrument and an alidade. As each sighting is made, the instruments indicate where notations are to be set down on the map on the plane table. When the day is done, so is the map, right up to the last reading. No more night hours, poring over field notes. In a given time one man can do work that formerly would have required six.

In trying to select a route for the great aqueduct, the engineers found themselves playing checkers on a geological board that had been fearfully laid out millions of years ago. Nearly every possible move was blocked by some formidable barrier. Every time they tried to lay out a route, some rocky peak, some desert or some general cussedness of the terrain rose up in front of their tracing pens like a red light in a traffic signal. Finally the engineers decided that if they couldn't go around these barriers, they would go through them.

They have laid out for study four tentative routes. Trying to decide which is the best of these four is worthy of an Einstein, there are so many complex factors. It's a problem in higher mathematics—much higher mathematics than is involved in the ordinary engineering job.

As this is written, the proposed Black Canyon route is getting the attention of the engineers and the surveyors. It seems, for the time being, the most favored route, but no one can be sure. The figures aren't all in yet.

The Beginning of a $170,000,000 Aqueduct Project

Tossing a River Over a Mountain

THIS route requires at Boulder Dam, where it takes off, five lifts totaling 1700 feet—an unprecedented pumping undertaking on an aqueduct of such proportions. Imagine 1500 second-feet of water boosted into the air, straight up, a third of a mile. Something like picking up a river and throwing it over a small mountain peak.

Power for the big pumps will come from the plant at Boulder Dam; a fact that indicates—partially, at least—why the proposed aqueduct is contingent on the building of the dam. A further reason that a dam is necessary to the aqueduct is that the river must be controlled in order that there will be water in dependable quantities for the aqueduct. "Considerable return power could be generated at the westerly end of the aqueduct," H. A. Van Norman, Los Angeles chief engineer, points out. "This would reduce the cost for power consumed in pumping."

After the lifts, on this route, the water will flow by gravity to Los Angeles—a fluid thread weighing millions of pounds. En route, its liquid tonnage will force it, at one point, through a five-mile inverted siphon at a pressure sufficient to blow an ordinary steam boiler into hairsprings. The inverted siphon is not really a siphon; it is a steel conduit which bends downward across the bottom of a canyon or across a low-lying desert area, and comes up again on the other side. Such siphons are not new in the experience of Los Angeles; there is one four miles long on the Owens River Valley aqueduct.

A second route has been surveyed and mapped to Blythe, California. In the first seventy-five miles of aqueduct, a total lift of 1635 feet would be necessary. Many tunnels would be required, one under San Gorgonio Pass from thirteen to twenty-seven miles in length, and the others, totaling thirty-five miles, along the southwesterly face of the Little San Bernardino Mountains.

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A Construction Scene on the Owens River Valley Aqueduct

TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

Charlemagne Reviews His Road

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IT WAS the matinal second hour of the fifth day of the calends of February—by modern chronology, eight A.M. of the twenty-eighth of January—in the Year of the Lord 814. In the royal cubiculum of the palace at Aquis Granum—in modern corruption, diversely Aachen and Aix-la-Chapelle—a priest knelt before a crucifix, earnestly muttering the prayers for those in *extremis*. By the hearth of flaming logs crouched a young woman whose pretty face was white and scared between her long ropes of braided fair hair, waiting lest a faint voice should command her—certainly the last of the long, long series of royal concubines—to draw near for a pathetically feeble caress. A gray-bearded Jewish physician frowned gravely as he stood by the bedside to hold a wasted and listless wrist

On the bed lay Karl, *Rex Francorum, Rex Langobardorum Magnus atque Orthodoxus Imperator*, Augustus of the Western Roman Empire. Across him lay, unsheathed, his great sword Joyeuse. Forty-seven years had he reigned in unrivaled glory. Now, in the seventy-third year of his age, his last hour had begun. To the fever which had seized him seven days back had been added an inflammation on the side, "*quem Graeci pleurisin dicunt*"—"which the Greeks call pleurisy"—as the Jewish leech had whispered learnedly to the anxious chamberlains he had bidden withdraw to wait in the antechamber, lest again the old man should insist on talking affairs of state.

The dying man ceased to see the lined countenance of the physician, ceased to hear the muttered prayers, forgot the girl sitting by the hearth. This splendid chamber, richly colorful with the mosaics for which he had brought artists from Ravenna, faded from his consciousness. He was dying, of course—he had known it, as all his life he had uncompromisingly grasped reality, from the moment he had taken to his bed—but the pain had gone, a sense of well-being flooded him, he forgot that he was dying, forgot that he was an old man ——

He was young. Twenty years of age. He was in the soler—the high room—of the timber-built "curtis" of that immense royal domain by the Loire where the host gathered for the spring campaign into the land of Aquitania. Deferentially, he stood in the presence of his father Pepin, the king—that much-feared autocrat who a few years previously had ended the outworn fiction of being but hereditary Mayor of the Palace to utterly impotent Merovingian monarchs and had obtained from Pope Zacharias the apostolic pronouncement that he who held the power of king should be called king; had been anointed as such by the next Pope, Stephen, who had at the same time crowned his children Karl and Karloman as sole legitimate successors; had received that proud title of Patrician of the Romans, which invested him, the Frankish barbarian, with a vaguely prescriptive duty of protecting the people and the city of Rome. A formidable warrior, cold and crafty and stubbornly patient, was that father who had reëstablished the empire of Clovis, the first Frankish conqueror, and ruled from far east of the Rhine to the Atlantic, from the North Sea to the Mediterranean littoral of Gaul. Though already Karl far outstripped his sire in stature and in strength—the young man's burly height was seven times the length of his foot, with his right hand he could lift a fully equipped warrior as high as his head, could fell a war horse with one blow from his great fist—yet never could he stand before that stocky shrewd-visaged figure without something of instinctive awe. He was always glad when, as now, their mother Bertrada, clever, gentle and loving, sat by the king's side, smiling in equal fondness upon him and upon that slight, somewhat weakling, querulously tempered brother, ten years his junior, whom her arm embraced.

The king was speaking in the Teutonic dialect he used in the intimacy of the family, though equally well could he express himself in the Romance tongue which was that of his western and southern subjects, still Gallo-Roman despite the barbarian waves which had swept over them.

"Karl," he said, frowningly, "what means this talk that thou didst ride alone yesterday into the enemy land?"

The young man smiled. "Not alone did I ride, father. My comrade Hruodland was with me."

The king still frowned.

"None Shall Give Laws to Me!" He Said Harshly. "I Do What I Will. Hrodwitha or Another, I Shall Distinguish Whom I Please, as it is My Right. I am the King!"

"And thou camest back with a third—a wench across the saddle. Are there not maids enough in the household, that the king's son must reive a girl from ten leagues within the enemy land? Not so does one prepare for kingship, my son!" The young man laughed at the joyous memory of that exploit.

"Much talk of the maid's fairness had I heard, father, and methought I would see it for myself. Not without some little fighting did we get her away." He laughed again. "A good fight was it. Hruodland and I slew ten of the Romans." So still were called those stubbornly rebellious inhabitants of the westerly remote duchy of Aquitaine who less than any others of the Gallo-Romans had been Teutonized by the Gothic and Frankish conquests. "For all that, we attended to some other little matters on our ride. Every road and ford did I explore for the march of our host, whereof thou hast promised me the leadership of the vanguard."

The king's brow cleared a little.

"That was indeed warrior's work. I forgive thee, in as much as not meet is it that the king's son should be humbled before the host But Hruodland will I not forgive. Order I made that none should leave camp. All men know that not lightly shall they break my orders and escape my wrath. Send now Hruodland to me."

The young man drew himself up to his full height.

"Nay, father. My troth did I plight to Hruodland that thy wrath should not fall on him because in love for me he went against thy command. Never have I broken faith. Never will I break faith. Therefore, on me let thy wrath fall, but let Hruodland be guiltless, or no more will I be son of that father who holds not sacred a pledged word!"

He had spoken hotly, in impetuous indignation.

The king's eyes flashed dangerously. "Dost thou dare to withstand me?"

He stood unflinching under that dread gaze. "In this thing I must withstand thee, father. My faith is pledged."

The king's expression changed. He smiled grimly.

"It is well, Karl. Hruodland is forgiven also, for the sake of thy word. Methinks thou hast the matter of kingship in thee. Trust not others, but know always for thyself. Keep ever thy pledged faith. So shalt thou be in sooth a king when the time comes for thee to rule." He turned to Bertrada. "Our son shapes well, wife. I am proud of him."

The little Karloman spoke up from his mother's embrace: "And art thou not proud of me also, father? For I was born a king's son, while Karl is but the son of a Mayor of the Palace. One said to me today that in right I should reign over all thy kingdom after thee."

The king frowned again. "Foolishly did he speak then, son. Equal in my love are both of ye, and equally shall my kingdom be divided among ye, to reign loyally in good faith together. Wife, have a care of those who whisper ill talk to this whelp of ours. In such wise comes trouble between brothers and much evil upon the land."

Bertrada smiled in affectionately confident reassurance

"My lord, my life long will I see to it that there comes not trouble between these our sons. In love shall they dwell ever, as thou and thy brother did dwell in love together. . . . Is it not so, Karl?" She looked at him appealingly, with that sweet goodness which made him adore her.

"To that also I pledge faith, sweet mother," he said. He knelt before his father. "Now, sire, give me leave to withdraw and tell my comrade thou hast forgiven me and him also."

His father nodded, smiled with shrewd tolerance. "Go, my son. But drink not too heavily in the feast I hear you two young roisterers have prepared."

He went down from the upper chamber into the great central rush-strewn hall of the timber-built mansion, went out to the portico of crudely painted rough-hewn balks where his comrade Hruodland awaited him. Tall and handsome, jovially high-spirited in an honest simplicity, was that young man whose prowess in the fight was already a legend throughout all Frankland, that young man who was his dearest friend. He laughed happily as he joined him.

"Well is it, comrade!" he cried. "My father forgives! Now to thy tent for the carouse we owe ourselves!"

Joyously they went together through the tents of the immense host still assembling from the whole of Frankland, came to the tent of Hruodland, where already slaves were setting wine upon a roughly carpentered table

"And thy prize, Karl?" queried the young chieftain. "What hast thou done with her? Already cast aside?"

He laughed.

"She weeps among the queen's women. Last night she fought like a wild cat, and this morn she clung to me, begging me to keep her ever with me." He laughed again. "Strange cattle are they!"

Other comrades boisterously entered Hruodland's tent. They all sat down to the rough table, commenced to drink riotously from silver-mounted horns, commenced to sing those wild old Germanic songs of Austrasia the king's son loved so well, scorning the effeminate lays of the persistently Gallo-Roman Neustria which was the newer northwestern province of the first Frankish conquest

He half opened his eyes, dimly saw the physician bending over him. That was a foolish little dream—why had he remembered that odd trifle old times long dead? Hruodland—how he had loved Hruodland! What was that girl's name? He could not remember.

He was king. He had been king three years, ruling half of that kingdom left by his father—the preponderantly Germanic half—the South Germans, the Burgundians, the Southern Gallo-Romans, were the portion of his brother Karloman—his brother who had refused to come to his aid when again his share of Aquitania had revolted—that foolish young brother misled by evil counsel who now plotted against him, claiming for himself the whole of the kingdom since he alone had been born in the purple.

No. That was over. Young Karloman was dead. Dead before that fratricidal civil war could break out. He was in his brother's vill at Samouci. All the chiefs were there. They acclaimed him: "*Koning! Koning!* King of all Frankland!" How the shouts reëchoed! How their flourished sword blades flashed in the air! King of all Frankland—without a rival, for Karloman's young widow and her two children had fled to her Lombard father—to the father of that sickly Lombard wife of his own, Desiderata, whom he had wedded out of policy and repudiated after one year of unhappy marriage, on whose account he had even distressingly, for the first time, quarreled with his mother Bertrada. King! At last king of all the realm, even as his father had been! It was as though he had drunk too deeply of wine, a dilation of all his faculties.

King! He felt himself towering above all those fierce warriors, confident in his huge strength of body, confident in his own iron determination, in his ruthless power of mind and will to master these turbulent subjects, to compel an enthusiastically loyal allegiance, to govern as hitherto no king had governed. "Hail! King of all Frankland!" The shout was deafening in his ears, half woke him from that dream. How long ago it all was. He had been twenty-nine—twenty-nine—a king grimly determined to be in sooth a king. Hruodland had stood with him amid those acclamations, bravest of foemen, truest of friends

It had not been quite easy at first. He had had to show them that his deed followed his word. None knew better than he the innate lawlessness of that medley of unassimilated races ever ready to become wild anarchy at the first slackening of that might which was the only right. Masterfully he enforced an unwontedly vigilant, unwontedly vigorous, administration, attempting not to change in the least that social structure which had shaped itself in the past few centuries of barbarism—the huge vills—great agricultural domains cultivated by slaves and serfs, owned by tyrannous nobles to whose protection the small free farmers were more and more compelled to commend themselves and their lands if they would escape the oppression of powerful neighbors—the dwindled half-ruined squalid cities where the bishop was locally supreme; the vast estates of the monasteries, cumulatively added to by anxious sinners until even now, after his grandfather Karl Martel had sacrilegiously secularized many of them to reward the warriors who had fought with him against Goth and Saracen, they amounted to nearly a third of the realm, pretending to an immunity from his justice. The holy Boniface had thundered against those ecclesiastics—bishops who swore and gambled, hunted and hawked like laymen, fought each for his own hand reckless of metropolitan or synod.

As for the lords, their lives were a perpetual scandal of gross vice, high-handed violence and incessant private war, at the last moment redeeming themselves from well-merited damnation by extravagant gifts to the monasteries for burial in that cowled garb against which a cheated Satan was impotent. Oppressed beneath all was the great mass of common people, the semi-savage tillers of the soil upon whose produce all depended. From that welter of misery and ignorance and brutal barbarism, men

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They Had Surrendered, Had Brought to Him Handfuls of Earth in Symbolic Surrender of Their Soil. He Had Given Them an Inexorable Alternative—Baptism or Extermination

JOHN QUIXOTE

By C. E. SCOGGINS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XIII

JOHN HARVEY said evenly, "I suppose you think you've got a reason to do that. Let's have it."

But the man gave no sign of understanding English. Slowly, contemptuously, his bloodshot eyes examined John Harvey from head to foot and back again, and his mouth pouched at the corners, and his gaze turned on his daughter. He spoke in Spanish, formally, using the *usted* as if she were a stranger

"Where have you found this?"

Her dark eyes in their turn denied acquaintance, and her lips curled a little, and her voice was cool as she replied.

"Mr. Harvey does not speak Spanish. Unless you are afraid he will hear what you say, speak English."

And even in that moment—on that dry, harsh hillside where the sun poured unreality, feeling the pain and shame of a whip cut on his face, a stranger even to himself—John Harvey was aware of sober thought. This was Elena's father; the indomitable pride that gave her strength to speak that way was born of the same fierce dignity, the same deep arrogance that made Ramon de Avila what he was. Fire lashing at fire! He felt the hopelessness of the conflict between them.

"Do," he urged quietly. "I shall be glad to answer any question you may have to ask."

"Who are you?" snarled Ramon de Avila.

"John Harvey, of Dallas, Texas, the United States. A medical student in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore."

"What are you doing here?"

"Visiting Spain."

"And my daughter?"

"You'll have to be more explicit. What about your daughter?"

"You are her lover?"

There was no mistaking the significance those bloodshot eyes and sneering lips put on the word.

John Harvey answered quietly, "You'd better explain that too."

"You met here by assignment?"

Old Andrew Morgan cried confusedly, "Ramon! You shall not believe such a —— This is my home. She is my granddaughter. You only harm yourself by such a ——" But John Harvey stopped him with a gesture. Indignation couldn't shame such fury as Ramon de Avila's; maybe steadiness could hold the fire harmless till it burned away.

"No, sir. By accident."

"You lie! You were in Valencia on Sunday. A strange accident that makes you disappear with her and be with her now!"

John Harvey, with a swift understanding of the conspicuousness of foreigners, knew it was useless to deny and useless to explain. Ramon de Avila had been present at the bull ring; perhaps had sat only a few feet from him. And to Ramon de Avila there could be only one explanation.

"Strange or not, sir, you'll have to believe it. I had been in Valencia less than twenty-four hours then; I had never seen your daughter."

"Yankee! Take My Pistol!" He Raced Across the Patio and Snatched the Automatic

"You have taught her swiftly, then, Señor Yankee! Look at her now and say you are not lovers!"

He looked. And her dark eyes were smiling, glowing, fierce with a reckless pride; with a swift motion she was on her feet, wiping the blood from his face with her own handkerchief.

Her clear voice cried, "Tell him! He will not believe that such a thing can be, but tell him! Let him hear a man who is the master of himself!"

That was the phrase that wrecked him. Master of himself! He knew he was not master of himself. He knew how strangely, helplessly he was in the grip of forces greater than himself—forces within and forces without—that lifted him to see this moment and yet left him sane enough to reason—sane enough to see himself, penniless, immature, unfit to see that look in any woman's eyes.

He tried to reason with Ramon de Avila, and that was madness.

"Mr. De Avila," he said huskily, "I do love her. She's not to blame for that; you've got absolutely nothing to blame her for. I have asked her to marry me. If you feel like listening, sir—we'll have to wait a little while; I have no money. But ——"

The man laughed. Or his lips writhed; the sound that burst from them was not laughter. It suggested nausea. Where for a moment he had faced John Harvey as a man, an enemy, now he looked on him as a crawling thing.

"Have no fear, Yankee. My daughter is still a De Avila. No matter how low she is, your name is not required."

"Man," croaked John Harvey, "are you crazy? She's your own daughter. Think what you're saying!"

"Has she remembered that she is my daughter? What of her duty of respect to me? What of her duty to my family? What of my name, that she has made it to be laughed at—that I must go to disgraceful women, asking with shame if they have hidden her?"

"He means," whipped the girl's voice, "not his disgraceful women, but my friends!"

"*Calla!*" bawled Ramon de Avila, and left John Harvey stranded, cast out by a torrent of swift Spanish. Benito's eyes opened with pleasure as the great hidalgo burst into the freer tongue: "Be silent, wench! What canst thou know of the affairs of men? Is that the gossip of thy shameless friends? Things that no decent woman ——"

"For thee there are no decent women!"

Shameful and yet more shameful flamed the accusations. Old Andrew Morgan pleaded helplessly, unheard. John Harvey watched with dazed, uncomprehending eyes, hearing the girl's voice flash like a rapier into the crevices of her father's bawling fury. He didn't see how any woman's nerves could stand it.

Neither did Ramon de Avila. More than once she had attempted to defy him; always she had been beaten down, driven into hysteria and helplessness. This time she merely stood there, cold, vindictive, stabbing at every opportunity. She wasn't breaking. It was himself who broke; three days and nights of brooding had surcharged his brain. His hands flew up, their veins distended, fingers clutching air; and on his wrist the riding whip dangled before his face. He snatched it and cut at that slender figure of defiance.

John Harvey caught it, and with muscles suddenly gone berserk he tore it free, reversed it and slashed at Ramon de Avila. The blow was ineffective; the jerk of the breaking thong had pulled De Avila too close, so that only the shank of the whip struck him. But the man staggered, and his hands groped like a blind man's, and his knees buckled and he pitched forward on his face.

XIV

AND all things changed. On his feet, formidable, Ramon de Avila had met defiance; prostrate and pitiful, he mastered them. The girl was on her knees, tugging at his limp body, pleading, "*Papá! Papá!* Look at me. *Soy yo. Soy tu Elena. Mírame, mírame, papá!*" John Harvey saw that horrible blue face, the eyes half open and rolled up so that no iris showed, the frothing lips, the hands that quivered and were still.

He thought mechanically, "That's apoplexy. Gosh! Hope it's hysterical, and not a hemorrhage in the brain."

Benito's voice said loudly, "He has killed him!" John Harvey didn't know he was accused. That queer exalted sense of unreality had forsaken him; like a sleepwalker shocked too suddenly awake, he wondered stupidly what he was doing here and how this horrible thing had come about. This was reality! He smelled the sweat on that

gross, helpless body. Loosening the man's clothes, he found an automatic pistol strapped under the left arm. Silently he unbuckled it and handed it to Andrew Morgan.

This was Elena's father. He lifted the heavy head into the girl's lap, saying, "Hold him as high as you can. Bring water, somebody. Quick! Cold water," and began gently to manipulate that feeble diaphragm, so that the breathing should not stop.

Wenceslao galloped up with a slopping pitcher, Juana after him with a trembling pan. Benito had not moved; he was a true disciple of his master and denied the influence of the material. In a low voice old Andrew Morgan prayed; Benito's head bowed and his lips moved too. And presently the congested face of the stricken man began to pale. The eyelids quivered and crept open, and the eyes moved vaguely, with no sense of vision yet. They fixed without recognition on his daughter's face.

John Harvey murmured soothingly, "You're all right, sir. Don't worry. You're all right."

Then the eyes groped for him and hateful memory twitched in that flaccid face. Ramon de Avila's right hand began to jerk, creeping across his body, struggling to reach the pistol he no longer wore. The fingers crawled and fumbled where it should have been. The muscles of the neck contracted and the lips writhed with returning fury.

The girl cried, "Please! You must go away. He must not see you any more!"

That was reality. That was the tyranny of life that must be saved at any cost. John Harvey rose and moved out of range, but those implacable black eyes still groped. The spasms grew more violent.

She pleaded, "Go! You must not blame yourself; the blame is his and mine. But go! He is my father."

That was reality; that was the end of dreams. John Harvey looked at her and his lean hands gripped hard and opened humbly, giving her all he had to give—and that was nothing. And her eyes thanked him, and he smiled; and they would both remember. That was all. He bowed to Andrew Morgan, and he didn't see the old man's hand. He didn't see Wenceslao move after him or hear the girl's voice beg, "No, Feo! Do not leave me all alone."

The boy stopped. John Harvey went on down the hill, rounded the house and went out through the trees and down into the ravine. In the hard sun glare his tall figure dwindled, moving steadily, not looking back.

Ramon de Avila seemed to know that he had won. His eyes closed and his breathing slowed and deepened, and a sweat of nerve reaction beaded his drained face. After a time he struggled to sit up, but could not. That was weakness; there was no paralysis. He could help himself a little when they helped him. They got him down the hill and into bed—John Harvey's bed. He had not spoken yet. The girl sat by him, murmuring; and he seemed to sleep.

She tiptoed to the door and beckoned to Wenceslao.

"Look, Feito. He has gone without money, is it not true?"

"You sent him," said the boy, unbending.

"Yes. Go to my room and take the money from my purse. There is enough for both of you to reach Valencia. Take it and run after him, but do not try to give it to him. Do not tell him it is mine. Say it is yours, and offer to lend him what he needs."

"*Caracoles!*" cried Wenceslao. "Then you do love him!"

Her dark eyes smiled a little and her lips were steady. "Yes, Feo. But I must not, and you must never speak of him in Valencia. It must be a secret always between us."

Then she turned back into the sick room, and for a moment she felt sure her father must have heard. His eyes were open, smoldering again. She asked him, "Are you comfortable, father?" His lips moved and his voice croaked, unintelligible. She stroked his forehead, asking gently, "What is it? Do you want something?"

He managed one word. It was a noun—a feminine noun He had used it before, but she had been angry then. Now she was merely sick. She sat down slowly, staring at nothing. She heard his breathing as he gathered strength.

"Defend yourself!" said Ramon de Avila.

She answered listlessly, "I have nothing to say."

"What shall I tell—Raul Castañeda?"

"What you wish, father."

"Do you imagine—he will marry you—now?"

"It is nothing to me."

"You—you ——" Blood rushed into his face again; he heaved himself up on one elbow and his voice bawled epithets and his finger tried to pour shame into her face. He shouted, "Do you imagine you can live in my house again?" He seemed so strong that she forgot to pity him; her own suffering overwhelmed her and she lashed back as blindly as an animal in pain.

"Live in your house? No! You cannot drag me there. I will go after John Harvey. No priest will marry us without your consent—I know that. And he is penniless. Those things you say of me will be true, and we shall see what Valencia thinks of a De Avila begging from door to door!"

"Benito!" bawled the sick man. "Benito!"

And suddenly Benito was in the room. His eyelids drooped, respectful; he seemed not to see the girl's white face, the fury of Ramon de Avila. He said respectfully, "Don Ramon has called?"

"Canst thou write?"

"Yes, Don Ramon."

"Write, then. Quickly! I—am—sick." He sank back on the pillow; his eyes closed and remained closed even when Benito prompted him.

"Yes, Don Ramon?"

"Is the man from the village here?"

"No, Don Ramon. I sent him back, but I told him to leave the horses. I thought you might require ——"

"Take one and ride to La Calera. Send—telegram. To Arnulfo Diaz, Governor of Valencia: 'My daughter — '"

Benito's eyes flicked sidewise at Elena de Avila. Their lids still drooped, but not respectfully. Benito knew what it was all about. He saw her sitting there, white-faced and still, tortured by shame and pity; he thought she would cry out against the thing her father said. But he was disappointed. Her eyes observed his hesitation and her voice reproved him: "Write!"

XV

A MILE, two miles John Harvey's numbness carried him The sun glared from the rocky walls of the ravine, and rocks moved treacherously underfoot, but his familiar

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The Girl Could Weep, But Andrew Morgan's Face Was Sick and Dumb With Pain. The Girl Cried, "Kill Them! Kill Them, John!"

THE GREAT SYSTEM

"I Didn't Care Either. I Hate Track. It Makes the Fellows Who Go Out for It Dumb. All Their Brains are in Their Legs"

By W. Thornton Martin

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

THE gun went off in Granny's face. His leg muscles tensed and he was out of his holes and swinging down the track. He was over the first two hurdles before he let his breath out. That was Flick's idea—holding your breath at the start of the race made your ears more sensitive to the sound of the gun. Flick ought to know. The lines in his face, running from his nostrils deeply past the corners of his mouth, had come from hammering such ideas into the thick heads of countless Rollicksburg champions, near-champions and also-rans. Now that Granny was breathing again, he had a chance to see how he was getting on. He was in the third lane. He couldn't see the men in the first two lanes, but the two in the outside lanes were about seven and fourteen yards ahead just as they had been at the start. He wasn't worried about that; previous races under such conditions had taught him that they would fall back to him when the lanes straightened out for the home stretch. The next four hurdles passed.

Then the seventh and eighth hurdles rushed up to him, passed under his legs and dropped behind. Something was wrong. Not only were the two men on his right holding their own but they had increased their lead perceptibly. Strain and stretch as he might he did not catch them in the remaining few yards. He flung himself at the finish line, but the tape had been broken seconds before and the ends trailed limply on the ground.

Granny took off his shoes and went down the steps into the steel and concrete catacombs under the stands, to the dressing room. No hiss of flowing water came from the shower room. The few figures scattered around the room in various stages of undress seemed strangely far away. He sat down on a bench and rested his head in his hands. He wasn't tired and he wasn't particularly disappointed that he had lost. He didn't know what was the matter with him. In the back of his head somewhere there was an idea taking form that he had wasted a lot of effort over something that wasn't worth all that effort. It was a new idea for Granny. Usually a race was life and death—still, he had survived a lot of deaths.

On the other side of the lockers a couple of men were talking. He didn't pay much attention to them until he heard his name mentioned, then he pricked up his ears.

"He can break more records in time trials than anybody I ever saw"—that was Matt's voice.

"Yeah, in time trials"—that was Vance.

"He gets scared when he finds somebody running against him. The trouble with Granny is he's yellow."

"That ain't it," Vance said. "The trouble with Granny is he's got a defeatist complex."

Granny got up and walked to the showers. He didn't have the slightest inclination to go back and punch Matt's face. That was funny too. He didn't know what had got into him. He didn't seem to care. He wished he didn't have to run in the intercollegiates in two weeks; all he wanted to do was to go somewhere and fill up on egg-and-onion sandwiches with catchup on them, and mince pie, and then go to bed and sleep for a week. He supposed he was stale.

When Flick came in ten minutes later, he found him toweling lazily. Granny wondered what Flick could be doing away from the track.

Flick walked up to him and said quietly, "Put your suit back on and get out on the track. I've entered you as a post entry in the quarter."

Granny stared at him dumbly. "Aw, Flick, have a heart!" he said. "I'm all through. I haven't a chance in the quarter. I've only run it in relay races."

Flick said evenly, "You heard me," and walked away.

All at once his bewilderment changed to anger. As quickly it turned to apathy. Wearily he went through the process of donning his athletic equipment. Out on the track again he stolidly dug his holes and flopped down on his mark with all the ambition of a punctured tire. He was completely indifferent as to the result. For the first time in his life he took it easy. Instead of using up his strength in getting out in front of the pack, he dropped into third place and loped easily around with a swinging stride. For the first time in his life he felt fresh and strong at the three-fifty mark. He uncorked a rushing, driving sprint at that point and galloped home in forty-nine and five-tenths seconds.

It dawned on him like the bursting of a descending rocket that he had won the race. Moreover, he had won it in time that should place him well up in the intercollegiates, if he were able to repeat.

Then, while he was taking his second shower, the explanation came to him. It was easy, now that he saw it; it must be right. He wasn't yellow and he didn't know anything about defeatist complexes. The trouble with him was that up until now he had been trying too hard. He said it over and over to himself. He tried too hard. When he got into a race he strained every muscle and fought like the devil to win; all the effort that ought to be in his legs was in his heart, consequently he lost. From now on he was going to take it all as a matter of course and count on the natural speed of his legs to carry him through. It was a swell system. It would be easier too; he wouldn't wander around college in a daze, thinking about the next meet, any more; he'd forget all about it till he got in his holes on the starting line, and he wouldn't think too much about it then. He wouldn't care if he did lose—but he wouldn't lose; he had a system.

He gazed, through slitted eyes over which water streamed in bright strings of diamonds, at the downcast

face of Vance Davis, forlornly adjusting a tie before a mirror. A vast pity filled him for old Vance. That's what a fellow got for being a discus thrower, he thought.

II

THE training house stood between the broad shoulders of the stadium and Noble Hall. It was sturdy and crenelated like a fortress. At five o'clock on the following Monday morning, the street lights had been out for an hour and the first thin rays of sunlight wove a pattern of shadows over its grimy brickwork. At six o'clock wagons rattled loosely by, stopping amid hoarse "whoas" to deposit milk on the doorsteps of Rollicksburg. Then they resumed their clatter with a clop-clop of iron on cobblestones. At 6:25 an alarm clock exploded with a loud whir-r-r in the smelly cubicle occupied by Alfred, the chef, and upstairs in No. 24 Granny opened his eyes and lay looking at the ceiling.

He cherished the pale, pleasant moments just before the beginning of day. Then his body was newly rested. His thoughts were his own, to be sent on errands in no way concerned with the business of whipping himself into a condition labeled, for some obscure reason, as "fine." He was, however, finding this disassociation of mind and matter difficult of accomplishment as May wore on and the intercollegiates drew nearer.

In line with his gaze was a flaming poster adorned with a picture of himself passing a baton to Matt Murphy, two and a half yards in advance of a quarter-miler from Occidental College who wore a distinctly harassed look on his face.

In a few minutes Violet would be ringing the gong in the downstairs hall until the three floors resounded with the brazen clamor. Then Flick would come slapping his bare feet down the hall, banging on doors and roaring, "Flat meat! You're all flat meat!"

He transferred his attention to the small toe of his left foot. During the night the bandage had slipped off, exposing a raw patch about the size of a dime. He wiggled his toe tentatively and decided that it was reasonably free from infection. That would mean a time trial in the afternoon when his lunch had settled.

Sounds of springs suddenly released from their burden of bodies and the splash of water in porcelain bowls drifted through the open transom and distracted his thoughts. Pulling on a pair of soiled ducks and a sweater with the letter carefully turned inward, he emerged from the shadowed halls of the training house into the slanting morning light

Jefferson Field lay like a green lake filling a concrete volcanic cone. Yearly, at the end of the football season, the margins of the lake receded, exposing an even band of gravel mixed with clay around its outer edges. Upon this flat beach steam rollers and scrapers chugged until it was hard packed.

Granny felt full of sap and latent power. He stepped out briskly on the prescribed two laps before breakfast. Mike was spading the chocolate earth of the jumping pit. He could smell the new-turned earth as he walked by. Two dusky helpers were removing the canvas covers from the pitcher's box and home plate to the accompaniment of unintelligible but cheerful bursts of sound. Over by the training house other sweater-clad figures streamed into the bowl and began their rounds.

The nearest yelled, "Yo', Granny, how's the foot?" It was Matt Murphy.

"Lousy," replied Granny.

"What time ya runnin'?"

"'Bout three o'clock."

Granny hurried through an orange, cereal, two eggs and buttered rolls, and defeated the other entries in the breakfast handicap by a full three minutes. By virtue of his victory he was able to take possession of the coveted ten-foot divan by the window in the living room and unfold the morning paper in unhurried luxury. Hastily skimming such tepid news items as TWO KILLED IN NIGHT CLUB BRAWL and SPOUSE SUES CARBONATED WATER KING, he turned with a mighty crackling of paper to the sports page. As he finished his folding and smoothing, Vance Davis came in from the dining room and began banging at the battered piano with his stubby hands. Granny tried closing his eyes and pretending Vance could really play, but his curious rhythm of the mechanical-piano school was insupportable. Vance played with the sensitive touch and æsthetic qualities of a confirmed discus thrower.

At the third consecutive rendition of Poor Butterfly, Granny rose, and casting a pained look at the oblivious Davis, climbed the stairs to his room. Closing the door he piled two pillows and a bathrobe under his head and immersed himself in the pungent paragraphs of one who signed himself The Second Guesser

Flick waited until Granny had left the living room Then he followed him upstairs. He pushed open the door and walked in without knocking. Granny looked up from the paper.

Flick said, "Granny, how're the grades?"

"O. K., Flick, I reckon. Why?"

"I got a note from the dean."

"Well?"

"It says you are low in Psych 5."

Granny was a little worried. Then he remembered his system.

"Oh, that! That'll be all right. I got that Psych Department under control."

"They better be by the intercollegiates," Flick said, "or else ——"

"Else what?"

"Else you don't make the trip."

"Didn't I say I had 'em under control, Flick?"

"Yeah, you did. Now you better move yourself over to the dean's office and try out some of that control on the dean."

Flick looked at him. After a while Granny said, "All right, Flick. I'll fix it today."

Flick got up and went out. Flick had lost a lot of men to "the office." He always laughed it off and closed up his ranks for the next battle, but he didn't like losing men His contract was running out. He had to make a showing in the intercollegiates. A coach whose contract ran out

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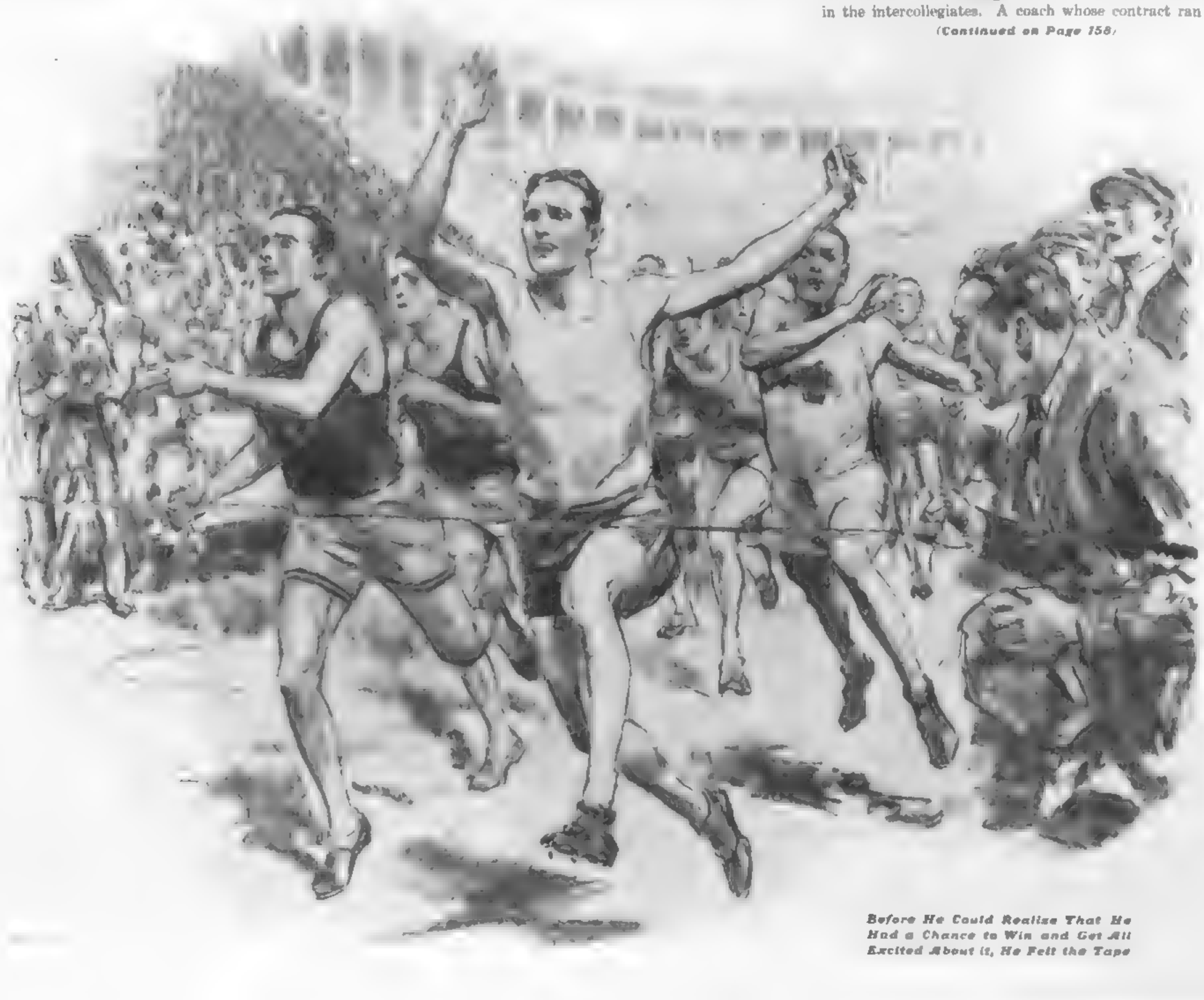


Before He Could Realize That He Had a Chance to Win and Get All Excited About it, He Felt the Tape

The Million-Pound Deposit

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

XXIII

THERE was a cold wind blowing down the broad avenues which sweep from St. Pancras and Euston westward—a cold wind and drizzling rain. The windows of the taxicabs were fast-closed and streaming. Men and women crouched under their umbrellas. The rain glittered upon the policemen's capes. It hung like misty fire around the electric standards. Across the shop-window front of the shabby restaurant in Endale Street—the restaurant which was scarcely more than a cookshop—was pasted an oblong strip of paper announcing HOT MUTTON PIES. The smell of them filled the frowzy little place, so that even Luigi, the solitary waiter, came to the door for air, as he had done a few months before to escape from the heat and the flies. He looked out with weary eyes upon the same sordid street, with its unenterprising shops seeming always on the point of bankruptcy, its hurrying streams of men and women, infected, as it appeared, in their carriage and bearing, by the depression of the mud and the rain, the dreary rows of smoke-stained, desolate houses.

A man in a suit of soiled white overalls and a crumpled white chef's cap called to him from behind the counter:

"Them gents here yet?"

Luigi nodded dejectedly. "Gentlemen not coma yet. No one in place."

The cook considered the melancholy fact. Then he turned away.

"All right. Tell them, when they come, the pies are ready, little Dago."

Luigi scowled at him as he disappeared, and once more looked up and down the street. Opposite, a taxi had just deposited a fare—a tall, thin man in spectacles who, as soon as he had paid the driver, crossed the way. Luigi stood on one side to let him pass.

"Is the room ready?" the newcomer inquired.

"Everything is a-ready," Luigi assured him. "You are the first. The vermuth, yes?"

Hisedale nodded, passed through the little room behind, with its three or four empty tables covered with soiled, coarse linen, upon which reposed an unappetizing exhibition of chipped china, tarnished cutlery and thick glasses, turned the handle of a door on the left and entered a sort of annex which differed only from the rest of the place by smelling, owing to its position above the kitchen, a little more strongly of stale food. He set down his umbrella in a corner and opened the window. The rain had beaten against his face and blurred his spectacles. He removed them and, shading his eyes, looked out. All was well. The back way was clear, a wooden gate ajar, and the somber shapes of a taxicab and a touring car were visible in the yard beyond. He turned around just as Thomas Ryde and Hartley Wright entered; the former carrying a heavy black bag. Thomas Ryde closed the door behind him and examined the fastening for a moment. Then he deposited the black bag in a corner of the room, and, standing by Hisedale's side, also peered out into the darkness. Greetings between the three seemed at a discount.

"Is it all clear outside?" Mr. Ryde inquired.

"I have looked. I have seen no one," Hisedale reported. "The weather is too bad for loiterers."

Thomas Ryde took the black bag from the corner and carried it down the narrow strip of walk as far as the gate. He pushed the latter open with his foot and placed his burden in the taxicab. When he returned, De Brest, in a long mackintosh over his evening clothes, had just arrived, and it soon became apparent that the young man was in a very bad temper indeed.

"What the devil have you been doing out in the yard?" he asked suspiciously.

Ryde glanced at the speaker with expressionless eyes. He deliberately shook out his umbrella and hung up his hat before replying:

"Stowing the bag away in the car."

"What a pantomime!" the baron scoffed. "It is child's play—what we do with that bag."

Thomas Ryde surveyed him with the same steely gaze.

"It is nothing of the sort," he declared. "The proprietor here, the cook and the waiter—they all believe the same thing. They believe that we arrive at St. Pancras from Harwich, and that most weeks we're smuggling something. I dare say they think it is cocaine. We meet here to divide up. We are their best customers. They have no responsibility, and therefore they keep their mouths shut. In all London, I do not believe that we should be safer than we are here."

"Thank God," De Brest announced, "when you have listened to what I have to say you will understand that very few more of these meetings are necessary. There is a matter to be decided first, however. What about Huneybell?"

"Don't you read the papers?" Thomas Ryde answered. "He, unfortunately, never recovered consciousness after his accident. The evidence at the inquest made it very clear that he had fallen down the iron steps while in a state of partial intoxication."

"That isn't what we're worrying about," De Brest declared brutally. "Where's his part of the receipt?"

Luigi entered, carrying a huge tray nearly as big as himself. He placed a large dish containing six or seven mutton pies at the end of the table, removed the salt, pepper and oil and vinegar cruets from the sideboard, and arranged them in their places.

He whipped off the covers from the vegetable dishes and drew the corks of the three bottles.

"Anything more required, gents?"

"Nothing at present," Thomas Ryde replied. "We will ring when we want you."

The man departed. They took their places around the table, with the exception of De Brest, who filled a tumbler with wine and threw himself into an easy-chair.

"One must bluff sometimes, yes," he growled, "but I cannot eat this disgusting food. We know all about Huneybell's accident and death, but what about his portion of the receipt? Do you realize that we cannot claim the formula without it?"

"I must confess," Thomas Ryde admitted precisely, "that it was the first thing which entered my mind as soon as I got over the shock of what had happened. Under the circumstances, I did what I considered was best in everyone's interest. I searched his pocketbook, discovered the fragment of paper, and am now in possession of it. I am holding it for the common good."

De Brest drew a sigh of relief. "That, I confess, is good news," he declared.

"It is very good news indeed," Doctor Hisedale beamed. "Our friend has shown himself, as usual, a man of resource."

"Darned good thing he was around," Hartley Wright agreed. "It means a nice little dollop more for all of us."

"It was fortunate," Thomas Ryde assented. "The accident was in its way regrettable, but we have to bear in mind that Huneybell was drinking too much, and that a man who is continually in a state of semi-intoxication is an exceedingly dangerous associate in an enterprise like ours.

They Bent Over the Oblong Strip of White Paper, Hot-Breathed and Terrified

Perhaps the time has come, baron, for us to consider the proposition you desire to lay before us."

De Brest stood up upon the worn and faded hearthrug He had removed his mackintosh, and in the shabby little room he seemed to tower above the other men. In his correct evening clothes, with his sleekly brushed hair, his manicured nails, and undeniable air of breeding, he seemed to have found his way like an alien into strange company

"We had meant, I know," he began, "to hold the formula for at least a year, but circumstances alter cases. We are all in need of money. Why not help ourselves to what is offered, especially as there comes with the offer a certain measure of safety. The firm with whom I have been in negotiation are perfectly willing to allow themselves to be blindfolded. The Blunn formula has never been mentioned between us. They affect to believe that it is Doctor Hisedale's formula which they are buying. They are shrewd people, and they are no more anxious to purchase stolen goods than we are to admit the theft. They will buy it then as Doctor Hisedale's discovery, and anything else they may guess or know will not even be hinted at. To carry out that idea, Doctor Hisedale will accept the position of senior chemist in the firm and, with a board of twelve directors and a great many other people intimately connected with the works, only two will know that the formula under which they will commence to make artificial silk is really the Blunn formula."

"This is very interesting," Thomas Ryde observed. "It appears to me to be a proposition eminently satisfactory in its initial stages at any rate. Continue, if you please, baron."

"The offer which I have had," De Brest went on, "is one which I do not think that any other firm in the world could make. They are prepared to give us one million pounds cash for the formula, and in legal, or perhaps I should say illegal, parlance, 'no questions asked.'"

"One million pounds cash," Thomas Ryde repeated softly.

"That is the wonderful part of it," the young man pointed out. "No shares, no waiting—just hard, negotiable cash."

"Say, let's get onto this," Hartley Wright intervened, drawing a pencil from his pocket. "How many of us are there? Myself one, Hisedale two, Thomas Ryde three, Sir Matthew four, and you, baron, five. Fives into a million is easy. It's two hundred thousand pounds, or a million dollars each."

It was a tense moment. The very mention of the money was agitating. Everyone was silent. De Brest's face was twitching with emotion. There was even a gleam of cupidity in Doctor Hisedale's eyes. Thomas Ryde alone remained unmoved

"What about Sir Matthew?" he asked

"Well, I guess he needs money just about the same as the rest of us," Hartley Wright observed

"Without a doubt," Thomas Ryde assented. "That, however, is not the point which I had in my mind. Many years ago there was a bitter war between the houses of Boothroyd and Glenalton. Are we sure that Sir Matthew would consent to sell to them? He is an obstinate man and very unforgiving."

"I have anticipated the difficulty," De Brest announced: "which is the reason why I suggested that Sir Matthew should receive no notice of our meeting tonight I propose that he be not told until after the thing is decided, and he must then go with the majority. I am myself in favor of accepting Glenalton's offer."

"And I," Thomas Ryde agreed.

"And I," Hisedale echoed.

"Sure," Hartley Wright added emphatically.

"Very good," Thomas Ryde said, pushing his chair back from the table, and sipping his whisky and soda. "Three things only remain then. The first is for one of us to see Sir Matthew, acquaint him with the position, and secure his portion of the receipt, unless he chooses to come with us and redeem the document. The second is for us to arrange a date with Glenalton's upon which they will be prepared to hand over the money, and the third is to appoint a date upon which we shall pay our visit to Queen Victoria Street and secure the formula."

De Brest tapped a cigarette against his case and stooped down to light it

"That date," he suggested, "had better coincide with the one fixed for the payment of the million pounds. I do not wish to have the responsibility of handling such a sum of money; certainly not of having it in my keeping for any length of time."

"You shall not be troubled in that way," Thomas Ryde promised him. "We will all fetch the formula together. We will all receive the money together. We will leave you to deal with Sir Matthew. You are on friendly terms with him and can broach the matter at any time."

Hisedale leaned forward in his place. He had the air of a man upon whose lips hung portentous words. Whatever they were, however, they remained unuttered. A tense and tragic silence reigned suddenly in the stuffy little room, with its soiled wall paper, its terrible furniture, its spotted tablecloth and chipped, unsavory crockery. A sense of drama, like an electrifying force, filled the frowzy atmosphere with acute and vivid pulsations. Every man's head was turned toward the door. Every man's face was drawn with the strain of listening. De Brest stole stealthily toward the glass-door exit, and stood there with his left hand upon the knob.

They heard Luigi expostulating, the cook proprietor shouting, a chair overthrown, the tramp of approaching footsteps. Someone had entered the shop, had passed into the shabby apology for a restaurant beyond and, notwithstanding all remonstrances, had continued his progress, remorseless, heavy-footed. His voice was drowned beneath the shrill broken English of Luigi and the blatant, bawling cockney of the proprietor. They heard the latter's final protest.

"I tell you them gents ain't going to be disturbed. That's a private dining room they've got, and if they'd been expecting of you or anyone else, they'd have let me know, or Luigi here. Sit down and eat what you want. You can send in word to them if you've a mind to. They're regulars, that's what they are, and there's no call for you to come along bothering them. . . . No, you don't!"

There was the sound of a brief struggle, a heavy fall upon the floor, and Luigi's shrill voice raised in terror:

"I fetcha the police! I go for police!"

There followed the rasp of a man's harsh laugh, the footsteps of the intruder coming rapidly nearer, and finally a ponderous, determined knocking upon the door.

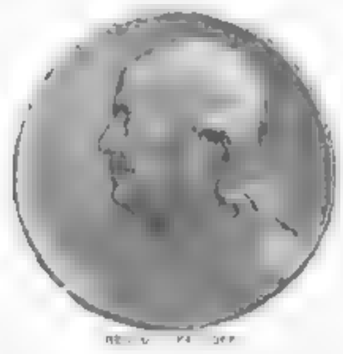
XXIV

NO ONE answered the summons. The silence in the room appeared to have in it qualities now almost of hysteria. De Brest was crouched before the window, his pale face drawn, his eyes filled with terror. Hisedale was shaking visibly. His lips kept on meeting and parting again, but no audible words escaped him. Hartley Wright, with an ugly look upon his face, had risen to his feet, and seemed about to join De Brest at the window. Thomas Ryde, whatever he may have been thinking, sat with his head bent a little forward and the usual glitter in his eyes; the only form of emotion in which he ever indulged. He was, without a doubt, the least disturbed of the little

(Continued on Page 92)

The Man Who Had Been About to Deliver the Blow Swung Round and Round

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 18, 1929

Our Illiberal Tariff Exemption

EVERY American who plans to go abroad this summer is hoping that Congress will do something to enlarge and liberalize the one-hundred-dollar exemption from duty to which home-coming residents of this country are entitled. This meager exemption was written into our tariff law away back in our Age of Innocence, when a hundred dollars was a lot of money and would buy two or three times what it will buy today. In the meantime the costs of European travel and shopping have grown like Jack's bean stalk; and any exemption which was correct and well-considered in the Gay Nineties is only thirty or forty per cent of what it should be if a parity is to be reëstablished.

Even the inadequate hundred-dollar exemption is carefully hedged about with restrictions calculated to protect domestic trade. It does not apply to all articles nor to any which are to be sold. The regulations in this regard are so strict that the exemption might easily be trebled without doing substantial injustice to any American industry. Most tourists take as much pleasure in shopping as in sight-seeing. It is natural that they should desire to make countless small purchases for themselves and their friends, which soon exhaust the one-hundred-dollar allowance.

It would appear to the average inexpert tariff critic that the country is sufficiently prosperous to permit Congress to exhibit a little more mellowness and forbearance in dealing with the minor purchases of returning tourists. If our home industries are in such a delicate condition that they cannot bear the results of a more liberal policy along these lines, they are already too far gone to save.

Fewer Farms and Greater Surplus

CONGRESS is in special session considering legislation for the control of the agricultural surplus. A census of rural population has just revealed that the farm population, which was around thirty-two millions twenty years ago, has fallen to twenty-seven and a half millions. The number of acres under cultivation has declined by nearly fifteen millions. Nevertheless, despite rapid increase in population of the country, the surplus of farm products remains to constitute a problem. Each farmer and each acre is more efficient than twenty years ago. Part of the increased outturn is due to machinery, part is due to selection of better strains of plants and animals. Also, farming has ceased to be a subsistence occupation and has become for the most part a cash-crop occupation. Paved roads and automobiles to run on them have obliterated the isolation of the farm. Never was farming so technically attractive as now. Under these circumstances it is hard for the industry to feel itself penalized for its efficiency. The truth is, agriculture is passing through a revolution, of which one transient manifestation has brought the appeal for legislative relief.

Needlessly Ugly Highways

ROAD BUILDING, in recent years, has assumed the proportions of a major industry. Competition and experience have combined to evolve new methods of construction, the use of new and better materials and the broader application of high-powered machinery. The more we build the better we build. The greater the mileage of highways we construct the more we demand. Road building has been elevated to the rank of a science, but it cannot yet claim, in any broad sense, to be numbered among the fine arts.

We are still in the grip of the past and think of highways as purely utilitarian devices whose sole function is to enable us to get from place to place in the shortest possible time. We laymen, like our highway engineers, seemingly ignore the fact that our main-traveled roads, which were once used almost exclusively for necessary travel and for the transportation of goods, have now become the playgrounds of leisure hours, the avenues along which we take our rest, pleasure and recreation in motor cars.

We sally forth in quest of charm, restfulness and beauty, and presently find ourselves upon a hard, smooth ribbon of concrete or cement, straight as the ruler which laid it out. Ahead, we see nothing but the slowly converging, straight lines of the roadsides, which are finally lost at a hazy vanishing point. If we look a little to right or left, billboards come within the field of vision. We lose all sense of being in the open, for our setting has made us a part of a diagram illustrative of simple perspective. We have, to be sure, the road surface we paid for, but we have been cheated out of all the charm and beauty we might have had along with it had there been proper tree planting and an easily arranged succession of pleasant prospects.

If our highway engineers went to the opposite extreme we should have those sinuous, winding roads, unbroken series of reversed curves, which we find in our parks—roads frankly laid out to please the eye and to make a little park go a long way. We advocate no such fantastic and impracticable program. We do proclaim the wisdom and sound sense of combining beauty with utility in our road building. This is not only possible but it is practical, and it has been done with the highest degree of success in many parts of the country. Landscape architects worthy of the name know how to break up straight lines and how to secure charming effects with the smallest sacrifice of increased distance. The simplest devices help out amazingly, and they can be adopted with negligible additions to cost and mileage.

Every motor tourist has traveled over thousands of miles of highways that are technically perfect when judged by purely utilitarian standards, but which are as devoid of lure and interest as so many miles of string stretched from city to city. This is the sort of thing we ought to get away from. America is raising the level of her civilization by leaps and starts. She is discovering, as at no time in the past, the value of beauty, not only as a commercial asset but as a sweetener of life and as a luxury without which life is never what it might be. In a score of ways civic beauty is becoming an issue, and each community must decide for itself whether it wants it, whether it deserves it, whether it is willing to pay a little extra to get it. Cities and towns which have fostered it know how many times over it pays for itself in heightened self-respect, in local pride, in attractiveness to strangers and in rising property values.

The young and vigorous movement toward the establishment of local museums of fine arts is one of the most encouraging tendencies in American civic life today. Too much cannot be said in its favor, but we must not forget that beauty is beauty wherever it is found, whether housed within the walls of a copy of a Greek temple or stretched out, mile upon mile, between green fields and under blue skies where all may see it and rejoice in it.

It would be hard to find any valid reason why we should not think about beauty when laying out our highways, why we should not in this way strive to make motor travel as stimulating to the eye as it is to the speedometer. Long before we wear out the roads we are now constructing, the demand for outdoor beauty will be far more general and insistent than it is today; and if these roads are stark and ugly they will not be so leniently judged ten years hence as they are at present, when we are only beginning to perceive their drab, unimaginative monotony.

We believe that it would be well worth while to make a frank and open cash concession to beauty. Let our highway engineers have the assistance of qualified landscape architects who shall be permitted to modify ugly straight-line gashes through hill and valley within prescribed limits of additional mileage and additional cost of construction and right of way. Dollar for dollar, we should get more for our money put into this overplus than for that expended upon the straightest and ugliest highway conceivable. Legislators and state and county officials will presently wake up to this rather obvious fact and will usher us into a new and happier era of highway construction.

The Overdue Conservation of Oil

THE Administration order closing down oil developments on public lands represents an engineering approach to the problem of waste in a natural resource. The effect of the policy, though a long step in the right direction, cannot be foreseen until regulation of the industry on privately held lands is established, because the chief waste is not now in new operations, but in the established operations. If the oil companies were in position to check new developments on private lands and control the oil drawn from established operations, the effect of the closing of public lands would complete the circle of control of waste. Of course, this would need to be done with protection of the interests of consumers; but waste and a cutthroat price today will be doubly paid for tomorrow. The end of our oil is not in sight, but that is all the more reason for a policy of conservation on the public lands. These lands may some day be the protection of the public from the price of synthetic motor fuel. There may be some protest now in Western states; but the grandchildren of the protestants will praise instead of blame. Parenthetically, it is not out of order to remark that millions of farmers feel that a corresponding policy should be established in reclamation; that for a decade or two there should be no more land opened with the use of public funds.

Europe's Part in Our Speculation

FOR several years, in order to aid stabilization of currencies in Europe, we kept rediscount rates low. This gave us cheap money; for some time money was considerably cheaper here than in Europe. Cheap money lends itself to speculation, especially in a period of reorganization and consolidation of industries. There can be little doubt that the secondary result of the financial policy adopted for reasons of world finance and trade has been to accelerate and intensify stock speculation.

Once the speculation was well under way, the picture changed. Gradually the rates for money mounted, helped by the heavy export of gold. Attracted by these rates, foreign money appeared upon the call market. It has been estimated that the balances of Europeans in American banks have been as high as one billion dollars. To a large extent, the foreign bank balances have found employment in the call-money market, just as the reserves of corporations have found employment there. Thus, cheap money, made for the aid of Europe, helped start the wave of speculation, and then European money helps to keep it going. It is at once a strange and a hard price to pay for being acquiescent.

STOCKS OR BONDS—By Will Payne

FREQUENTLY nowadays one hears that bonds are going out of fashion, like hansom cabs and bustles; some of them may linger on in the market for savings banks, life-insurance companies, large estates and feeble-minded individuals, but all bright, up-to-the-minute investors will demand common stocks. One finds, too, that this notion of the obsolescence of bonds is impressing a good many comparatively small investors; they are dissatisfied with the bonds they have and quite inclined to eschew that sort of paper in the future in favor of shares that will give a man quicker action for his money.

That raises the question: Will a man do better to plod away on the long, dusty, uninspiring old thoroughfare of thrift and moderate but fairly sure returns, or to cut across lots by a chancier way that will bring him to the goal much sooner if he cuts in the right time and direction? It isn't only a question for investors. Collectively, nationally, we seem inclined to the cross-lots option—to the common-stock idea. At any rate, it is pretty generally held that as a nation we have found a sure way across lots; we have struck oil and are under a new dispensation, in which moldy old precepts of mere thrift no longer mean very much.

There is no dispute about the oil. National income, which averaged thirty billions annually in the five years 1909–14, is more than ninety billions now. After allowing for the decreased purchasing power of the dollar, it has nearly doubled. Many particular items, such as motors, oils, radios, and so on, show an enormously greater increase. And it is often said that we got this rich, not by saving, but by spending.

That sounds attractive, since spending is much pleasanter than saving; but the ordinary man's simple horse sense shies at it. He knows well enough that if he spends all his income he will not get rich, for he will have nothing left with which to buy even a share of common stock on the thinnest of margins. Except for the annual saving of ten billions or so out of the national income of ninety billions, there would have been no fund from which to pay for plant extensions, new buildings, new roads, and all the other capital items that keep prosperity going. Like most other things, both saving and spending may be overdone; but the more we spend the more we need to save, in much the same way that the more deposits a bank has the bigger reserve it needs. The alternative to saving is inflation, fiat money. For an outstanding example, there was the inflation in Europe after the World War, which represented what the belligerents spent over and above what they had saved. There is no new dispensation that supersedes the virtue of saving. It is not, in fact, as new a dispensation in any respect as many people are inclined to give it credit for being. Nothing is ever that new. There are many new applications of electricity, but electricity is still lightning, just as old Ben Franklin said it was.

The present great popularity of common stocks, as against bonds, is brand-new, but some old rules still hold. The present extensive dissatisfaction among bondholders is new too. Until recent years, for the ordinary run of nonprofessional investors, the alternative to a bond was the common stock of a railroad. He might buy the common stock of some big-city gas or electric-lighting company, or of an industrial such as the old trusts—which would treat him as a rank outsider, giving him no information that was of any value to him and frequently rigging the market against him. A great number of still-active citizens remember when "industrials" was a term of disparagement. The seasoned railroad stocks, such as would be most likely to tempt a nonprofessional investor, might show larger returns over a series of years than a bond would show. On the other hand, plenty of railroads were dropping into receiverships from time to time and the additional return on good stocks seemed no more than a fair compensation for additional risk. Bondholders, on the whole, had no reason to be dissatisfied.

But of late years great industrial areas formerly either nonexistent or held as close preserves by a few big stockholders or partners have not only been thrown open to investors in general but managements have striven to enlist outside stockholders. A dazzling lot of these offerings has proved greatly profitable in the present era of rapid industrial expansion. So anybody who has bought a bond in the past seven or eight years may now turn to the New York Stock Exchange list and work himself into deep dejection by figuring what a neat little fortune he would have made if only he had bought General Motors, a Standard Oil or any

(Continued on Page 85)

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Sucker's Mother Goose

SING a song of greenhorns,
a pocket full of dough;
Four-and-twenty wildcats
bought in a row;
When the market opened, the
stocks began to fall;
Down went speculator, little wife
and all!

A flyer, a flicker,
A twelve-o'clock ticker.
What wiped you out so soon?
I should have sold at ten o'clock;
I stalled around till noon.

I had a little nest egg, secured by
toil and trouble;
I lent it to a wise guy for stock
to make it double.
A seesaw, a flip-flop, and then it
tumbled down;
I wouldn't lend my coin again
for all the tips in town!

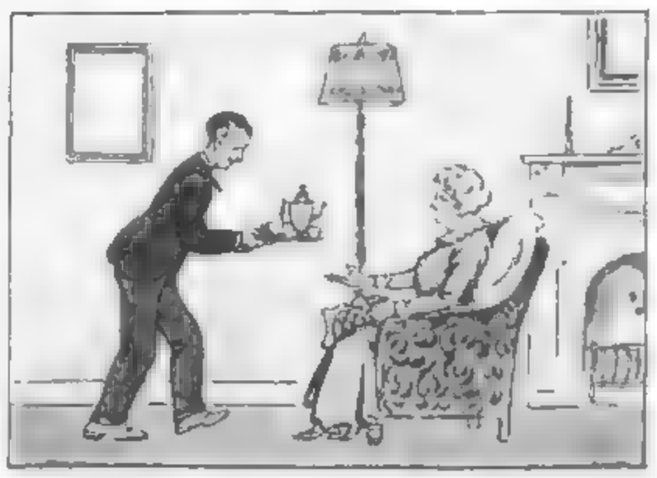
There was a crooked man
And he ran a crooked still;
He found a crooked henchman
To draft a crooked bill;
They helped a crooked magnate
To juggle crooked stock;
And they all worked together
In a little crooked bloc.

Oh, hush thee, my babe, granny's
bought some more shares;
Daddy's gone out to play with
the bulls and the bears;
Mother's buying on tips, and she
simply can't lose,
And baby shall have some expen-
sive new shoes.

Speculate, speculate, broker
man;
Make me a pile as quick as you
can;
Buy it, and sell it away above
par,
And toss me the money to buy a new car.

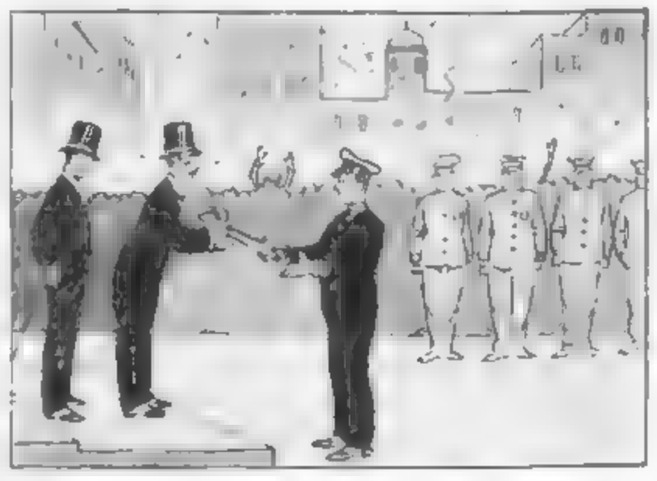
—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Solomon Grundy Was Born on Monday



Was Good to His Mother on Tuesday

Saved a Ship's Crew on Wednesday



Was Given the Key to New York City on Thursday

Wrote Story for Newspaper Syndicate on Friday

Made a Lecture Tour of the Country on Saturday

And Was Completely Forgotten on Sunday

Bores

"THE Dove's a bore!" exclaimed the Crow;
"When I am simply crammed with news
And wish to caw of what I know,
She sits and coos and coos and coos!"

"The Crow's a bore!" complained the Dove;
"He wants to talk without a pause;
When I would coo about my love,
He sits and caws and caws and caws!"

Ah, silly Dove and foolish Crow,
Abide by Conversation's laws
And pass a pleasant hour or so
Exchanging friendly coos and caws!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Daughter, to Book Censor: "Daddy, Where Is That Book You Seized Today?"

Modern Farming

HOW did your friend Jenkins come out with that farming experiment of his?

Fine. He made a lot of money.

Beginner's luck, eh?

Not at all. He sold the place to the nearest town for an airport.

The Jabez Chutney Case

WHAT are you dreaming, grandma, as you drowse in your easy-chair, your book forgotten in your lap? Yours has been an ordered and protected life—such a life as one leads no longer. Under the loving guard of your parents, your husband, your children, you have lived serenely, as within garden walls. You have been sheltered from the wickedness of this sorry world; your unspotted spirit, all given to the tasks of the church and of the household, must hardly have suspected the evil passions and the infamies that can exist in the dark places of the human heart. You are a relic of a sweeter, a purer age. Let me salute, in you, the memory of that happy time!

Grandma stirred, woke and smiled. She thrust her book into the basket arm of her chair. I brought her my news.

"Do you remember Jabez Chutney, grandma?"

"Jabez Chutney, the banker? Of course I remember him, though I haven't seen him for years. And how is dear Jabez?"

"Grandma, Jabez Chutney is—well, gone!"

"What! Poor old Jabez!" Her hands trembled as she picked up her knitting. "How did it happen?"

"Concussion of the brain. Apparently he fell out of bed."

"Do they suspect foul play?"

"No. Of course not."

"And why not, indeed?" Her sweet old face lit with a strange fire. "Were there any sounds of detonations, like the back-firing of automobiles?"

"No. How absurd!"

"Maybe the mob had pillows on their rods."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Silencers on their gats—on their guns. But, of course, there's no evidence that he was drilled. Have the servants been mugged and thumb-printed?"

"I don't understand you."

"Always a wise precaution. As far as you know, was Jabez in the habit of keeping strange pets—boa constrictors, for instance, or gorillas?"

"I certainly never heard of it."

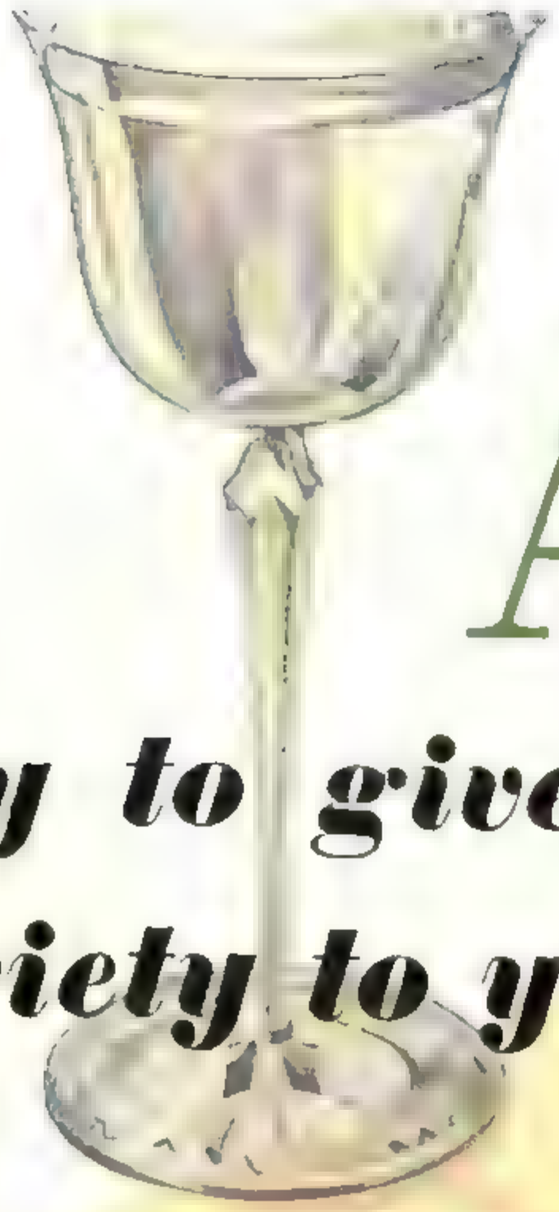
"It's very strange and fascinating. Did he ever make mysterious exits, late at night, in disguise? Is there a tunnel from his basement to the First National Bank? Did he belong to the Mafia, by any chance?"

"What a dreadful idea!"

"You never can tell about these respectable-appearing

(Continued on Page 121)

"Why, Willie, You've Ruined Your Tin Soldiers!" "Mother, We are Going to Disarm and Join the World Court"



An ideal way to give charming variety to your meals!

Campbell's Tomato Soup and Campbell's Vegetable Soup are such popular favorites that they have made the eating of soup a regular daily pleasure in millions of homes. The family now expects soup and is disappointed if it is not served . . . But in soup, as in other foods, variety is necessary for the utmost enjoyment. So the clever woman makes frequent selections from the 19 other Campbell's Soups and is delighted to find that each of them has the same delicious quality, the same skillful blending by Campbell's famous French chefs . . . There's nothing easier to give freshness to your table than the serving of several of the different Campbell's Soups every week. 12 cents a can.

Let your grocer supply you with any of these Campbell's Soups

Asparagus	Mock Turtle
Bean	Mulligatawny
Beef	Mutton
Bouillon	Ox Tail
Celery	Pea
Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Julienne	Vegetable
	Vegetable-Beef

Campbell's, I love you,
And so I will write
This message so hopeful
From my appetite!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

I Gave Them What They Wanted

After Talking for Half an Hour She Offered Me a Certified Check for One Thousand Dollars

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY ORISON MACPHERSON

IV

NO ATLANTIC liner ever put to sea with its course more definitely charted than mine was when I presented my certificate showing that I had been elected to the lower house of the legislature. To acquire power is, of course, the usual objective of politicians, and mine was no exception to the rule; but when I say my course was charted I mean that I had studied the problem, sought advice and worked out a definite program of procedure. First of all I determined to introduce no bills embodying drastic changes in the state laws. A man can commit himself to some pet theory and wear himself out in what amounts to nothing more than propaganda on behalf of his notion of how something or other ought to be regulated, suppressed or encouraged. Likely as not, time and its changes will eventually either solve or wipe out the problem before he can make his bill a paramount issue. Meanwhile there are certain bills of tremendous importance that simply must be passed at every session; I decided to devote all my attention to these. At the head of this classification is the appropriation bill. No matter how ably or badly drawn, it eventually must be passed; therefore, to participate in drafting it confers much power.

Next I decided not to seek prominence as the spokesman of any party or faction. The bitterness born of the spirited rivalry for these positions always has a tendency to reduce their power below what it is assumed to be. Moreover, we had at that time a four-cornered fight. So did many other legislatures. The real issue was between prohibitionists and antiprohibitionists, though the politicians tried to pretend that party divisions were more important. As a matter of fact, they had almost ceased to exist. Every political faction comprised both drys and wets, and a dry Democrat felt closer to a dry Republican than to a wet Democrat. I determined not to ally myself very closely with any group involved in such confusion. This course was made fairly easy for me because I had not been elected on my own strength. I had simply been pitchforked into the legislature by Mike Callaghan's machine, almost without a platform; and no matter what I should elect to call myself, everyone would know what I really was—Mike's henchman. Any distinction I gained would have to come from personal ability, and not through loyalty to a faction. I would be classified, I knew, as an antiprohibitionist, and on test votes I would stay with my crowd, but I need not go out of my way to thumb my nose at the dry members. As long as I voted right on the more important tests of strength, Mike and the machine would feel that I was staying put, and that would be sufficient. A seat in the legislature is usually of very little importance to a political machine, anyway. At the time of my election my position was not nearly so essential to Mike as was control of the three local justices of the peace. Through them he maintained his strangle hold on the peace officers and could decree a wide-open town. This, of course, was the source of his revenue. Unless I went out of my way to make a fool of myself—and even then I would have to do something spectacular—I was certain of reëlection as long as Mike remained in power and I remained in his good graces.

I saw many advantages in this situation. In the first place, it was not necessarily humiliating to be known as Mike's henchman, because local bosses often went out of their way to elect men of outstanding ability to the legislature. This was sound practical politics. It gave them valuable figureheads to show off in time of need. My fellow members would have to look me over to determine whether I was a lame duck of the machine or part of its distinguished camouflage.

I had only one extremely important, specific objective toward which I determined to work constantly, and that was to become the governor's friend—not his spokesman but the member he would ask to look after bills that were not platform demands. A governor needs much help of this kind and it often comes from someone who is not an outstanding partisan. Every legislative body, from Congress down, has members who are scarcely ever in the newspaper headlines, but whose ability to get their bills passed makes their friendship highly desirable. That was the position to which I aspired. Someone else could be the governor's spokesman on the floor of the house, because it would be impossible for me to know whether I was going to support the governor for reëlection or not. That would rest with Mike—and Mike was an opportunist.

I went to the state capital three days before the legislature convened, in order to enjoy the campaign for the speakership. This campaign necessarily opens ahead of the session, because the election of a speaker is the first important business taken up. There were four candidates, two labeled Republican and two Democratic, but actually this was not the division at all. If it had been, it would have been silly for each party thus to split its forces. The actual division was absolutely logical. One of the candidates was a dry wet—that is to say, he represented a city constituency that was overwhelmingly wet, and therefore he ran as a wet, but he would not drink for moral reasons and was, at heart, a prohibitionist who had many warm friends among the prohibitionist members. The second was a wet dry. His political power in the little county seat which sent him to the legislature had been won long ago, in the days when there was a saloon for each three hundred and fifty of the population. Finally that county voted itself dry under the local-option law and promptly he became a

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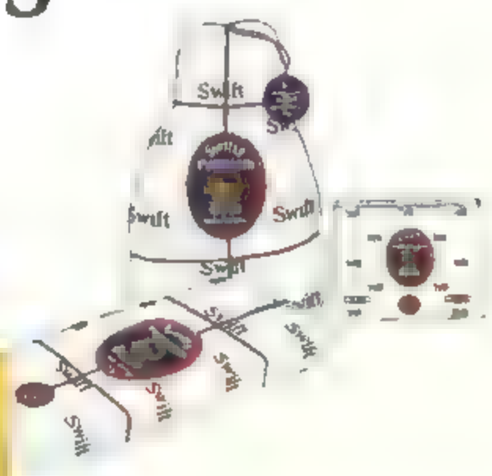
Swift Sidelights on *Meat Buying*



Swift experts suggest some simple guides to efficiency, economy, and enjoyment in your marketing

How much one can learn—and save—when one really *shops* for meat. When the daily purchase of meat is made a study!

So many interesting discoveries! For instance, the assurance of quality that is yours when you purchase Swift products whether they are Swift's Beef, plainly marked for your identification, or Premium Hams and Bacon with the Swift name marked in dots along the side, or bacon in cartons.

That is rule number one: to know these famous brands and to ask for them by name. It saves so much time; it makes you so certain of getting the best always.

Rule number two is: learn the various cuts of meat by name. Ask for them by name—for a rump roast, a piece from the top of the round, or a chuck roast, instead of merely a "pot roast." Then you get exactly what you want.

Rule number three: consult your dealer. Ask him about the various cuts. Ask what is a "good buy" for the day. Often, because of local conditions of supply, certain cuts can be bought very advantageously. Your dealer will be glad to help you.

Remember these three general rules, and your meat buying will be greatly simplified. You will save money, time—and your buying will have a new fascination.

Some other factors which should be considered in selecting meat for your family are:

Variety. Remember there are more than a hundred different cuts of meat to choose from, and *all are equally nutritious and digestible.* Make it a point to *vary* your selections from day to day. A new meat dish makes the whole meal seem different.

Quantity to buy. This depends largely on the cut. Many women plan on half-a-pound per person. For stews, with plenty of vegetables, less would generally be used.

Loss in cooking. Since all foods lose weight in cooking, this should be considered in buying meat. The following table gives the loss in cooking for some of the better known beef cuts:

Chuck stew	25 per cent
Bottom round stew	35 per cent
Round steak	20 per cent
Sirloin steak	19 per cent
Bottom round, pot roast	36 per cent
Chuck, pot roast	22 per cent
Rib roast, rare	18 per cent
Rib roast, well done	26 per cent

Extending flavor. Sometimes you will buy a smaller quantity of meat than usual because you plan to "extend the flavor." That is, you will combine the meat with dumplings, macaroni, stuffing, vegetables, etc., which will take up the meat flavor. In this case the cheaper cuts should be bought, since it is uneconomical to buy tender cuts when the flavor is not to be retained in the meat itself.

Roasts. Roasts should always be bought large enough for more than one meal. Too small a roast does not carve well and becomes dry in cooking.

Meat for stews. Always, however, buy raw meat for stews. Those made from soup meat, for instance, are unsavory and are the cause of many people's dislike of stews.

* * *

These few "sidelights" on meat buying are just a hint of the many interesting and thrifty things that real *shopping* will teach you.

A set of free recipe cards, "Tempting Meat Dishes adapted from the French," and the instructive meat shopping charts will be sent you on request. Address the Home Economics Department, Swift & Company, 4325 Packers Ave., Chicago. Write *today.*

Premium Bacon, by the piece or in cartons.

A Word on Quality

Important as other considerations may be, none means so much as *quality* in products you buy for food.

Swift & Company is conscious of a deep responsibility in preparing and handling these products for your table.

Swift experts are constantly at work on ways to improve quality. A great laboratory is devoted to scientific research, largely to this end. The most scrupulous sanitary rules are rigidly enforced. Refrigeration is maintained with unceasing care.

Men whose sole business is to safeguard the purity and quality of Swift products watch every step of preparation and delivery

This, at all times and any place, is your assurance of superior quality when you purchase Swift's fresh meats, Premium Hams and Bacon, Brookfield Butter, Eggs, Cheese, and Poultry

©S & Co

SWIFT & COMPANY

(Continued from Page 32)

prohibitionist. His dry constituents appreciated this and his wet friends winked knowingly. He was an enormous man, with popeyes and a florid complexion in which brick red blended with a tinge of purple, and to make the comedy complete, he wore the name of Darling. The other two candidates were a dry who was really dry and a wet who was fanatically wet. Neither of these had a Chinaman's chance to be elected. I became convinced of that after my first twelve hours in the capital.

The logical supposition would be that I favored the fanatical wet, since I came from one of the wettest communities in the state; actually, my position was no less amusing than Darling's. I knew that Mike and my constituents would expect me to use my best endeavors against what they always called the witch burners, but personally I had none of the enthusiasm engendered by an emotional reaction to the prohibition issue. The son of a small-town school-teacher, reared in a community that had voted itself dry while I was still in knee pants, I had never drunk intoxicating beverages except experimentally, and then they made me ill; so I never experimented again. If I could have waved a magic wand and banished alcoholic beverages from the earth, I might have done so, just as an experiment.

However, I represented a wet boss and a wet constituency; therefore I became just as absurd as the rest of them—I was a dry wet. To have no better explanation of my position than the other straddling, floundering politicians seemed to me intolerable; so I went to the library and came up with something adequate to meet the crisis. It was a paragraph from John Stuart Mill's essay Liberty, setting forth the proposition that there could be no crime until one man had injured another. If he injured himself, that was his own misfortune and not a subject for legislation. Likewise, if he injured his dependents, that was fate; the state did the same thing when it incarcerated a forger and thus robbed his innocent wife and children of their breadwinner. In support of this proposition I could quote many learned authorities. My position, divorced to begin with from a personal love of liquor, was now definitely placed on high legal grounds. I made occasion to say that I did not drink, and this increased my prestige in both camps. Many of the prohibitionists did drink, and of these the majority held themselves in very low esteem for not having the strength to resist. Some frankly asserted that they despised themselves for yielding to temptation.

The wets who were both politically and personally wet took great delight in taunting these bibulous drys, but I never did. I could see only too plainly the political advantage that a dry could gain by taking a few drinks in the right company and on suitable occasions. Also, I could see equally plainly the great advantage I gained, as a political wet, by being personally dry. This whole question was so shot through with confusion that it seemed to me absurd to call anyone a hypocrite. Whatever their personal behavior, I chose to regard it as simply a part of the game of politics.

Since none of the crowd with whom I would be expected to vote on this issue could be under any misapprehension about me, I spent most of my time with the prohibitionists, especially Tom Darling, because he seemed to have a chance to be elected speaker. And whether elected or not, he would be a person of importance. I told him that I couldn't vote for him, but that I wouldn't vote against him. I would vote for the fanatical wet, and thus throw my vote away. The race, obviously, was between Darling, the wet dry, and Kincaid, the dry wet. Darling appreciated my compromise almost as much as though I had agreed to vote for him. As a matter of fact, he was even more eager for my friendship than I was for his, because he knew the strength of the Callaghan machine and hoped for its support in a future race for governor. One populous county, machine controlled, can often roll up such a brutal majority for a gubernatorial candidate that it will wipe out small adverse majorities in as many as ten or even twenty rural counties.

On the night before the legislative session opened, the speakership campaign reached its crisis. All factions held caucuses and counted noses. We learned in these sessions that if the fanatical wets would abandon their candidate and support Kincaid, the dry wet, he would be elected, but they wouldn't compromise. Neither would the extreme drys compromise on Darling. Our course became obvious—open negotiations with Darling. We did so, and he readily promised a fair division of the committee appointments. The upshot of this was that we decided about midnight to abandon our dry wet and go over to the wet dry. As a result, Darling was overwhelmingly elected on the first ballot.

While the wet wets and the dry drys were hooting and the rest of us cheering, Darling called me to his desk and asked:

"What committees do you want?"

"Judiciary and appropriations," I answered. They are by long odds the most important, but it was no time to be modest. I was promptly appointed to both. Darling probably overestimated my part in swinging the moderate wets to his support. As a matter of fact, I had been very careful, because I had to go on pretending that my real alliance was with the extreme wets who had refused to compromise.

Several test votes would soon be taken, but I was now in a position to dodge them; the appropriations committee always went on a junket to all state institutions and any other places of interest they could think of, and I would necessarily go along. By the time I returned, the members would already have had their hottest fights, the various camps would be well defined, and I would have escaped all of the personal enmities incident to this turbulent procedure. Nearly every legislative session is soon enlivened by a few fist fights; after having observed no less than a score of them, I believe I can state accurately the cause of at least 90 per cent. It is nothing more than too many men crowded into one overheated and often badly ventilated room. That being the real cause of the fights, I have always endeavored to miss them and remain absolutely ignorant of the ill will that lingers after the tumult and shouting subside.

On the day before the appropriations committee departed Mike Callaghan came to see me.

(Continued on Page 153

He Raved On for Ten Minutes; Then His Wife Joined Him and They Made It a Duet for Another Ten Minutes. "I'll See What I Can Do," I Told Him

Deutsche Luft Hansa, the world's most famous air-transport company, and its predecessors, have lubricated their giant air-liners with Mobiloil for nearly 8 years. Each month up to 20,000 passengers, 120 tons of freight and 40 tons of mail fly over the air-routes by which Luft Hansa links European cities. The millions invested in these great planes need the protection of the highest quality oil obtainable. Mobiloil has always been first on the GROUND just as it is first in the AIR, today. The new Mobiloil will keep your engine's first-year feel for at least 30,000 miles.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

the New

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

SEE IT *the new* Embossed Linoleum *with the realistic* "Raised" Tiles

THIS sensational new flooring is now on special display in better class stores throughout the country

"RUBY" . . . Sealex Embossed No. 3500.

"ALPS" . . . sunshine playing over snow-flecked mountain tops was the inspiration for this rich marbled design. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3502.

"ABBEY" . . . distinguished for its velvety richness of colorings and its atmosphere of quaint charm. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3507.

"SAPPHIRE" . . . rare tones of blue delightfully combined—like the depths of the lovely jewel it was named for. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3506.

QUITE the latest development in colorful floorings—the new *Sealex Embossed Straight Line Inlaid Linoleum.* It is being featured now by better class department, furniture and linoleum stores.

Here at last is an *embossed linoleum* whose realistic "raised" tiles and clean-cut "mortar joints" faithfully recreate the charm of time-mellowed, Old World floors. There's a tempting array of designs and colorings to choose from for every room—clear jewel tones; the richest of marbled effects; soft, shadowy hues of velvety loveliness.

So splendidly practical, too, in its ease of cleaning. For as in all *Sealex Linoleums* the tiny pores of the material are sealed tight against dirt and spilled things.

Don't fail to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity to see this newest of *embossed linoleums!*

"EVERGREEN" . . . the most favored shades of voguish green make this one of the loveliest designs you have ever seen. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3508.

"CHATEAU" . . . the dignity and distinction of old baronial halls are brought to you in this beautiful, richly veined marbled effect. Sealex Embossed Linoleum No. 3503.

REMEMBER the name "Sealex." This shield appears every few yards on the face of all Sealex Linoleums.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC. *General Offices:* KEARNY, N. J. New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco Minneapolis Kansas City Dallas New Orleans Atlanta

EMBOSSED SEALEX LINOLEUMS

Stain-proof – Spot-proof – Easily cleaned

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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FLYING WITH BOTH FEET OFF THE GROUND—By James Warner Bellah

HAVING reached the age of discretion, or whatever it is a man reaches when it no longer takes ten visits of an agent and sixteen hours of talk to sell him insurance, I succumbed last week in four minutes flat and took on another life policy.

Naturally, as I earn my living off the beaten track of commercial pursuit, I was somewhat interested in whether the family would feel as kindly toward me if I ceased to be, still wearing my Size 12's, as they would if I expired politely in my bed.

In fact, I was quite honest. I told the company representative that in the past twenty-four months I had been arrested twice in Mexico, offered an eight-day visa for a nine-day trip through Siberia—good, undoubtedly, for a side tour of the salt mines—been in the immediate vicinity of three subcaliber wars, put in a few hours on submarines and fifteen hours on the rim of a typhoon, eaten cassava bread soaked in Haitian river water and, as he saw me before him, had just returned from eight thousand miles of Caribbean flying.

Passengers Arriving at the Pan-American International Airport After a Two-Hour Cruise From Havana

He took the blow standing, I must say. The wars and the submarines were out, he told me, and he gave me also a serious talk on the dangers of taxicabs.

"Don't worry about flying. It's still incorporated in the old life-policy forms, but there is always a rider added that covers regular passenger flying in regular licensed planes flown by regular licensed pilots over regular passenger routes, at home or abroad, with no additional premium charge for the coverage."

The man who doesn't care how far or how high he flies, as long as he can keep one foot on the ground, will read that and say, "It is all right for the family, but what I'm mostly interested in is the life and health of Number 1." But what that man overlooks is the fact that the insurance companies are not philanthropical organizations but sound business enterprises also vitally interested in Number 1, and that their coverage of flying casualties is based on little tables of figures that do not lie.

Those figures simply show that flying risks, under the conditions set down above, are on a par with dog bites, cirrhosis of the liver, angina pectoris, and the eating of tired oysters.

"Yes, sir, I hear what you say, but ——"

Have it your own way, but follow me a little further. If, in the bottom of your heart, there is a little speck of fear that keeps you from flying, that fear, put into words, becomes "I'm afraid to fly because the plane might fall."

Bumps in the Airways

NATURALLY that's the only thing it has to do to hurt you; so, naturally, you hit upon that as the reason for keeping your other foot on the ground. Because a plane goes up, it must come down. If it falls down—slow march and flowers. Excellent reasoning.

But half a moment! Don't join the great herd of people who believe that an airplane is comparable to a plate scaled through the air, which, if it lands unbroken, is a great piece of luck. The theory of flight is a cold proposition to talk about; but pick up a cardboard fan with a stick handle. Hold the fan at arm's length with its flat surface parallel to the ground, then pivot on your heel in a complete circle as fast as you can. You will discover, to your surprise, three things. With the fan level, you can't raise it or lower it in altitude while you are pivoting and it is passing swiftly through the air at arm's length. With the front edge of the fan slightly higher than the back edge, you cannot keep that fan from rising in the air and raising your hand and arm with it. And with the front edge lower than the back edge, you can't keep the fan from going downward any more than you could if it were passing through wet cement.

That is all anyone need know about the theory of flight: A plane surface being forced through the air at a certain rate of speed is supported in the air just as solidly as a boat is supported by water and more solidly than a train is supported by rails; for a rail may sometime break, but the air cannot break, because there is a solid envelope of it extending outward from the earth's surface to, we believe, somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five miles above that surface.

But just a moment. What about these air pockets I read about? Air pockets? The term smacks of the days of the old constable who kept the crowds back in 1912 by yelling, "Make way for the man of the hour!" It dates to "Twenty-three, skidoo." Air pockets, for fifteen years, have been bumps. Just bumps, and nothing more. In most latitudes they are greatest about noontime. In the tropics over shore lines, where the land and water temperatures are radically different, you are liable to have them any time. When the wind is high, you get them in any climate and they delight in lurking over ravines and mountainous country.

Let's have a bump or two. Everything has been fine so far. The roar of the three motors was rather startling when they opened out again after we were seated inside. Then the floor of the cabin, instead of slanting to the rear, came up slowly to level under our feet. That was the tail skid leaving the ground. The hangars and service men flashed by the windows rather abruptly and the grass blades on the field blurred into liquid green. We kept our eye on that starboard undercarriage wheel and watched it whiz along, because we wanted to know the exact moment when it left the ground—then we would be sure we were flying. Suddenly it had left, but it was still whizzing around and there wasn't a bit of difference except that the shock absorbers had stopped thumping and groaning, and a sudden smoothness of motion had somehow flowed into the plane, rippled infinitesimally by the vibration of the motors. The hangar roofs flashed underneath, trees, a glint of silver from a lake, a town laid out in model form and looking quite like the map on the office wall—and we were flying!

During those first few moments of the take-off the wires of our emotions and sensations were slightly crossed, for it was our first flight and we were not quite sure whether we were heroes or hare-brained idiots. What with the sudden speed that the plane leaped into, the raucous tumult of the motors, and a sense that, like it or not, we couldn't change our minds now, a thin steel cord of doubt tightened about our chests and the cracker crumbs of a sort of wish-I-hadn't fear dusted our throats. As soon as we realized we felt that way about it we smiled and nodded reassuringly to our friends across the aisle, who were smiling and nodding at us. Then the wires uncoiled, we swallowed the crumbs and felt decidedly foolish about the whole matter. We believed, of course, that we were the only ones who had enjoyed mixed emotions; so we decided to show everybody that they had been mistaken in our symptoms and that what really obsessed us was a deep scientific interest in the phenomenon.

If You Run Into a Head Wind

AHEAD of us on the bulkhead, closing off the pilot's compartment—"the office" in flying slang—are some instruments. We decide to check up on them, just to be sure everything is running right. The altimeter—an aneroid barometer graduated in thousand-foot marks with its zero set for sea level—shows now fifteen hundred feet on its dial. That's simple. The air-speed indicator would not be so simple if we hadn't had it explained previously that it registers our speed through the air and takes no account of the speed or direction of the wind. It is not, in other words, comparable to the taffrail log of a ship—that gadget bar stewards use to mulct a commission out of passengers who are kind enough to contribute to the day's run pool—nor to a speedometer on a car.

If we care to we can see the Pitot tubes sticking out from the front edge of one of the wings beyond the wash of the propellers—two black tubes about the circumference of lead pencils and a foot long, placed an inch apart and one above the other, and sticking rigidly forward like the fangs of a striking rattlesnake. Those tubes connect with the air-speed indicator on the bulkhead, the needle of which at present wavers between one hundred and one hundred and ten miles an hour. That's our speed through the air.

To find out how long it takes us to go between two objects on the ground, the speed and direction of the prevailing wind must be known. If it is blowing from behind at a rate of twenty miles an hour, we can fly more than one hundred and thirty miles of ground distance in an hour. If it is blowing from directly in front at the same rate, it retards us and therefore we can only cover ninety ground

(Continued on Page 39

Body by Fisher

Thousands of owners are calling it the finest Oakland ever built

To owners of the New Oakland All-American . . . our sincere thanks. For the wholehearted manner in which you have endorsed this car. For your enthusiastic recommendations to your friends and acquaintances . . . your expressions of delight with its luxury and style . . . your statements of supreme confidence in its performance. In its balance . . . poise . . . reliability.

To all others . . . a suggestion. Talk with several owners of the New All-American before you choose your next car. Learn from them what it has to offer in addition to distinctive appearance. In addition to impressive power . . . fast acceleration . . . and sustained top speeds.

They will tell you about its inherent goodness . . . about its freedom from annoying disorders . . . about its thoroughly fine design and construction. As exemplified by its patented rubber-cushioned engine mountings which insulate the engine from the frame . . . by its internal-expanding four-wheel brakes which are silent and positive regardless of weather . . . by the Harmonic Balancer which counteracts crankshaft vibration . . . by that contribution to silent, high-compression engine operation . . . the G-M-R cylinder head.

A wonderful car to own . . . they tell us . . . these owners of the New All-American Six. In fact . . . thousands of them are calling it *the finest Oakland ever built.*

Oakland All-American Six, $1145 to $1375, f. o. b. Pontiac, Mich., plus delivery charges.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

The New OAKLAND All-American Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 37)

miles an hour. If it is on our beam, we'll find that a pencil and paper and a little geometry will come in handy.

We can check up further, if we want to, by walking forward and looking through the glass-paneled door into the office. There on the dash is an amazing array of instruments in triplicate—one set for each motor. Stared at for a moment, they are easily identified if you drive a car. The tachometer, which is not a car instrument, gives the motor revolutions a minute, and the compass is that glass preserve jar up on top, filled with alcohol to prevent freezing. So much for the mystery of aerial navigation.

The pilot knows where he has to go and has laid out his course by compass. He has had meteorological reports giving him wind speeds and directions for different altitudes. He knows from that what his approximate time should be between the ground point he left and the ground point he intends to reach. He checks wind changes by his clock time between known landmarks and saws wood until he arrives.

We sit down again in our cushioned chair and a sort of impersonal curiosity settles upon us. There isn't much adventure to this—eight or ten people sitting in two rows on either side of a carpeted floor. We're up and can look down if we want to, we can open or close our windows for air. What about all this mysterious thrill in flying? We're quite comfortable; our sense of tremendous speed that we had when we were running along the ground has left us, and whereas the altimeter shows that we are two thousand feet up, it's not at all the dead perspective we get when we look down from a twenty-story building, but more like standing in the center of a play room with toy trains and cardboard villages laid out—standing in the center of a vast play room that unrolls lazily and continuously under our feet. We'll just read the paper to indicate on what a sound foundation our air-mindedness is built.

We unfold it and see on the front page that two men were cracked up in a plane the day before. Right beside the article is another one about four men being injured in an automobile, but that's beside the point with us. It's also beside the point that the two flyers were probably cracked up because they were student pilots of few solo hours, because their plane was an antiquated model, because they were stunting or trying to, or because their single motor failed.

Airsickness

THEY were hurt in a plane, weren't they? And we're in a plane, so we're an adventurous fellow even though our pilot has probably been flying for a dozen years, in all climates and weathers—has probably fought in the air—and his co-pilot—the man who takes the wheel only after we're up—had to have about two thousand hours as a solo pilot before he got the job, and probably had many more. Though we are flying in sixty-six thousand dollars' worth of modern airplane; though the plane couldn't stunt if the pilot wanted it to, and that with reasonable motor failure we could still get down, as a railway train comes into a station and not as a scaled plate hits a sidewalk.

If that's the kind of an adventurous fellow we are, let's keep right on kidding ourselves, even though we don't get a Congressional Medal to show for it.

But suddenly there is a vague thump and the floor rises against our feet like an elevator going up a few inches at top speed. It comes down again immediately, and the next thump is horizontal and moves the left wing tip downward and the right one upward in a quick little jerk that could have been slower and easier if we'd had our way about it. The young lady in front of us looks resigned and reaches for a paper bag, in which she places her breakfast in as delicate manner as she can.

"There," your wife says with her eyes, "I told you so, but you would insist on this fool idea of flying instead of going by train!"

But hold a minute. You're not sick yourself and that young lady is a notoriously poor sailor.

There are a few more thumps and wing-up thrashings, both lateral and perpendicular, and things are decidedly not pleasant in the Denmark of your mental equilibrium. At this point the pilot turns around and smiles delightfully and charmingly at you and the rest of us, which is what the company told him to do, instead of shutting off and yelling, "You poor sap, if you've got the wind up over this, I'd like to have you in an open cockpit in a midwinter blizzard at night on the Elko-Salt Lake mail hop!"

Well, the words wouldn't help you, but the smile does, and as the bumps go on you become slightly reassured and eventually at ease again. Well, that's the venomous, death-dealing air pocket of the newspaper reporter. The only hitch being that he wasn't the monster he's made out to be, after all. Sometimes he gets obstreperous and kicks you around more than at other times. For hours on end he won't trouble you at all. Then again he makes you work like a madman compensating his thumps and lurches, but he can't hurt you unless you are a very few hours' solo pilot and he gets your nerve away from you.

You see, all along you have felt in your mind that you were flying on a thin layer of air or on the top of a column of air, and that, if you slid off whatever you thought you were on, you and the whole outfit would go tumbling down and you would have one on the insurance company. As long as everything was smooth and there were no jolts or jerks you felt secure, but when you began to ride the bumps and the ship moved slightly off an even keel in uneven jolts and jerks, you began to feel as a man would who was standing on the parapet of a high building during an earthquake—decidedly unsteady and highly uncomfortable—a natural feeling.

PHOTO BY COURTESY PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

A Corner in the Pan-American Air-Passenger Terminal in Miami, Florida. One of the First Air-Rail Depots in America and the Gateway to the West Indies, Central and South America

But let us dissipate the feeling for all time. You are not traveling on a thin layer or the top of a column of air from which you can be toppled off without warning. Let us for a moment stain the earth's air envelope a deep red. Immediately before your eyes the ground is blotted out and you can no longer see the sky above. You are traveling now through a dense and solid substance—that supports you more firmly than rails, that supports you more firmly than land or water, for it completely surrounds you—through which you literally grind your way. You can see the propellers boring great holes into this brilliant red air, forcing it backward in tremendously compressed cylinders. You can see the front edge of the plane cleaving this air, compressing it above and below the plane surface, concentrating it so that it pushes upward, not as a column, not as a thin layer, but with two thousand feet of red air under it giving a continuous support with that ground below you so lately took your other foot off and so fondly call solid.

Now you can see the bumps—wave layers like the grain in wood or marble, whorls and curlicues which you have to plow through. Naturally they deflect you laterally and perpendicularly in your passage, just as a knot deflects the blade of a wood plane, but how silly that old conception we had of an air pocket—a hole left with no bottom, down which we would tumble!

Brought Safely to Earth

SO WE go on, and presently we are reading the paper just as we would read it in a train. Across the aisle passengers are sleeping in their chairs, lulled by the soporific vibration of the three engines. An hour, two hours, and the pilot leans down, placing his hand against the glass panel of the door in the forward bulkhead, five fingers spread. Funny how easy it is to comprehend those mysterious signals of the air. He stabs his finger ahead two or three times and somehow we know that he means to indicate five minutes more before we land. If he puffed out his cheeks and blew, pulling his hand toward him or pushing it away, we would understand that he meant to indicate wind and direction. If he held his nose and shook his head and pointed, we would get that, too—fog or rain or snow in the offing. Dirty, smelly weather.

The five minutes are up! The motors throttle down with a sudden decrease in sound that seems to us, used to their roar, to be a great noise in our ears. To compensate for our loss in speed, the nose goes slightly forward and gravity keeps the altimeter needle from dropping. Far below through our window we see a field with squat rows of buildings and, if we look for it, a pole with a white canvas cone swinging on its top—the wind sock.

The pilot is watching that wind-indicating cone carefully; for landings as well as take-offs must be made in the direction from which the wind is blowing. If we landed with the wind blowing against our tail, the tail would not settle down and we would scoot across the 'drome because the wind would raise our air speed higher than our required speed for landing.

He decides on direction and slides in. The red air again, for a moment. We've been coasting down through it and losing height in consequence. The altimeter needle on the forward bulkhead approaches zero. Trees and houses grow in size. A scurrying bug of an automobile passes under us. Lower still, and we are a part of the world once more, flying not twenty, not ten feet above it. Where the nose has previously been pointed slightly downward, it is now up again and the keel is even—a process known as "flattening out." From now on, with the motors off and speed diminishing rapidly, we no longer have the forward power which plows our wings into the air and generates "lift"; so we sink gradually downward. Grass blades become grass blades again. That starboard wheel is almost ready to touch. We sink the last few inches and the floor slants backward; for our man is making a three-point landing—both wheels and the tail skid will sit down at the same moment. They do, and the shock absorbers retch up and groan. With the sound, the hop is over and the smooth liquid of flight gushes out of the plane abruptly. In its place there is the lumbering awkwardness of our passage over the ground as we taxi up to the hangars, one motor roaring, then another, in raucous dissonance as they give us direction and motive power.

Perhaps there was a thrill to flying, after all. Certainly this is not comfortable, to say the least, and the car we get into to go to our hotel is clumsier and more commonplace still. There must have been a thrill—there was! What it is can never be explained, and only those who have taken both feet off the ground can ever know it.

Now that the mystery of flight has been solved, now that we realize that an airplane can't possibly topple off

Continued on Page 88

The new Marquette, priced within reach of millions—and offered in addition to the famous group of Buick cars—will create an entirely new standard of value among low-priced sixes.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

THE GOOD OLD GRAFT

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGE

"Oh, Mr. Ma-ho-o-ney!" She Says. "Is it for Me?" "Well," I Says, "You're First on the List"

HOW I came to go in the banking business, I thought I would buy Miss Matchett something nice for her Christmas, and I went in one of these jewelry stores on Eighth Avenue where they will auction off anything that you ask them to put up, and I asked them to put up a solid gold watch I seen, and I bid it in for eighteen dollars. Well, that was all right, but next night I was in the building where I was working, and a lather was showing a solid gold watch he bought in a store on Eighth Avenue for two dollars, and I showed him my watch so he could see a watch, and his watch was the same thing. It was the same thing. So I says, "Boys, look for me in the morning paper!" and I went around to this jewelry store and I says, climbing up after this auctioneer, "I want you."

He says, "Time, friend. I'll take this watch back. You claim we represented wrong? You go over there to that safe, that is full of maybe a million dollars' worth of jewels, and pick out anything you like in exchange for this watch. Moe, open that safe."

So I went over to this safe, and the first thing I seen was a big diamond ring. Oh, it was a headlight. I put my hand over this ring, and I says, "You mean anything in this safe?"

He says, "I mean anything in that safe. And if you don't see what you want, come and get your eighteen dollars. Moe, count the gentleman eighteen dollars, if he wants."

So I took this diamond ring and went out with a quiet smile. Oh, it was a rock. So the next night I was going to work in the building, and I thought I would stop off and see Miss Matchett, where she boarded in a tony boarding house, and we were sitting in the parlor and she was introducing me to her tony friends as a gentleman in the contracting business. There was quite some laughing and kidding going on, specially out in the hall, and they would sashay in and cry, "Why, hello, Miss Matchett! But I have the privilege to not be acquainted with your gentleman friend." And she would do the honors again. Well, I done my part too. I may not be on to the fine points, but when it comes to putting up a front I'm there.

So while they were hollering upstairs for somebody else to get knocked down, I says "Miss Matchett," and I pulled the ring on her. Oh, say, you couldn't hide that diamond under your hat. "Oh, Mr. Ma-ho-o-ney!" she says. "Is it for me?"

"Well," I says, "you're first on the list. What do you think I paid for it?"

"It isn't the money, Quentin," she says, blushing with joy. "I will accept it, only I might as well tell you that I will consider it only an engagement."

"Only what?" I says.

"An engagement. I like you awfully, Quentin, only I don't know if I know you well enough to marry you yet."

I seen I had something to answer for. I seen right away what I ought 've thought of; it would be an insult to give a girl a diamond ring if you weren't wanting to marry her. Well, I guess that was my idea, too, only I never thought of it. I was just figuring on giving her something nice for her Christmas, and what I first thought, I thought I will go back to that store, and what I will give that auctioneer for getting me in this mix is nobody's business. But then I thought I will have to bring him the ring, and seeing how Miss Matchett was making love to that ring, I seen where it was going back over her dead body. So I says, "K. O., Miss Matchett!" But it was a shock, and I'm not lying, but no woman can outgame me, and I says, "I feel funny. I guess I better go to the job."

We went out in the hall, and we were in the vestibule, when she pushes me away and looks at me as if she seen a snake, and she says, "Mr. Mahoney, did you leave that pick and shovel standing in the vestibule all this while?"

"Why, yes," I says. "Ain't they safe here?" The reason I did not leave my pick and shovel in the lockup on the job is there are always people in new buildings who are no better than they ought to be, and they will think nothing of stealing a man's livelihood.

"So that's what they were laughing at," she says.

"Laughing?" I says, bending over her. "You hold open that door, and I am going back in there, and you will hear them laughing on the other side of their face as they come out."

"Oh, I could just die," she says. "Mr. Mahoney, open your mouth and close your eyes."

I'm all for fun, so I opened the mouth and closed the eyes, and the next thing is I am gargling that diamond ring, and what I mean to say is it was some ring. "Good night!" she says, slamming the door behind her and leaving me out in the rain and the snow.

So I didn't know where I was at then. Was I married or single or only engaged? I done some heavy thinking, and then I seen where, as a gentleman, I better ask Miss Matchett. She had a candy and cigar store, selling toys and false faces, near the new building, and that's how we got acquainted in the first place. When we put the bridge over the sidewalk she came into the building, where I was the handy man, and asked me would I please and not have things dropped on her customers going in her store, because if they were going to have things dropped on them they would not go in. Well, I seen her argument right away, and besides, between ourselves and the lamp-post, Miss Matchett looked pretty good to me. I may have my rough spots but I like nice things, and she was nice. She was old enough to vote for Judge Hughes, and I didn't know that, but that don't make any difference to a man old enough to get a habit of voting for Bryan, except as a talking point, if such a thing as him and her should get to talking. And she was a blonde and I always do prefer blondes. I mean I always did prefer blondes. Just at present I am neutral, and I am fog-eyed on one side and don't see good with the other. But I'm talking about the old days when I was on the turf; and this time when I went next door and saw Miss Matchett.

"No, I will not take back the ring," she said. "And what is more, Mr. Mahoney, the man I marry will not lean a pick and shovel in my vestibule and disgrace me before all my friends, because he will not have a pick and shovel."

"What do you want me to do, Miss Matchett?" I says without giving it a single thought. "Go in the banking business?"

"It is a nice and refined business, Mr. Mahoney," she says. "One thing about a banker, when he calls on a lady friend, he don't leave a pick and shovel in the vestibule."

"And you're the girl that knows, too, Miss Matchett," I says, jollying her. "Don't you think I didn't see that banker hiding behind your stoop till I left the other night."

"For instance," she says, "Mr. York that owns this house is a banker in Eighth Avenue and a nice man. He lent me five hundred dollars to buy stock last week. Why don't you try him for a job?"

Well, I seen she meant business, so the end of that week I asked for my time. The next day I was walking along Eighth Avenue, looking for a job I wouldn't have to carry home after the whistle, and I seen a place with a wooden fence in the window and looking like a speak-easy, and I walked in. I do not walk into speak-easies, and the reason I walked in this place was it said on the window York Finance and Banking Corp.; and it said on a sign: STRONG YOUNG MAN WANTED. Well, thinks I, if this is a bank they must have some heavy money here. And I walked in and took the sign out of the window and hung up my hat and coat.

I did not notice right away that there was anything out of the ordinary, probably because I was thinking of a speak-easy; but when I remembered it was a bank I seen there was quite a considerable fuss going on. There was a

(Continued on Page 44)

"A Great Car . . A Significant Event in Automotive History"

America has seen the Viking! And America has approved! Thousands in every section of the country have inspected this new product of General Motors in Oldsmobile showrooms—and have acclaimed it a tremendous advance in automobile value giving.

The radiator is deep, slender, and beautifully proportioned.

"A great car," is their verdict. "A most important engineering achievement," they say about its design. "A significant event in automotive history," is their opinion of the introduction of a ninety-degree, V-type eight at medium price.

And this enthusiasm is spreading everywhere, for examination of this new Viking and comparison with other cars reveal an overwhelming number of advantages which have never before been offered to the motoring public.

The new Viking embodies distinctly new and desirable principles of engineering design. It introduces new beauty and tailored smartness—the newest, most impressive creations by Fisher.

Viking performance is the result of the ninety-degree, V-type principle brought to a new peak of development by the introduction of new engineering advancements based on well-established time-proven fundamentals. This type of design permits the use of two banks of pistons to propel a short, two-plane crankshaft—resulting in smooth, highly concentrated power—with power impulses occurring at precisely equal and equally over-lapping intervals.

The new Viking ninety-degree, V-type engine delivers 81 horsepower, with exceptional smoothness throughout the entire speed range. Its response to the throttle is remarkable, both in getaway from a standing start and in acceleration at the higher speeds. It provides far greater speed than the average motorist will use, and ample reserve power for steep hills, long grades, or hard pulling.

Many important and desirable engineering advancements in V-eight design are found for the first time in the Viking engine. The natural compactness and rigidity of the V-type engine—the thorough ribbing and trussing of the crankcase—a short, rigid, counter-weighted crankshaft, supported by large, oversize bearings—and special shock absorbing rubber engine mountings—all assure exceptional smoothness, a vital factor in quietness and long life.

The Viking engine also introduces an entirely new method of valve arrangement, in which the valves are set horizontally. They combine efficiency with quietness, simplicity, and rigidity. The Viking ninety-degree, V-type engine is more accessible than the conventional automobile engine. For example, the valve mechanism may be easily reached by lifting two cover plates from the top of the engine.

A distinct advancement in fuel distribution results from a new application of the down-draft principle of manifolding. After leaving the carburetor, the fuel vapor flows downward, assisted by gravity, an exactly equal distance to each cylinder.

The Viking 90°, V-type, 8-cylinder engine delivers 81 horsepower.

The Viking pressure-lubricating system forces oil directly to all main, connecting rod, camshaft, and rocker arm bearings—and through rifle-drilled connecting rods to the piston pins. Crankcase ventilation prevents excessive oil dilution. And the oil is cleaned by the new Viking precipitating-trap system.

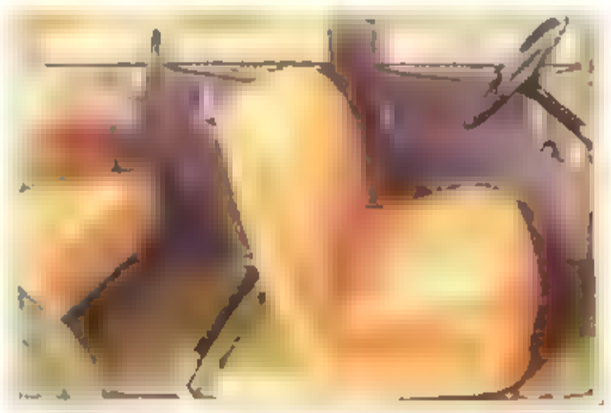
Uniform, efficient cooling of the entire engine is assured

by graduated manifold distribution of the water. Cylinder walls, valves, valve stem guides, and combustion chambers are water-jacketed. An engine temperature gauge on the dash and thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters provide further engine protection.

The same precise engineering that distinguishes the Viking ninety-degree, V-type, eight-cylinder engine is evident in the details of Viking chassis design. The wheelbase is 125 inches—overall length, 192 inches. The frame is built of extra-heavy steel, reinforced by five stoutly gusseted cross-members. It tapers to the front to permit a short turning radius, and is double-dropped to provide a low center of gravity.

To assure deceleration in keeping with its speed and getaway, the new Viking has self-energizing mechanical four-wheel brakes of the new two-shoe internal-expanding type. Four Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers, synchronized with the springs, assure restful riding comfort. Fingertip steering and ease of control simplify city driving and parking. To assure a comfortable driving position, both the front seat and the steering wheel are adjustable. Dash instruments are grouped on a handsome panel, with both direct and indirect lighting. And non-shatterable security-plate glass is used in the windshield.

Interiors are roomy, restful, and are furnished in custom-car fashion. Seats are wide and deep-cushioned. Upholsteries and



Interiors are roomy, comfortable and luxuriously furnished

appointments are luxurious in quality and design. In appearance, the Viking is a trimly-tailored car. Its style has been achieved through graceful proportions, perfection of detail, and simplicity of design. It is low, fleet, dashing, and at the same time, distinguished in its beauty.

In every way, the new Viking meets the most exacting requirements of modern motoring. It has a distinctive motor—the possessor of brilliant performance abilities and exceptional stamina. It introduces sought-after V-type, eight-cylinder performance characteristics never before offered in any but costly cars. Yet it is priced within the means of the average American family.

The Viking is now on display. You are invited to inspect it, and to compare it with other cars. No matter how critically you judge it, you will find the new Viking a great car—and an unrivaled value.

* * * *

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90° V-TYPE EIGHT

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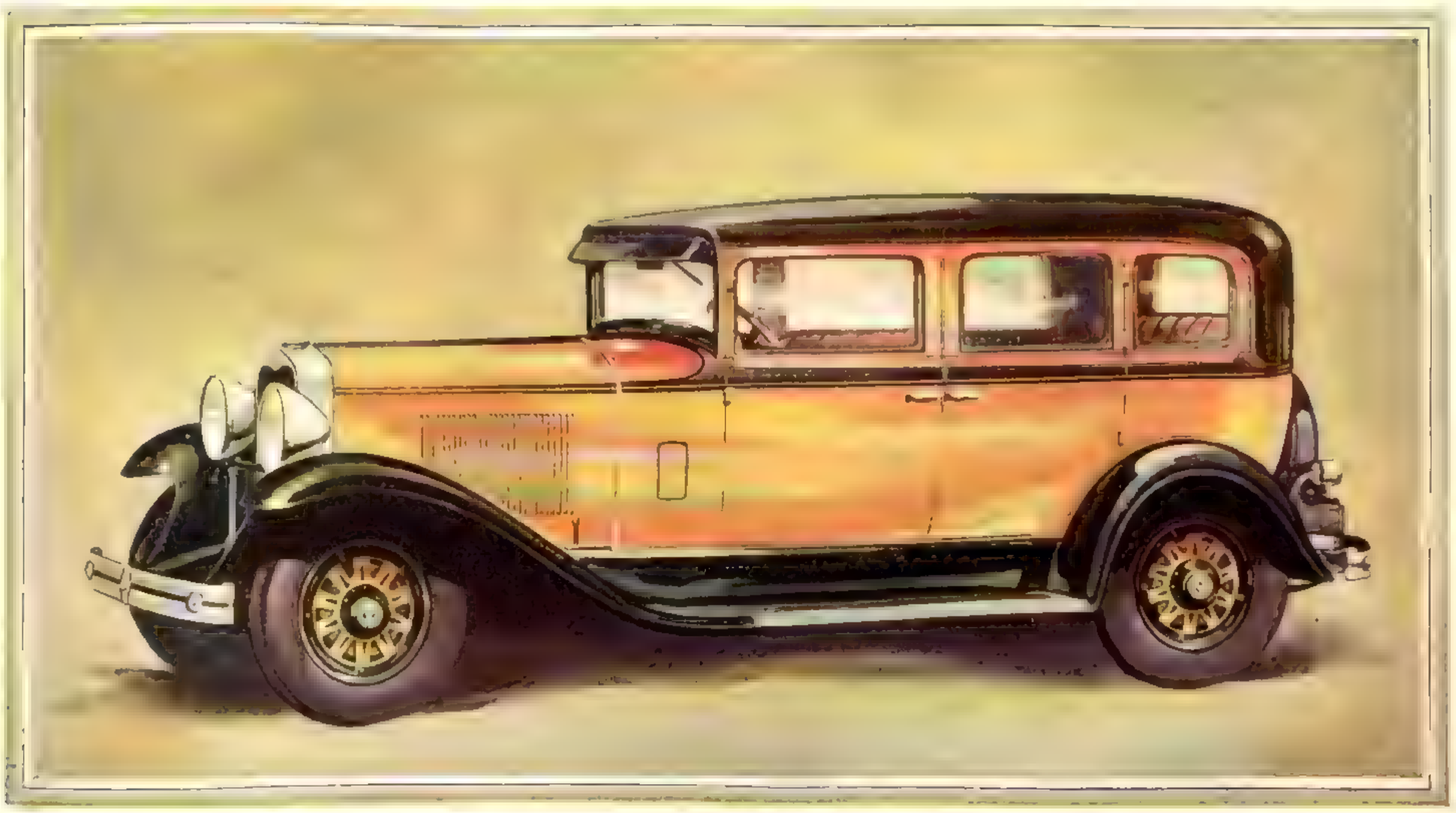

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

"Oh, Quentin, What's the Matter With Your Head?"

(Continued from Page 41)

client out in the public room and he was throwing the inkwells through these glass panels and doors that they got in banks, and the clerks inside were all laying low in their bombproofs, meaning under their counters. I put my head in through a window and I asked in a nice way for Mr. York, but he was outside with me and the thrower. He had his back against the wall, and he was pleading with this client, but all he got for his guff was the client put a slug on him and went on breaking up the business. "Well, well, ease in, Mahoney," I said to myself. "What do you know about the banking business, goodness knows?"

And I went to Mr. York and fended off the client, and I says, showing Mr. York my references, "I see where you want to take on another hand. I am sober, industrious, kind to children and animals . . . just a moment, there, friend! . . . willing to work at anything, willing to start at the bottom and willing to stay there, handy with tools —— Now, friend, I told you once!" Because the client was poking me.

"You're taken on since last Saturday," cries Mr. York, clutching my muscle, "if you are young and strong!"

So I threw the client out, and that is how I come to be taken on by the York Finance and Banking Corp. for a Hush. That is what I was; I was a Hush. I do not know if you were ever in the banking business, but it is a rough business. You'd be surprised. There is lots of bad feeling. Well, that is how it is when you lend money, and you got to lick the fellow to get it back, half of the time, and the other half of the time he licks you. Almost every day a client would stamp in and start a lot of loud language, coaxing himself to biff somebody, and then the clerks would yell "Hey, Hush!" and I would sashay up to this client and say "Hush, hush."

But outside of the jawing and grappling, it was a nice and refined business, as Miss Matchett said; and anybody wants to part me from forty-five a week, nine to five and an hour out to put on the nose bag, he is talking fight. In the banking business a Hush is in charge of the whole job, and he just stands around and tells people what they want to know

It was such a good job that Malarkey, the builder who I used to work for, come around to York's one day and offered to make me a foreman if I would go back in the building, and I would never have to touch a pick or shovel again. Now, ain't that the way? They don't know they got a good man till he jumps out. But I just said, "Nay, nay, Malarkey, a Hush is the life for me!"

This wasn't one of those banks where you put money in. Mr. York had plenty money of his own. Oh, he was filthy. Everything going out and nothing coming in, except these ink throwers. Say a young fellow wanted to make a borrow on his salary, Mr. York would give him the money. Or a party wanted to fail in business but couldn't afford it, he would come around and see Mr. York, and then I would read in the paper where some of these truck thieves had rode off a van full of the party's stock. If people wouldn't pay a storekeeper what they owed him, if a landlord wanted to make a borrow on the rents, if a party wanted five thousand to expand the business, they just come walking in with their bag. Oh, Mr. York was a Christmas tree. And a right guy, what I mean.

Well, I was always a great fellow to try and learn the business and ask questions, and I was passing the rag one day with a fellow that come in, and I says to him like this, "Mr. York got a nice business here." And he says, "Oh, yes." And I says to him, "But what I can't figure is where he gets the money." And "What do you mean?" he says.

"Well," I says, "I never see anybody putting any money in this bank."

He says, "You really don't know where York gets the money?" And I says, "No." That's me. I'm not a wise guy. And between us and the lamp-post, that's maybe how I come to know so much.

"Well," he says, "I'll tell you. But under the hat, understand me, Hush?" He says, "He buys the money off of the Government."

"Always leave them laughing, hey, Mr. Cashman?" I says. "Ha, ha!" I'm no dumb-bell. I called him Cashman because that was his name.

"That is," he says, "he used to buy the money off of the Government, but I do not know if there is any more for sale just now. I could inquire. You see, once in a while the Government makes too much money. Now, Hush, you're a bright man, and I don't need to tell you that a dollar bill is only a piece of paper. Just a printed piece of paper. For instance," he says, pulling a dollar bill out of his pocket, "what would you call that?"

"It's a dollar bill," I says.

"And how much is it worth?"

"A dollar."

"Will you give me a half for it?"

"I certainly will," I says. And I hand him a half, and he hands me this dollar bill, and says, "See you some more, Hush," and walks off. "Hey," I says. "In place, halt! What's the idea of selling a dollar bill for a half?"

"I can get more," he says. "That is, I think I can."

So he tells me about this.

It seems that once in a while—not very often, mind you—the Government prints a whole lot too much money, and that is what is called an overissue of currency. This bird gave me a great talk about money, and how gold and silver was the only real money, and the paper money was only paper money. So, suppose they print a million dollars too much; what will they do with it? It's no good to the Government because they got enough and can always print more, and it would be a waste to burn it up, so they sell it to the banks at a rate.

The banks pay the Government gold and silver for it, fifty cents on the dollar. Now, let me think this out. It's deep stuff. Cashman says the Government's got to keep gold and silver on hand to balance off against the paper money; fifty cents gold or silver for every dollar paper. So, when they're stuck with all this paper money, they got to swap it right away for gold and silver, at fifty cents on the dollar. And if they don't do it—Black Friday. Let me see—yes, that's how it was. You look that up.

"Well, Mr. Cashman," I says, "can only a bank buy this money? Because to be frank with you I'd just as soon have a dollar bill as a silver dollar."

"Well, so would I," he says. "Anybody would. Except the Government. The Government's got to have gold and silver. I'm going down to Washington tonight, and I'm going to inquire if there's any paper money for sale reasonable. This is something you don't read about in the newspapers, Hush. But I got a wire into the Printing Office, and I'll get the inside. But I know what the trouble's going

(Continued on Page 54)

So I Go Around the Corner With Her to This Doctor

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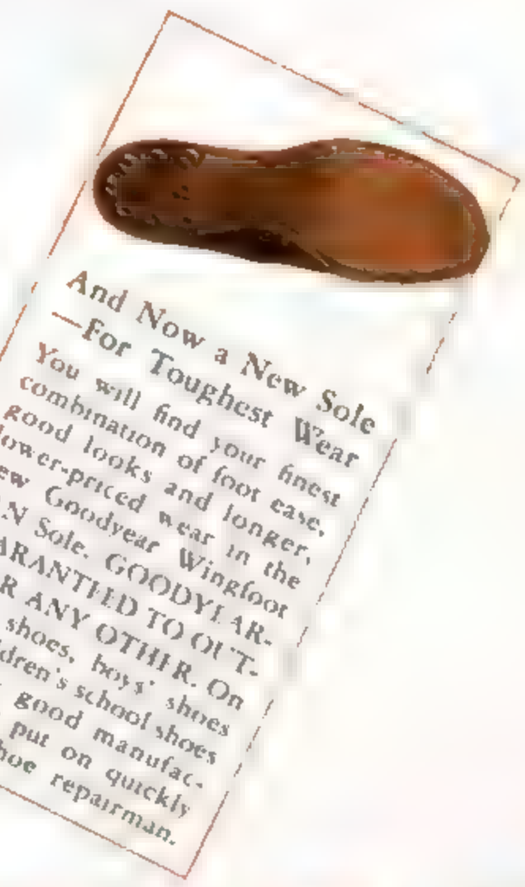
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GOODYEAR

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WINGFOOT HEELS

GONE ARE THE DAYS—

By Torrance Goddard and Harriet Johnson

THE social life of the old South is gradually becoming a tradition which will soon be entirely forgotten. It is only occasionally that we hear stories of the home life of that time from people who have treasured the memories of those departed days. These memories, handed down from generation to generation, from conqueror, cavalier and colonist, still form part of the ideals of the people, but the picturesque beauty of that phase of Southern life has vanished with the passing of the exquisite French aristocracy of New Orleans and the rigid Blue Laws of New England. It has passed slowly into the mists of history, along with the covered wagons that lurched over the Western plains carrying our great-grandmothers, with their precious mahogany sewing tables and their slips of perennial garden flowers.

It is to one who spent her childhood in the South, and who in her recollections revives again a picture of the time, that we are indebted for the following sketches of a Kentucky town. She holds before our eyes a crystal globe in which we see reflected a day when unbounded hospitality was an unwritten law and the sanctity of the home something more than a figure of speech. In her reminiscences we find the elegance, leisure and integrity, the manners and social usages of the "quality," and beneath it, like the rich dark soil of the Blue Grass region itself, is that inexhaustible fund of humor and pathos, of loyalty, superstition and childish pride, which was the American negro.

Through her eyes, then, let us look back upon this life in a small town about the year 1875. You see, there is a good deal to know in a small town, and in those days, fifty years or so ago, everyone knew everybody else—at least everyone that was "quality"—and the negroes laughed and chattered and boasted about all that went on, making a sort of black music that sang and wailed and was never still.

The famous old Lexington Pike is one of the oldest roads in the country, and in its early days it was traveled by the pioneers in their pilgrimage to the New West. Over it also passed Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk on their way to their homes in Nashville. A king of France has ridden over it—the exiled Louis Philippe, when he went to Bardstown, Kentucky, to visit an archbishop.

So we, too, will follow this road as it lies like a white ribbon between the green fields that stretch away on either side to where the farm lands melt into the mountains that shelter the town. And following it, we come at last into a main street whose trees throw broad shadows upon the red brick houses, with their white steps and long green-shuttered windows. Except for the gardens protected by carved railings, we might be in old Philadelphia instead of this little Kentucky town that tumbles downhill to the river.

Aunt Samantha Gets Her Band

WHERE does one begin to tell the story of a town and its people? Shall we not take one home that is typical and tell what we know about it? And when we tell about a home, it is like throwing a stone into the lake. The home ripples out into a town, the town into a state, and at last into the whole South. So on a June morning we enter the house and find my mother, cool in her white muslin gown, sitting beside the silver coffee service at the head of her breakfast table. Opposite her sits my father, reading the letters and papers that came by the evening boat. The children, except myself, have run off to play.

"Then you have decided not to have music next Thursday night?" says father, laying aside his paper. My mother nods slowly, but so slowly that father asks, with a twinkle in his eye, "Is Samantha still acting up?"

"She is behaving very badly," said my mother. "She has muttered and grumbled all week and goes about the kitchen as though she had met with a calamity. She keeps saying over and over that we are coming down in the world to give an evening party without music."

"Better give in to her and have peace," laughs father as he stoops to kiss my mother and me before he lights his cigar. Mother watches him thoughtfully from the window as he strolls off down the street to the courthouse, whose white columns we can see beneath the protecting trees.

In the kitchen my mother gave her orders for the day with a determined cheerfulness that deceived no one, least of all Aunt Samantha, who stood, a grand and gloomy figure, gazing into the depths of a huge kettle on the stove.

"Samantha," said my mother in her caressing voice, "I do believe that you are a better cook than Mary Jackson, who was with us while you were ill."

Samantha swayed her body around, but kept her dark gaze on the kettle. "I hopes God will forgib me, ma'am—I sure hopes He will pardon me—but I hates dat Mary Jackson with all mah heart." At mother's shocked protest, she fixed a sullen look on a spot a foot over her mistress' head. "Why does I hate her? 'Cause I knows for a fac' dat she done roof her church outer Mas'r James' flour barrel. I hab libed wid dis fambly, Miss Mary, forty years, an' Ise proud of it. Yes'm, I has mah feelin's about things, an' Mas'r James, he's mah own little chile dat I uster croon to sleep, but when dere's a party an' no band of music ——" Her voice shook and she turned hastily back to the stove.

"Now, now, Samantha," cried mother, "if you talk like that I'll think you're getting old. I declare, I'll have to give you away one of these days."

"No, Miss Mary—no, ma'am," retorted the old woman, with the finely polite impertinence of her race. "Youse had de cream ob me an' now you must take de clabber."

Her shoulders shook and she sank down by the kitchen table with her head on her arms. Mother came hastily over, and, laying her white hand on the heaving shoulder, bent over and whispered something in her ear. Instantly the black face streaming with tears was raised and a wide smile broadened her mouth. Samantha began to chuckle and nod her head. Lifting herself to her feet, she set her hands on her hips and executed an elephantine dance. She stopped suddenly and looked at me as I stood laughing near my mother:

"Don' you forget we ain't white trash, chile. Don' you forget we're quality."

I followed my mother out of the kitchen and brought her shade hat and a little basket. Together we went into the garden. Slowly she walked along the paths whose edges were bordered with brilliant flowers, stopping to pick a rose still wet with the morning dew or to bend over a choice specimen before cutting it and laying it in the basket. Returning to the freshly swept and aired house, she arranged the blossoms in the alabaster vases, talking to a young maid who was dusting.

"How is Drusilla this morning, Minnie?" she asked.

"She's right poorly, ma'am," replied the girl.

"That's a pity."

"Yes'm; it's her feet."

When my mother finished arranging the flowers we went to Drusilla's room, where we found the old woman tied into a knot of misery, moaning and swaying herself from side to side.

"It's probably your feet, Drusilla," said my mother consolingly. She had not known Drusilla for thirty years without also knowing her vanities. "I will send and get you a pair of comfortable slippers. What size shoe do you wear?"

Drusilla groaned and looked uneasily at the shapeless masses that protruded from beneath her cotton gown. "Well, I wears mos'ly sixes. I has worn eights, but dese here"—with a badly suppressed moan—"dese here are tens and dey most nigh kills me."

Aunt Drusy was a source of great interest and terror to us children. Every afternoon we were allowed to make her a short visit. She had taken care of our father and our grandfather and now occupied in the household the position of an ancient oracle. As we sat on the floor near her in the fading sunset light of a winter afternoon, while the wind howled and blew down the valley and the window-panes rattled in their frames and strange creaking noises came out of the far corners, we looked at one another in fascinated horror as Drusy told us stories of "hants" and "spooks" and dead men. Our terror was enhanced a hundredfold because as she talked she sewed on a piece of material which she told us was to be her shroud. Every year, after receiving her Christmas money, she bought a few yards of cloth and set to work on a new shroud, which usually occupied her until the year ended. In a battered tin trunk she had laid away a number of these gruesome garments, and we firmly believed that she intended to be buried in all of them. The young maid was sent to the store for slippers for Aunt Drusy, and my mother repaired to the drawing-room, where she found awaiting her convenience Mr. Antony, the caterer from Louisville, who had been engaged in advance to serve the supper at the evening reception. My mother sank into a red brocade chair, spreading her white ruffled skirts around her, while the caterer stood attentively before her, pencil and tablet in hand.

A Musical Composure

"THERE are some changes in my plans, Mr. Antony," she announced calmly. "I have decided upon music and dancing, so you will be kind enough to serve the supper at ten o'clock, as the dancing will end before twelve. Please have the port and sandwiches in the library as usual for the gentlemen, and punch and ices for the young people on the veranda."

"And, of course, Vernay's band will play?" said Mr. Antony, writing busily.

"Of course," said my mother.

In fact, no dance that amounted to anything was ever given without Vernay's band. Our engagements adapted themselves to his, for in the opinion of the day there was no music to compare with that made by the six old negroes who played the violins and guitars. Vernay himself, when the dance dragged along as late as twelve o'clock, often fell asleep as he played. He was known to compose some of the musical selections, and once on being asked the name of a piece he replied, "Miss Ma'am, dat am my own composure." But neither he nor his men were able to play well

(Continued on Page 186)

MÉCANIQUE

When you realize that the HUPMOBILE is one of the smartest cars in the world, you know but one of the many reasons for its extraordinary success. An engineer will tell you, with a gleam of admiration in his eyes, that . . .

Drilling an oil duct throughout the length of a connecting rod was expensive, but it gives you positive lubrication . . . Perfecting the noiseless and non-dragging brakes was costly, but you get that rare steel-hand-in-the-velvet-glove feeling when you touch the pedal . . . Designing the new domed cylinder heads called for endless expenditures, but they will sing you their saga of better compression and more power on the first hill . . . Putting the Lanchester vibration dampener on the crankshaft was a radical step ahead, but it makes the HUPMOBILE ride you as smoothly as a Zeppelin.

For instance: "As a builder of aeroplanes I naturally have a keen interest in mechanics, so when I got ready to buy a car I not only took a HUPMOBILE but five other makes of cars . . . three more expensive than the Hupp . . . out to my plant and compared them part for part. Not until then did I decide to buy a Hupp. It is the last word in engineering precision." Signed, Henry A. Berliner, President Berliner Aircraft Co.

• • •

HUPMOBILE's new program of expansion has reduced all prices. In this new schedule of prices HUPMOBILE excels even itself in value-giving.

The special commercial model of the Cabriolet is supplied without the rumble seat, thus giving additional storage room.

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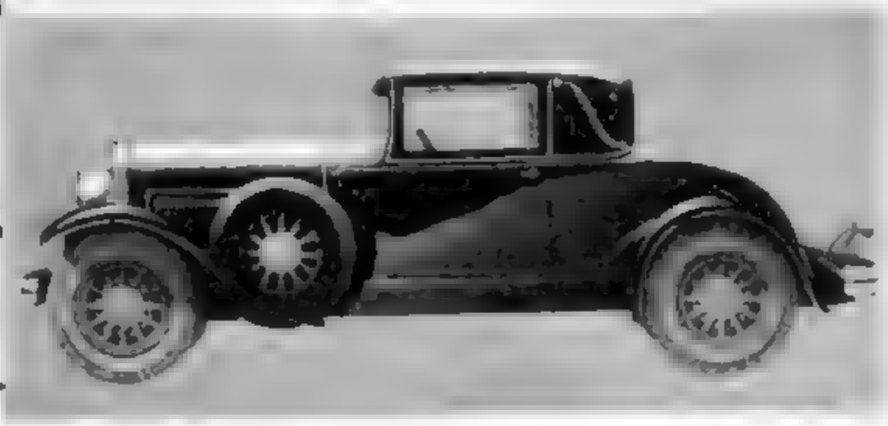
THE NEW HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT



Watch This Column

{ Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures. It is free }

IF I were to go into ecstasies over "*Broadway*" to the extent warranted by this splendid production, my friends might say that I was departing from my rule of avoiding adjectives. Yet, it seems to me that I must impart my enthusiasm to you. The picture so far exceeds my fondest expectations that I haven't word or adjectives enough to prove what I think of it. "*Show Boat*" is already electrifying the country, and now comes "*Broadway*" with just as much claim to delight you as Edna Ferber's American classic. Foremost exhibitors who have seen "*Broadway*" described it as "Carl Laemmle's second great achievement of the year." Thanks, a lot, but see the picture. It will speak aloud for itself.

-C.L.

"*Broadway*" is the story of stage-life which amazed and allured New York. It was produced by Jed Harris, whose name ranks high in theatrical circles, from a story by George Abbott and Philip Dunning. It seems to me to embrace everything in the way of entertainment—tense drama in the foreground and atmosphere which intrigues and enthuses.

Evelyn Brent in "Broadway"

In picture form "*Broadway*" expands immeasurably. With the original play dialogue and sound it eclipses the stage production so far that comparison is out of the question. There is no limitation to the screen. A stage production is confined to the stage on which it is presented. The screen has the distance that Nature depicts.

Robert Ellis in scene from "Broadway"

The cast of "*Broadway*" was chosen with extra care. Read the names GLENN TRYON, EVELYN BRENT, MERNA KENNEDY, ROBERT ELLIS, LESLIE FENTON, GEORGE OVEY. All screen players of more than usual ability and popularity; with THOMAS JACKSON, PAUL PORCASI of the original stage cast, completing a brilliant array of principals. And the whole screen production was directed by PAUL FEJOS, the startling genius who created "Lonesome." I might also say, with pardonable pride, Carl Laemmle, Jr., supervised this production, which has the most remarkable single set ever constructed in a motion picture studio.

A scene from "Broadway"

It's in the air! It's everywhere! "*Show Boat*" will be shown in every representative theatre in the world. The preliminary presentations met with such overwhelming success and such glowing plaudits, that I am not exaggerating when I claim it will prove to be a truly outstanding picture, both silent and in sound.

Carl Laemmle,
President

If you want photographs of Merna Kennedy, Glenn Tryon and Robert Ellis, send 10c in stamps for each.

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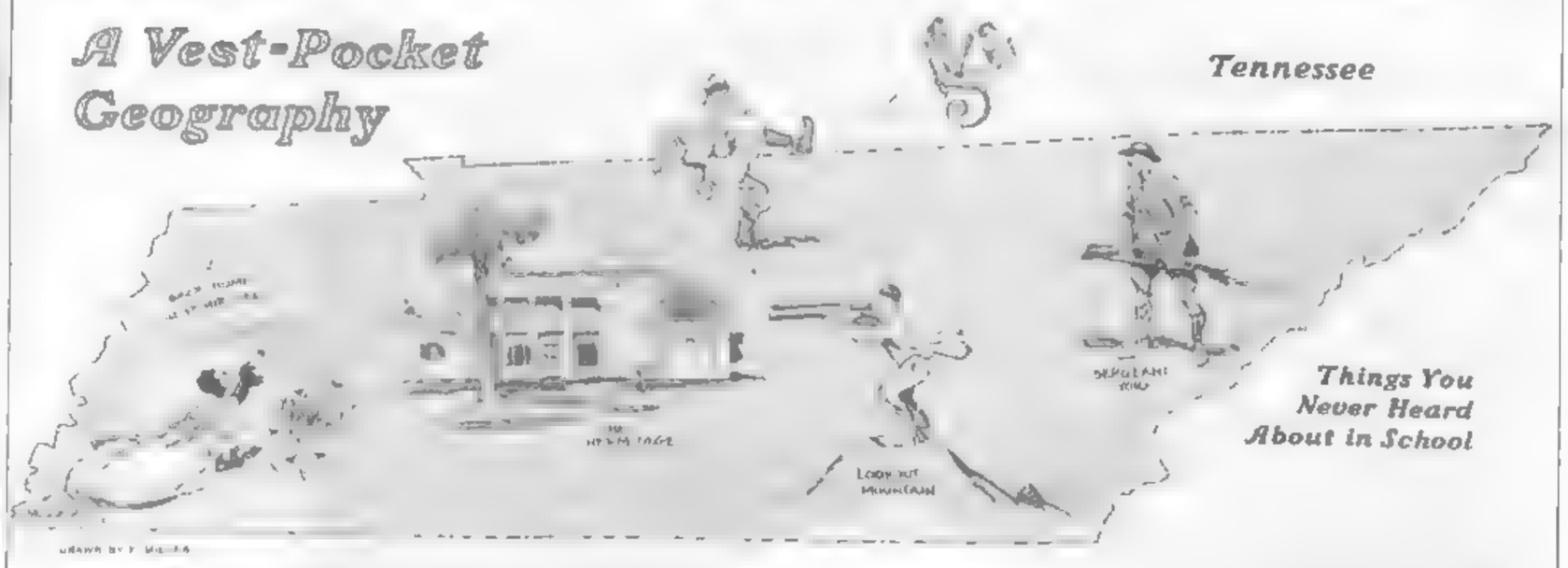
CARTOON AND COMEDY

A Vest-Pocket Geography



TENNESSEE is the Volunteer State. It is noted as the home of Andrew Jackson and the man who sent President Coolidge a wildcat.

The state has diversified agricultural interests and a wealth of coal, iron, copper, marble and aluminum. Most of its minerals are found in the Cumberland country.

Tennessee is noted for its corn pone and pure racial stock. It is strong on patriotism. One of its exponents was Sergt. Alvin York, hailed as America's greatest World War hero. The state has great timber resources and produces much of the wood used in making hope chests and pencils. If all the pencils that are made from Tennessee timber each year were placed in one big pile they would cause 16,735 efficiency experts to die of apoplexy. An efficiency expert is a man who is paid $5000 a year for saving $3000 in pencils and erasers.

—WILLIAM P. ROWLEY.

Henry and His Pony

"Look, Mother, the Canary Got Out, But I Put Her Back in the Cage"

Feelings of a Mere Male in Any Street Car

Against the background of ordinary automobiles this Straight Eight Phaeton Sedan stands out with decided distinction. Not alone because it has exclusive custom-type smartness. Not alone because of its desirable convertible advantages. But even more because the buying of an Auburn is an investment in a value of known and established certainty. Owning of an Auburn today reflects substantial judgment.

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If you can't get ROCKY FORDS from your tobacconist, send 25 cents to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., New York, for trial package of 5 cigars.

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Getting On in the World

What! A Factory Job?

"IF HE'S a born maker of things, let him work at it. If not, by all means keep him away from factories. He won't want them and, I assure you, we don't want him."

This from the head of one of the world's greatest machine-tool plants—call him Mr. S. He was replying to the first of two questions. It was: "What must a boy be to succeed in manufacturing?" The second was: "What does he get if he succeeds?"

I asked him to be more explicit; for I had a son with a hankering for making things. He went on: "Nearly all boys go through the making or creative stage, you remember—boats, coasters, planes, radio. Most of them outgrow it. Those who do not, have found their vocations. They will succeed at it, too, if they give themselves half a chance. Often they are too fickle or too impatient to stick to it.

"Another trouble is that their parents discourage them. 'My son work in a factory? Over my lifeless form!' The fond mother too often has a dismal vision of long hours, grime, dinner pails and pallor. The father, unless he knows better, adds a pessimistic assurance that the boy will sooner or later evolve into a Robot.

"I have never seen a boy who really got into the spirit of making something—with organized aid—justify any such natural fears. But more than once I have later on detected a pardonable pride in some gentle old voice when a newly discovered genius has made the headlines: 'He's my son.'

"He reached that popular eminence because he was intensely interested in making something a great number of people wanted. He was carried along on the tide of it, the success of his product, the improvements which keep it ahead of competition, the growth of his business, his new plant, the stimulation of winning big orders, the respect of his neighbors, and all that. There is an intense satisfaction in it." He spoke for his own three generations of manufacturing antecedents.

School-Made or Self-Made?

"What is the best way for a boy to start on that kind of career?" I asked.

"That is exactly expressed," said Mr. S., "for there are several ways, but only one that I consider the best by far. But first let me hammer the point home that the boy who will succeed is the born maker. If he hasn't the gift, there is nothing ahead but mediocrity—a good salary if he is intelligent, in spite of his distaste for factories and their ways, but that's about all. If he hasn't the interest, he cannot have the enterprise to grow, spread out, become a factor in his line."

"And if he has ——" I suggested.

"Naturally, you're thinking of Bob," he replied with an understanding smile. "Well, if he has, the one best thing for him to do is to enter upon an apprenticeship course at one of the big plants in his chosen field—electrical, mechanical, textile, chemical, or whatever it may be."

"How about a technical education? Is that necessary?"

The answer came quickly: "Desirable, but not essential. As in all human activities, it depends on the man. Too many boys go to engineering schools who should be selling insurance. But that's another tale. My meaning is that most shop-apprenticeship courses will give the mechanically minded boy of high-school education as much specialized knowledge of the line he intends to follow as any technical course—perhaps more."

"May I interrupt you, Mr. S.? It is my impression that some of the big companies like Westinghouse, General Electric, American Locomotive, the Steel Corporation and many others admit none but graduate engineers to their apprentice schools for training executives."

"That is so," he admitted, "but you must not forget that theirs are highly technical processes. Steel making calls for an expert knowledge of all branches of engineering. And the rapid progress of electrical development can be continued only by specialists. A technical education is essential to those who would get anywhere in these great industries. I am not so sure that an engineering course is necessary to great achievement in the automobile field. As I run over, in my mind, the names of the pioneers and of today's big executives, it seems to me that the majority of them are either self-made engineers or not engineers at all."

Dreamers Who Become Leaders

"Still, you do think technical training is an advantage," I said.

"Most decidedly. For one thing, it forms the habit of straight thinking. This is priceless in the manufacturing world. There you are dealing with concrete materials which act according to certain relentless mathematical laws. All the wrong thinking in the world won't change them. . . . But to get back to our apprentices. Below the great corporations come many strata of industries in which a general technical education is worth less to a beginner than specialized instruction in the methods of each of them."

"Where can a boy get such instruction?" I inquired.

"Right in the plants themselves." Mr. S. swung around to the table in back of him, selected a pamphlet and handed it to me. Its make-up was that of a school catalogue—faculty list, books, courses, photos of manual-training classes, laboratories and athletic teams.

"That is our apprentice-course prospectus. A boy who has been through high school may take any of the courses. You see, they are as numerous as the principal divisions of our company organization. Here, for instance, are the shop classes. This is the class in drafting and machine design. There is business administration; there, accounting, cost keeping, salesmanship, purchasing, management, and so on. Then there are classes in higher mathematics and a few elective, cultural courses."

It looked like a complete engineering curriculum to me, and I said so. The founder of the school smiled.

"Maybe that's what it amounts to—with this difference, however! You see that we teach nothing but what can be used, what is needed, in the conduct of our own business. That goes even for the French, Spanish and German courses, for we have sales offices in Europe and South America."

"How about the boys who never went to high school?"

"If their need to earn money is urgent, we just put them through the shop courses. They are paid while they are learning and graduate as machinists. Their future promotions are more limited, but they exist. The foremen of tomorrow are chosen from the machinists of today and are the superintendents of next year. If these boys do not have to increase their earning power we will give them the equivalent of a high-school course in the subjects which touch our business, at which they can make a decent living."

"Do the boys select their own objectives? I mean, do they know what they want to be?" I recalled how few of all the boys I knew—in the white-collar class—had any idea what they wanted to do in the world. The work they choose seems to be less a calling than an accident.

"Indeed they do."

I told Mr. S. my own experience. Cut out for a writer, I tried to be an engineer; with some success, but no satisfaction. He listened attentively, then shook his head "You should have chosen for yourself, whatever your father wanted you to be. Now boys of the working class generally know what they want to do. Perhaps it's because their opportunities are so limited that they make the most of them. At any rate, we find them apt and earnest pupils, studying to reach an ambitious goal. Of course, we study them too. For, after all, our need is greater than theirs. We are looking for our future executives to carry on our business, while they are only looking for good jobs."

My son is somewhat of a dreamer. He could turn out reasonably good handiwork. His modern ship models were accurately done and his solution of the problems of detail showed real ingenuity. But, after all, they were not practical. His skill in wood and metal working balked when I suggested that he apply it to making the garage doors open a little more smoothly. He could do it, and did, but listlessly. I mentioned this to Mr. S.

"Yes"—he nodded emphatically—"I know the type. Maybe because I was one of them. Yet"—he looked out across the yard where the pusher was nosing into a string of loaded, outbound cars—"they are the most essential of all in competitive manufacturing—those visionaries. They are the leaders. They create industries."

I had hoped for some such comfort.

He went on: "A young fellow dreams, say, about a brake operated by compressed air. Carried away by the magnificence of his idea, he moves heaven and earth to secure an interview with a railroad magnate, who stares at him blankly and introduces him to a colleague as 'a young fellow who is going to stop a train with wind.' You know the story."

Mr. S. smiled.

Manufacturers in Embryo

"These visionaries are a vindictive lot. When every other railroad was using his air brake, George Westinghouse saw to it that Vanderbilt's trainmen kept in good condition by winding up hand brakes. But that's aside from the point—which is that all industry would stand still but for the dreamers. What they need is somebody with practical imagination to see the commercial application of their ideas, the courage to back them, and the salesmanship to put them over."

"There is room, then," I said, "in your apprenticeship plan for boys of that type."

"Most certainly there is," came the positive reply. "We take those boys of ideas, encourage them, and put them to working with their hands. Their hands! You understand."

I didn't quite. "Why? To bring them down to earth?"

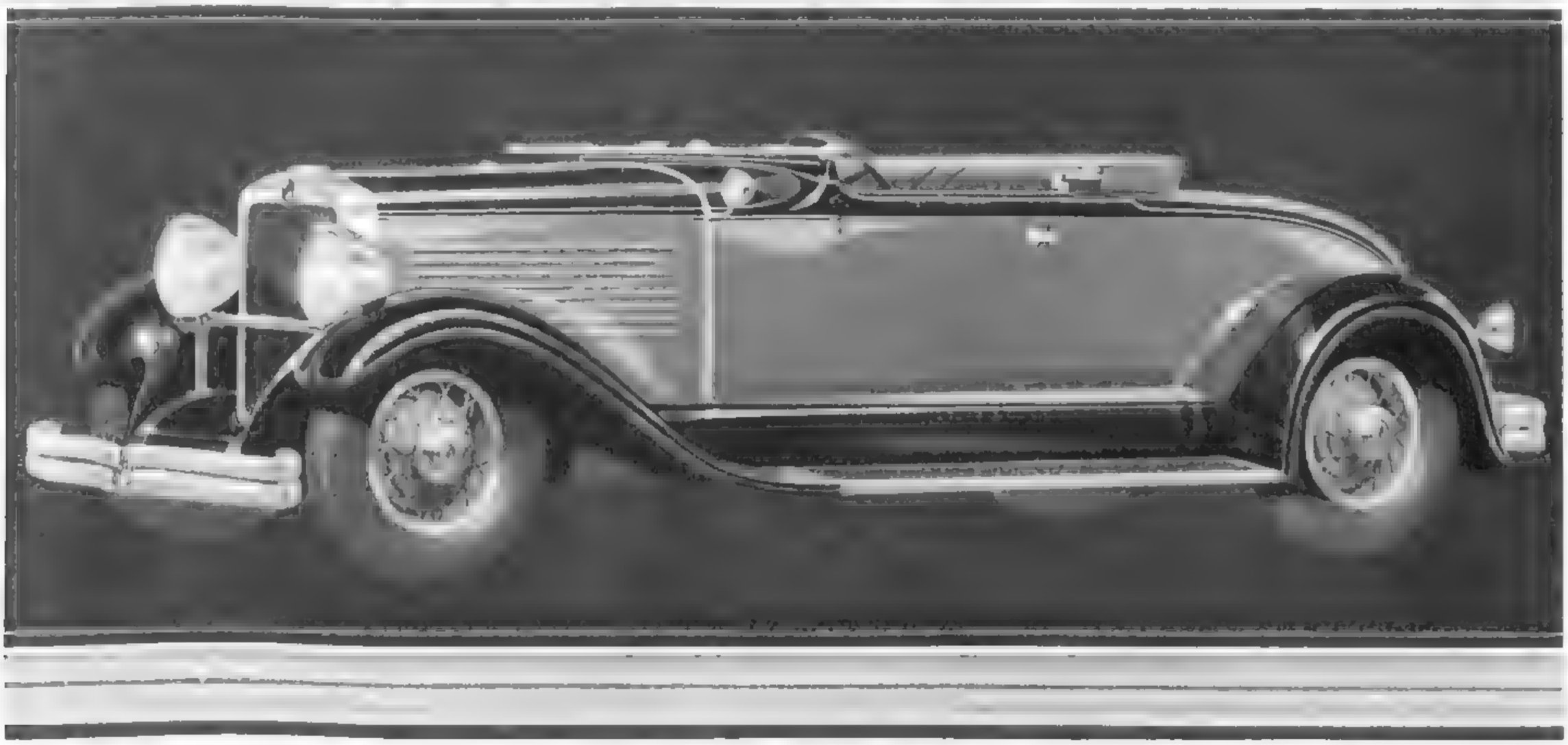
"No, not exactly, but to give them the feel of the tools they will need to work out their notions. To show them the limitations of the use of metals and machines—and men. When they get through, they are free to dream in terms of hard facts instead of theories."

After a hasty glance at the very modern electric clock on his desk, he stood up and said: "Perhaps you would get a better idea of industrial careers in the making by taking a quick trip through the shops. I can show you the manufacturers of tomorrow in the egg stage."

As we walked through the maple-trimmed general offices which had been for many years a cradle of the mechanical genius of America, I reflected on the ungrudging tributes to it I had heard in many an interview with men at the head of great

(Continued on Page 52)

PRESENTING THE NEW "400" ROADSTER



THRILLING THOROUGHBRED OF TRAVEL

AS NEW and sparkling as this morning's dawn—a new "400" Roadster by Nash now greets the public eye.

It is altogether different, this thrilling new "400" version of open-car style, powered by the famous Twin-Ignition motor, finished in cedar and beige, upholstered in pigskin, admired by everyone who loves a thoroughbred.

The wheels are wire, with big, heavy-duty spokes, oversized hubs, and chrome nickeled rims—motor car fashion's latest decree. It seats its passengers low, with only head and shoulders visible. There's a big disappearing arm rest in the center of the front seat and arm rests on either door.

And the "400" Roadster is fully equipped, at no extra cost, with every fine-car accessory, including hydraulic shock absorbers, Nash-Bijur Centralized Chassis Lubrication and chrome-nickeled bumpers, front and rear.

It's new, it's smart and it is lower priced than any other roadster which remotely compares in style, quality and performance. Here is the pick of the roadsters for 1929.

THE NEW

NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

From

coast to coast

20,000

Ætna-izers

are ready to

serve you

See the Ætna-izer in your community—he is a man worth knowing.

ÆTNA-IZE

The Ætna Life Insurance Company - The Ætna Casualty and Surety Company - The Automobile Insurance Company - The Standard Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut, write practically every form of Insurance and Bonding Protection.

(Continued from Page 50

corporations all graduates of this New England shop.

On the wall of the entrance hall, where salesmen sat smoking to kill time while awaiting the busy purchasing agent's summons, was a tablet on which were recorded the names and periods of service of the men in the shops. Ten of them had been there more than fifty years; thirty, more than forty years, and so on down. It must be a fascinating vocation which will attract a plain mechanic to grow gray in its service. Incidentally they must be superskillful mechanics after so many decades of training. The excellence of standard of the company's product testifies that they are.

In the well-ordered shops, the last word in modern equipment, layout and control, we found a judicious sprinkling of young, alert, intelligent boys among the grayheads, each absorbed in the job before him. Occasionally one of the older men would glance at his youthful neighbor's machine, leave his own and go over to give some quietly worded direction. This was the school for shop apprentices.

Foremen, who were also apprentice overseers, walked slowly but alertly down the aisles between the machines, seeing with expert eyes and stopping here and there to give a word of instruction, now to one of the old hands, then to a student.

On the high platforms which overlooked acres of busy machines the production-control engineers sat before their schedule boards. Serious young fellows answered their orders, sorted out report slips, made entries on the boards, recorded counts on adding machines. These were the more advanced students.

We passed into the drafting rooms. Here there was the same division of the obviously experienced engineers in charge of some special design, giving advice to younger but no less earnest assistants who were learning how to put the working details on paper.

In due course we returned to the general offices by way of the shop stairway.

Darwinism Industrialized

"Now," said my guide, "you can understand what some of these young chaps are doing. Those we have seen are the graduates of our apprentice school."

I looked around. On the right of the long passageway leading to the president's office were doors inscribed: Sales Department, Sales Manager, Purchasing Agent, Advertising Manager, and on the left, Works Manager, General Superintendent, Chief Engineer. Farther down, the titles ceased and the doors bore simple names: Mr. A, Mr. B, and so on. Those were the offices of the company's officials.

In each office were two or more of the same absorbed young men going quietly about their work, while the older men sat at their desks, over piles of papers, which they examined, annotated and handed over to their assistants for action.

Mr. S., smiling—at my expression, no doubt—remarked, "You see now that they are no clerks, those chaps. They are graduates from the school and then from the shops, whom we have selected to understudy the officials of the company. Nearly all our promotions are made from inside the organization. So, when our sales manager becomes vice president in charge of sales, his best understudy, who has been trained as a star salesman, automatically succeeds to his place. And when age relegates some higher officer to the board of directors, his place is filled by the next-ranking official of his department, and his assistant passes on into his job. It's the law of natural selection applied to an industrial evolution Darwin never dreamed of."

As we reentered his office he made a backward gesture: "My successor is most likely one of those young chaps you just saw."

I recalled that he had no son to carry on the traditions of a family of superlative mechanical genius. His apprentices, his boys, were his heirs. The completion of his lifework was to leave an organization of young blood to carry on the traditions of fine workmanship built upon a century of inventiveness.

Earning While Learning

He excused himself as he attacked a pile of papers his secretary brought him, while I studied the fine, calm features, shaded by a heavy thatch of iron-gray hair. Here was the type of real American genius which had revolutionized the standards of living of a nation—yes, the type that had made the motor car possible by his machine tools—the airplane, the radio, the hundred mechanisms which enter our homes and set the standards of our lives.

He looked up at last.

"I hope I haven't tired you," he said. Then, glancing at his watch and comparing it with the desk clock: "The car is waiting. Won't you join me at luncheon? I told Mrs. S. that I would bring you home with me. She likes Bob a lot and will want to hear what you decided to do about his future."

I accepted gratefully. As we drove away from the plant, he looked back thoughtfully at the group of buildings from which some of the best machines of their kind go into all the world's industries.

"I haven't yet answered your second question," he said. The car wound its way around a typical New England city square, with a green in the center which had survived the Revolution, and traffic lights which slowed us down to a progress of a block at a time for no special reason.

"If your son matriculated in our school," said my host, "he would receive all of twenty-five cents an hour, as an apprentice, for two years. Then he would go into the shop at forty cents for another two years—more or less, according to his aptitude. After that he would be in line for a real job in the permanent organization. He might be a foreman at sixty a week, a draftsman at the same salary, a junior in the production department at a little more, or an assistant in the executive offices at still a bit more. In any case he would stay in one of those grades until an opening occurred in the next higher."

The car had at last negotiated the final green light and was speeding up an avenue bordered with elms, beyond which stretched broad lawns sweeping up to the portals of homes which spoke quietly of a refinement of living characteristic of this cradle of our civilization. I could imagine myself completely happy in such surroundings. But Bob, with his alternate dreamings and restlessness ——

"What," I asked, "can a boy who has progressed so far expect? Must he stay in the plant here in order to get along?"

Mr. S. gave me a quick glance.

"I know Bob," he said. "He hates restraint. Most of our young people do. Neither he nor any of our progressive boys need remain here if he shows an aptitude for salesmanship, or sales engineering. We have sales offices in the principal cities in this country and abroad. Each is in charge of a sales manager who receives a salary plus commission which varies with the amount of business he does. I should say the range would be $15,000 to $30,000 a year. His salesmen, on the same basis, earn from $6000 to $15,000. If they can make more than the $15,000 and are qualified to handle men, they become district or foreign sales managers.

"Then there are the sales engineers whose job it is to analyze customers' processes and tell them which of our tools will best do the job. As we also sell through distributors or agents, the sales engineers go out with agents' salesmen to instruct and assist them. Their work is highly important, for a well-posted sales engineer can create and retain more goodwill than a salesman, because he knows more about the customer's requirements and gives him more pointed and impartial advice. He is an engineer who sells his specialized knowledge. I should say he earns from $10,000 a year up."

"And the boys who remain in the plant organization?" I asked.

"They have a greater choice of opportunities and greater ultimate advancement. There are the production and engineering departments, works management, sales and administration departments to choose from. The head of each department is an officer of the company. Salaries range from $5000 to $100,000 a year for all responsible positions. Then you know about our bonus system by which a certain amount of stock is allocated to each department annually, to be distributed among the department personnel according to the contribution each man is thought to have made to the year's profits. Our employes' savings plan also promotes investment in the company's stock, since interest, or, rather, dividends are paid in stock."

Bob Could Do Worse

It looked to me as though my mechanically minded offspring could do worse than to go to a school whose graduates were so certain of well-paid positions and of a share in the ownership capital of an old and honored firm.

The car turned into the driveway of a fine estate which had been in my host's family for three generations—since his inventive grandfather's time. It was then in the country.

Now a growing city surrounded it on all sides. I meditated that its value as real estate alone was fabulous.

"Here we are," said my host, "and I imagine you're about ready for some relief from factory talk."

I followed him into the great hall, big enough to swallow up one of the tiny six-room houses we have been taught to call home. A sweet-faced, gracious lady out of the lavender-scented, storybook age greeted me.

"It's such a pleasure to have you with us again after so long. Tell me," she said as she led the way to the old-fashioned reception room, "have you decided about Bob?"

"Yes," I replied, "if he can see it as I do, he will start in the apprenticeship school in September."

—MORGAN G. FARRELL.

Why every important grocer throughout the United States carries this coffee

FOR GOOD DRIP COFFEE — *1 cup medium ground Maxwell House Coffee to each cup and one extra for the pot. Put the coffee in the dry coffee basket, pour boiling water through slowly, and let drip in a warm (not hot) place. Do not boil.*

IN millions of homes throughout the United States today, the fine coffee served regularly is Maxwell House. Experienced hostesses serve it at their most brilliant social affairs, sure with this coffee of delighting all their guests.

For Maxwell House is not a single coffee flavor, but a rich, mellow, sparkling *blend*. It is the triumph of a man with a genius for flavor, who determined to make of coffee a new and far more satisfying experience.

For years he labored with inexhaustible patience—combining, testing, rejecting, re-combining flavors and minute shades of flavors of the world's finest coffees. At last his persistence was rewarded with a coffee so smooth and rich in flavor, yet so full of life and sparkle, that it delighted even his critical palate.

At the old Maxwell House in Nashville, famous for its Southern hospitality and its marvelous Southern cooking, this coffee became a special boast. Beaux and belles of the South, distinguished travelers from far and wide, who tasted this superlative coffee in Nashville, desired it for their own tables at home. So its fame spread until today throughout the length and breadth of the United States, every important grocer carries Maxwell House Coffee to meet the imperative demand of his trade.

Your grocer has it—sealed in the familiar blue tin which preserves all its fragrance and flavor.

JOIN OUR RADIO AUDIENCE — Every Thursday evening the famous Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra broadcasts a program of fine music from WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WIR, KYW, WTMJ, WHO, WOW, KOA, KSTP, KSD WDAF, WBAP, KPRC, WSB, WSM, WMC, WHAS, WLW, WBAL, WBT, WJAX, WEBC, WRVA. "The Old Colonel" invites you to tune in Thursday evenings for the Maxwell House Program

You will be delighted, also, with Maxwell House Tea

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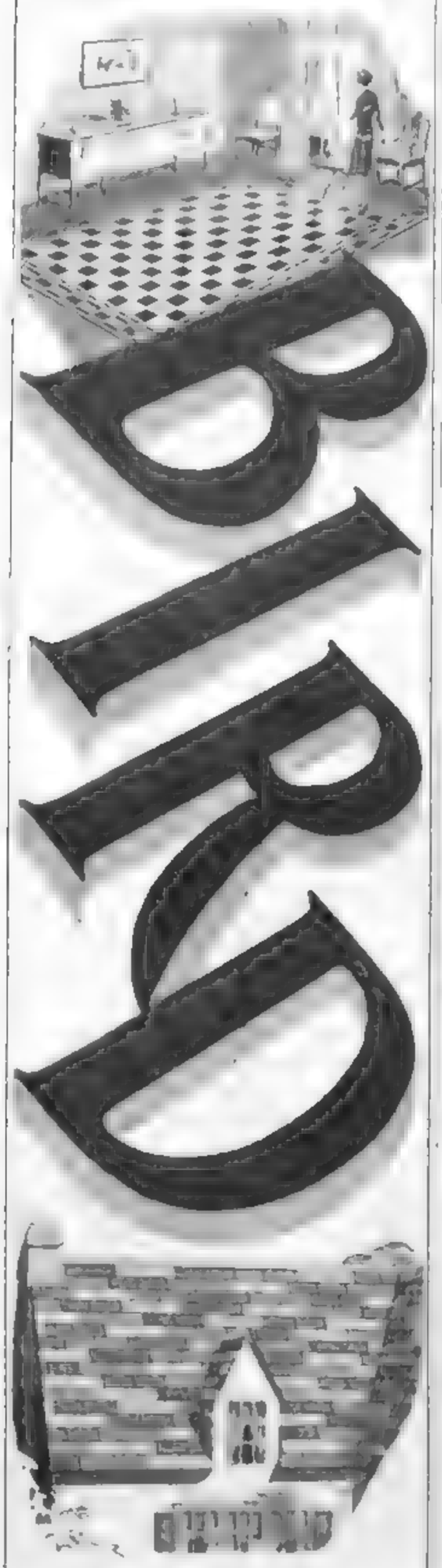

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UNDER THE CLOCK

"ARE you information?" asked the young woman, coming up to the oracle.

"That depends," said the blond gentleman in alpaca. "If you're looking for a handsome man with a carnation, I haven't seen him."

"I'm not," said the young woman.

"Sorry," said the clerk. "Most women are "

"I want a train," said the young woman.

"Of course," said the clerk. "Any particular place?"

"Middlebury."

"Middlebury what?"

"Middlebury, sir."

"There was a dandy at 4:28. It's just gone "

"What track?"

"Track 29."

"Thank you," said the young woman. "Thank you ever so much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk.

"Information?" asked the fierce-looking elderly lady who sits on committees.

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"I've lost my husband," said the lady.

"You're lucky," said the clerk. "If you want to run out before he finds you, you can go right through that archway to Forty-second Street."

"No," said the lady. "I must do something about it."

"You might sit down in a corner and have a good cry."

"How's that?" said the lady.

"Or you might bother me for a while," said the clerk. "That's what they usually do."

"All right," said the lady. "Tell me some things."

"Your eyes are lovely," said the clerk. "Especially the good one."

"Are you busy?" interrupted a stout gentleman with a red face.

"Just signing off," said the clerk. "Excuse me, madam."

"I want you to route me to Boston," said the man.

"Sure. How are you going?"

"Pretty well," said the man.

"I mean, what cities?"

"Toronto and Winnipeg."

"That's a nice way. Why not California? It's lovely out there."

"Direct as possible," said the man.

"Ah, yes! England by way of the Panama Canal, or Tinker to Evers to Chance."

"Quit fooling," said the man.

"I'll tell you how to go," said the clerk: "You take a train from here to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg you go to Toronto, and from there to Boston. That's practically the best route for those three cities. Ticket window right over there. Don't forget your bag. . . . Yes, madam?"

"When does my train leave?"

"It's hard to say. Could you describe it a little more accurately?"

"Poughkeepsie."

"Of course. I should have known. You're just missing it on Track 15. . . . Yes, sir?"

"Information?"

"No, I'm in the suit-and-cloak business."

"Might I trouble you for a match?"

"Help yourself."

"You haven't got a cigarette?"

"Right here. Would you like a book of instructions?"

"Are you information?" asked a lady with a shawl.

"Let's see," said the clerk. "Yes, I believe I am "

"Could you tell me the time?"

"Would it strain your eyesight to look up five feet at the clock?"

"Can I see a time-table?"

"I doubt it, but try this "

"I want some trains to Duluth."

"We have some nice fresh ones in today," said the clerk.

"What does this star mean?"

"Sundays only."

"Here's a dagger."

"Now, you mustn't go looking for things."

"How long will it take to get to Duluth?"

"It depends on when you leave."

"I hate to go," said the woman.

"Yes, after we've just got acquainted," said the clerk.

"Could I leave tonight?"

"Six o'clock, Track 10."

"When do I get there?"

"You get there in the morning. I forget which one. Time passes so quickly."

"Thank you," said the woman.

"If you're old-fashioned and care about tickets, you'll find them over there," said the clerk.

"Excuse me," interrupted the young fellow with the tricolored tie. "I'd like to talk about my vacation."

"Sure," said the clerk. "How many fish did you get, and how did that picture of you in your wife's bathing suit come out?"

"I want to plan it," said he.

"Let's go up to Maine," suggested the clerk.

"Too far," said the young fellow.

"What do you want to do?"

"Have a good time on eighteen dollars a week."

"You don't want a vacation," said the clerk. "You want advice. Just a minute, now. . . . Yes, sir?"

"How did the game come out?"

"No score," said the clerk.

"How do you know what game he meant?" asked the young fellow.

"I don't," said the clerk. "Just a minute. . . . Yes, madam?"

"I want a lower to Cleveland," said the large woman.

"Sorry, madam, but we're all out of lowers. We have some nice uppers."

"I can't get into uppers," said the large woman. "The ladder always breaks."

"Try the Pullman window," suggested the clerk. "There's a nice view from one of them of a bow-legged man with glasses. . . . Yes, sir?"

"Where do I complain about the dining service?"

"I'll bite," said the clerk; "where do you?"

"I want somebody in authority."

"Try that man over there—the one with the egg on his chin. . . . Yes, madam?"

"I've been insulted," said the small person in furs.

"How long has this been going on?" asked the clerk.

"From Providence to New London."

"You want the mileage superintendent. Local insults near the check room. Long distance, up two flights. Take the elevator and save your temper."

"Can I stand here?" asked a lady with quiet eyes.

"Yes, ma'am. Perhaps you'll attract some trade."

"Or maybe there's a waiting room. I don't know. This place is so big."

"What are you waiting for?"

"Six o'clock."

"Well, stick around here. We have six o'clock twice a day. . . . What's the matter, miss?"

"I've lost my redcap."

"That's too bad. The one with the feather in it? It was so becoming."

"How shall I find him?"

"I tell you. Walk around till you see one with a bag left over. That will be yours."

"No, it won't. I didn't have a bag with me."

"Then what do you want him for?"

"I owe him a quarter."

"Don't bother," said the clerk. "They don't care about the money. They love their work. They know what fun is. . . . Yes, madam?"

"How do I get the Subway?"

"You'll have to go where it is, madam. It stays in the tunnel most of the time now "

"Spik Englees?" said the Oriental.

"That's an idea," said the clerk. "That may be the trouble."

"I get tlicket Tientsin?"

"Cost you more than that."

"No. No. Tientsin. Live Tientsin. Yes?"

"Afghanistan you, sir."

"Tientsin, China. Eh?"

"Oh, China. Sorry. We don't run to China. I can send you up to Albany. Some nice laundries there. Plenty shirt. . . . Yes, ma'am?"

"I want you to help me. I'm desperate."

"So am I," said the clerk. "Let's get out of here."

—DAVID MCCORD.

THE GOOD OLD GRAFT

Continued from Page 44

to be; I ain't got the twenty thousand dollars, and you can't buy less than that. I mean you got to have twenty thousand dollars to spend, or the Government won't do business with you. For twenty thousand dollars they will give you forty thousand dollars in paper if they got it to sell. If—see?"

"If, hey?" I says.

It was certainly a new one on me, and I thought I was getting the banking business down fine. But a man can always learn if he wants to. I done some heavy thinking for the next day or two. I would like to talk this over with Miss Matchett, because she is a very bright girl, even if she got no practical experience in the banking business, but me and Miss Matchett just had a run in. About a turkey.

Coming on to Washington's Birthday, I was thinking it would be a nice thing if I would give Miss Matchett a turkey for Washington's Birthday, and maybe she would invite me to dinner. So it happened that they were getting up a raffle in the bank for a turkey, and I took a chance. Well, I did not win that turkey, but it was won by young Freddy Oberwager, who was one of the boys in the bank. So I was saying, "Well, I wish I won that turkey, and would you take a couple of dollars for it, Mr. Oberwager?"

He says, "What do you want with two turkeys, Hush?"

I says, "Two turkeys?" I says.

"Sure," he says. "Two turkeys. You know Mr. York gives everybody in the bank a turkey for Washington's Birthday."

"First I heard of it, Mr. Oberwager," I says.

"Maybe the cashier's holding out on you," he says. "You got to watch that man, Hush. He got some appetite for turkeys." And he turns around to the cashier and he hollers, "George, did you give Hush his turkey?"

"What turkey?" says the cashier, bold as brass.

"What did I tell you?" says Oberwager. "Not a word, Hush. This is a fine way to treat a new man. I'll go back there and tell him a few."

And he goes back, and I see him buzzing the cashier. He signals to me that he's fixed it, and that evening when all the boys are there, putting on their rubbers, he

(Continued on Page 56)

GOLFERS know that there may be great differences in quality between golf balls, *although they may look alike* from the outside. For this reason, once a ball has proved itself, golfers usually stick to that brand.

Similarly, lamps that look alike may be different in quality. All Edison MAZDA Lamps have the mark MAZDA stamped on the bulb. This guarantees that they are made of the finest materials, and with skill, facilities and care that insure high quality. Because of this quality, *they give the full value of the current consumed.*

For your convenience, Edison MAZDA Lamps are safely packed in cartons of six . . . to prevent breakage and to assure you an extra supply on the shelf whenever sockets need refilling. Keep sockets filled. Where they are empty, there is likely to be *dangerous eyestrain.*

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

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.. both in the same china cup

"For a year or two my sales had fallen steadily. I found that it was hard to go after prospects because I was nervous and impatient. A doctor advised me to quit caffein. I did, but there was nothing to fill the void and I relapsed.

"Then I began drinking Postum. The trial period was almost up when it dawned on me that my impatience and nervousness had largely disappeared, and that my powers of concentration and aggression had been strengthened. For proof there was my daily increasing record of sales. And where, formerly, I had been hard put to it to hold my position, now a district managership is coming closer and closer.

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T. HANNEMAN
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IT MAY never have occurred to you that your choice of a mealtime drink could have anything to do with your success. But think a moment . . . The terrific pace of modern business life is a drain in itself on a man's nervous energy. Add the strain of a mealtime stimulant—often it's just the straw that can break a man.

But remove this handicap—substitute a wholesome mealtime drink—all of a man's forces are free to work for success. Prove it in your own case! Eliminate caffein from your diet—drink Postum with your meals instead! Try this change for thirty days!

You'll be astonished at the results. You'll sleep better—eat better—*feel better!* You'll be fresh and buoyant in the mornings—ready to lick your weight in wildcats. Ready to be the success you've always known you could be.

And you'll enjoy Postum as a drink as much as you enjoy its beneficial effects. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A drink with a rich, mellow flavor that millions prefer. A drink that contains no artificial stimulant—nothing to attack the nerves, interfere with sleep, or impair digestion.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate on the coupon whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

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POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐
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Check which you prefer

Name _____

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City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Company, Ltd., The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

(Continued from Page 54)

comes out with my turkey. "And I hope you enjoy it, Hush," he says. "What do you know about that cashier, boys?"

It was a turkey, what I mean. I bet it weighed all of twenty pounds. One of these solid turkeys. Its head and feet hung down about a foot. Some bird. Well, I brought it around to Miss Matchett's boarding house, and you want to see the eyes of those tony boarders bug out when they seen me coming up the steps with this fowl. It wasn't no pick and shovel this time, what I mean. "Oh, what a lovely turkey!" says Miss Matchett. "And don't tell me it's for me, Quentin!"

And she turns to these starving boarders and she says, "A little remembrance from Mr. Mahoney. You are all invited."

"Anybody else invited?" I says.

"You are to be the host, Quentin. And how's business in the bank today?"

Well, that was all right; and I want to tell you that turkey made some splash. That night it did. The next day when I come around to dinner I met Miss Matchett on the stoop. I mean she met me. She says, "Stop right there, Mr. Mahoney."

I says, "What's the bad news, Miss Matchett?"

She says, "I was never so disgraced in all my living days. If that's what you call a joke, you got a low sense of humor. If I never see you again, that's too soon. Wrapping up some old telephone books in a burlap bag, and sewing a turkey's head and feet on. You better go back in a new building, where you belong."

So that's why I wasn't standing so good with Miss Matchett those days, and if I would call her up on the phone, all I could get out of her was, "Who is speaking, please?" And a lovely voice too. And I didn't have a chance to talk to her about what Cashman said before he come in again. I says to him, "Oh, hello, Mr. Cashman." And he says to me, "Hello, Hush."

I says, "And what about that money thing?"

He says, "Oh, it was just like I thought. Nothing doing, unless I can scare up twenty thousand dollars. And all I got is a measly ten thousand."

And then he got an idea, and he put his finger to his head, and he says, "Hush, you look like ready money. Maybe you could scare up ten thousand dollars."

"Nor even a hundred," I says. "And if I could I would stick to it like a brother. It wouldn't go on no excursion to Washington without me holding it by the hand."

"Never mind about that," he says. "No use getting insulting. All I'm asking you is this: If you had ten grand would you come in with me, fifty-fifty, if I let you hold the money?"

"That's easy," I says.

"Well, I will tell you what we will do, Hush. You get ten grand, and I will get ten grand, and we will put them together to show good faith, and you can hold the whole twenty grand until I can run down to Washington again and line this thing up. It will take some doing, I'm telling you."

"You're all right, Mr. Cashman," I says, "except about me having any ten thousand dollars. Maybe you got yourn."

"Don't take my word for it," he says, opening a cheap little satchel and pulling out a chunk of paper money as big as two bricks. "Look it over. Count it. I'm all set. I can go to any bank and turn this into gold when things are lined up in Washington. What about your end, Hush?"

"You heard me," I says. But I want to tell you that jag of money had me going.

"Here's a flash," he says, looking around. "Come over here, Hush. I hear you grade high in this bank. And they lend money to everybody else. Why don't you go in and make a touch? Go in and ask Mr. York to lend you ten thousand dollars."

"And maybe he'll give me a turkey, hey?" I says, giving him the horselaugh.

"He can't do more than say no, can he?" he says, urging me. "And if he says yes—you got it!"

"Forget it," I says.

"Can't you try?" he says. "Won't you pay him back, honor bright? Ain't you honest? That's all any bank wants to know—if you are honest and will pay them back. And you can tell him that yourself."

Well, he had some great arguments, pro and con, but mostly con, so I finally says, "Well, I'll go in and brace him, but I have a feeling against it." And I went in to see Mr. York, and he says, "Hello, Hush." And I says, "Hello, Mr. York. I was thinking you might want to lend me ten thousand dollars for a few days. I'm honest; honest, I am."

Well, he looked me over pretty carefully, and then he got up and walked up and down. He was sitting down there making up his income tax, with his accountant. Mr. York is a short man with quite a corporation, but when he crosses his hands over his pail and puts those brown eyes on you, I'm telling you they search your soul. He says to this accountant, "Does he look honest and reliable to you, Pincus?"

"Well," says Pincus, "he is big enough to carry the money back in here if he has it."

"And if he don't bring it back, it will be a bad debt."

"It will be a bad debt," says Pincus.

"And it will be away up in the brackets, eh?"

"It will be so high up in the brackets," says Pincus, "that it will save you twenty-five hundred dollars on your income tax. Depending on your fiscal year."

"It's an inducement to lend him," says Mr. York, nodding his head. "The way the Government robs people nowadays, twenty-five hundred off the tax is not to be sneezed at. I guess I will lend him this money. And he might even pay it back. You never can tell."

"What I want if for ——" I says.

"Now, Hush," says Mr. York, holding up his hand. And he says, "Sign this note and bring it out to the cashier. Or, no, I will get you the money myself."

He goes out and gets the money, and the accountant shows me how to sign the note.

Mr. York and the accountant are working at one of these high desks, the kind where you lift up the lid. Mr. York comes back with this ton of money, all in twenties, and he asks me to sit right down there and look it over and count it, and I sat down and counted for quite a while, and then I says, "Well, it is all right, seeing I am getting this money for nothing, Mr. York."

He puts the money on the back of the desk near the accountant, and I was reaching for it, when Mr. York lifts up the lid of the desk in my face and says, "First I put your name in the book!"

So he put my name in the book, and he put down the lid again, and I reached acrost it and took the money, and I brought it out in the public room to Cashman, and he says, "Well, what luck?" And I says, "Give a look, will you?"

"Nothing like trying," he says. And he opens his bag and he says, "There's mine in there, and you put yourn in there too."

I says, "If I hold the bag."

He says, "Hush, you'll be holding the bag all right."

So I put my ten grand in with his ten grand and I took the bag.

"Now, Hush," he says, "close that there bag." And I closed the bag.

"Got it?" he says.

"Certainly have," I says.

"The deal is on," he says. "Understand me, Hush, you are not to open that bag again until you hear from me, or the deal is off."

"Fair for one as the other, Mr. Cashman," I says.

"No, but a whole lot fairer," he says. "You got the bag, ain't you? And I got nothing. Nothing but your word that you won't lam with my jack."

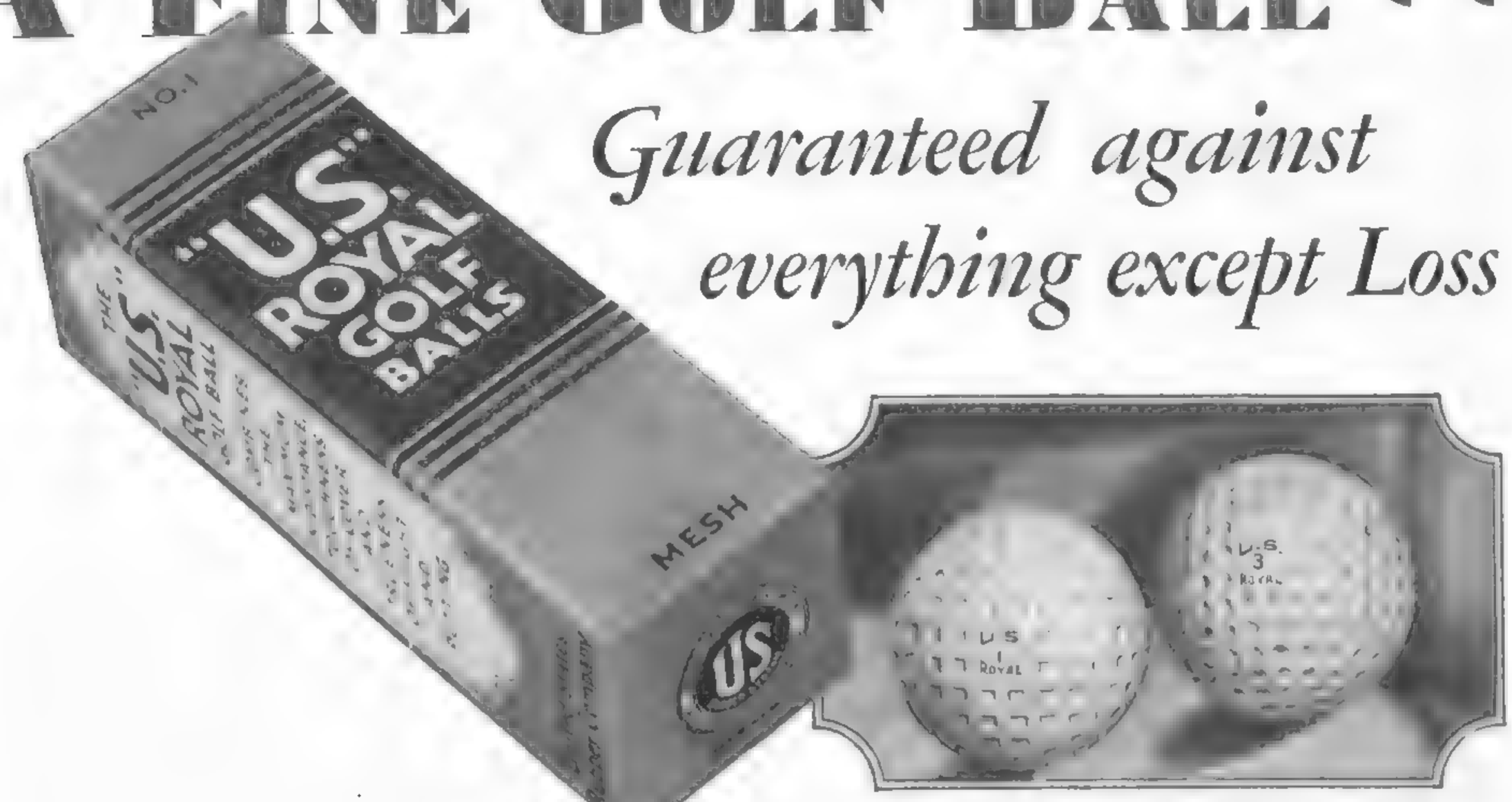
"Are you calling me a crook?" I says.

"I'm not calling you no crook," he says. "Only I got to have your word that the twenty grand will be there when I call for it. And the best way is, you leave that bag shut, or the deal is off."

(Continued on Page 58)

A FINE GOLF BALL

Guaranteed against everything except Loss



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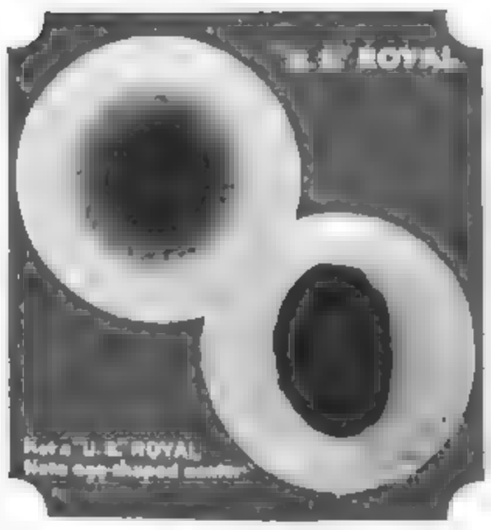

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"I ought to make the round trip on these tires without any trouble, don't you think?"

"Sure, with a set of these Kelly-Springfield Registered Balloons you can drive clear around the United States and then take 'em off and sell 'em for new."

(Continued from Page 56)

"Or the deal is off," I says, shaking hands with him like a gentleman, but keeping this bag behind me. I didn't know this Cashman much, and if he put anything over on me he was going to be good. I'm not saying I'm a wise guy, but I been around where there was some pretty wise doings in my time; and what I mean is, when they beat me they got to step.

So I seen him to the door, and when he went his way I went mine, right over to Seventh Avenue to Miss Matchett's store, because Miss Matchett got a safe in her store. "Hello, Miss Matchett," I says, letting bygones be bygones, and putting the satchel on the counter. "What do you think I got in this bag?"

"A turkey," she says.

"No," I says. "I got twenty thousand dollars."

And I told her how Mr. Cashman was going down to Washington to buy some money, and how I loaned ten thousand off of Mr. York. She got interested after a while, and she looked at me closer and closer, and then she says, "Was it hot in the bank today, Quentin?" And I says, "No, it wasn't so hot." And she says, "You didn't tell nobody but me about this, did you? Well, I will give you a fair chance; I will call up the bank and see if they missed twenty thousand dollars, though I know what the answer will be. But open that bag."

"Didn't I tell you I promised Mr. Cashman?" I says. "And it ain't no good calling the bank because I'm telling you how I got the money. Here, put it in the safe."

"If you will come around with me to a doctor," she says. I think she don't feel so good, so I go around the corner with her to this doctor, and she says to him, "Doctor, do me a favor and examine this young man. Now, Quentin!"

So the doctor says, "Open your mouth, young man." And he looks in with one hand and feels his whiskers with the other, and says, "Aha, get your tonsils out."

Then he stabs me in the stomach with his finger and he says, "How does that feel?"

"Not so good, doc," I says.

"Aha," he says. "Get your appendix out."

Then he feels the other side and he says, "What's this!" And I says, "My wallet." And he says, "Aha, I think I have discovered the trouble. Get it out, young man, get it out." And he sits me down and begins hitting me on the knee and studying my leg, and I says to him, "The leg is good enough, doc. The other things I wouldn't miss, because I never knew I had them. Except the wallet."

Miss Matchett says, "Quentin, tell the doctor what you told me about the twenty thousand dollars. It is his head, doctor."

So I told the doc, and he felt his whiskers here and there like as if he was thinking of buying them, and then he lifted up my eyelid and looked in. He says, "How long has he been in this state of grandeur?"

"I seen him three or four days ago, and he was all right," says Miss Matchett, taking out her handkerchief. "Well, even then he done a funny thing. He sewed a turkey's head and feet on a bag, and asked me to cook it for Washington's Birthday."

"I'm telling you it was a *fellow* in the bank," I says.

"But you asked her to cook it for Washington's Birthday," says the doc.

"I thought it was a real turkey," I says.

"So I understand," says the doc. "Does he ever throw fits, miss? Did his people drink to excess? Did his father die outside of an institution?"

"Oh, no," says Miss Matchett.

"And his mother?"

"Her neither, doctor."

"Aha, that's fine. Then there'll be a record in the institution. Let me have the name of the institution, please."

"What institution?" I says. "Listen, doc: pop and mom is out in Calvary." So they were; pop and mom goes out to Calvary Cemetery every Saturday morning since Joe died. "And you don't want to talk about them that way when they ain't here to defend themselves." I was getting nervous, and I didn't know when this doc would reach out and ring for the wagon. I says, "If you want to know about pop and mom, I will call up the cemetery and tell them to come right over. But you want to speak quick, because they been in the cemetery so much they got acquainted around there, and pop knows some drivers for Connolly's stables, and sometimes he gets up and flags one of them, and they get mom up, and pop and mom goes sightseeing."

"Yes, yes," said the doc kindly. "Very well, miss, and I'll sign the certificate. Ten dollars, please."

"Ten dollars!" I says, getting mad at last. "Now I know you think I'm crazy. I'll give you the same as I get myself, down at the bank, and that's a dollar an hour." And I threw down half a dollar and took Miss Matchett and walked out.

And then I was sore at Miss Matchett, and I didn't go around and see her for two weeks, till one day she called up the bank and asked me to come around and see her. And it wasn't the first time she called me up either; she called up twice before that and said would I give her advice, and I just says to her she don't want no advice from a lunatic, does she? But this time she was all steamed up, and wanted me to come right around; so, Mr. York being out of town that day, I asked George if it would be K.O., and I went around to her store.

And the first thing I seen when I come out from under the sidewalk bridge of the new building is a sheriff's paper on Miss Matchett's window, and inside is some old-clothes men, puffing cigars and trying on the false faces and looking over the stock. In the back room is Miss Matchett, and she is crying. I says, "How come?"

"Oh," she says, "you're too late now, and I don't know what will become of me. Well, the store was no good anyway, on account of that new building. I didn't make my rent for the last four months, and I had to draw it out of the savings bank, and now it is all gone."

"But what's coming off here?" I says.

"Didn't I tell you once that Mr. York lent me five hundred dollars to buy stock? Well, he did, Quentin. Two or three months ago. And how could I pay the note when I'm doing no business, what with that new building? So he sued me in court, and got a judgment against the store, and now he put the sheriff in here to sell it out."

Well, when I seen Miss Matchett crying I just begin to shake, and I says, starting for the door, "I will go out there, and ——"

"You won't, neither, Quentin," she says, hanging on to me. "No, you won't, neither. They will only call a cop and put you on the Island. We can't do nothing about it."

"What do you mean, we can't do nothing about it?" I says. "Ain't I got plenty jack? Right there in the safe!"

"Oh, Quentin, don't start that again. It only makes me feel worse."

"I certainly don't like to open that bag and take out my money," I says. "Because then the deal is all off, and I give my word. If they would only wait a day or two; I will hear from Mr. Cashman any day now."

It would be just throwing away ten thousand dollars, and I was counting on that money to get married. I couldn't get married without some real jack, when I had pop and mom to keep. But then I see the sheriff getting up on the counter out there and begin reading a paper, and I says, "Miss Matchett, open that safe."

"That will be a mercy, anyway," she says, opening the safe and giving me the satchel.

"All right, title and interest in and to a certain lease, York to Matchett," sings out the sheriff, "with four years and ten months to run to expire, together with the goodwill, the stock of goods now on the premises as is, and the fixtures! What am I bid?"

"A hundred dollars," says somebody.

"A hundred once! A hundred twice!" says the sheriff.

(Continued on Page 60)

Everybody's Talking
Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness of teeth after using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted.
Large Tube, 25¢

Common sense about dandruff

—*and its treatment*

AS you probably know, dandruff, with its telltale and humiliating white flakes, is caused by germs.

Like all germ conditions, it should have immediate attention. The penalty of neglect is an unhealthy scalp, falling hair—even baldness.

Though there are countless costly cures (so called), the foremost dermatologists say that the best means of checking dandruff is the antiseptic shampoo, or massage. The antiseptic to strike at the germ condition and remove the flakes. The massage to increase blood circulation and thus aid hair roots to regain vigor.

At the first symptom of dandruff, we urge you to use full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, which has benefited so many. Simply douse it on the head and massage the scalp backward and forward with the fingers. Repeat the treatment often, using a little castor oil if scalp is excessively dry. Results often seem miraculous.

They are not surprising, however, when you realize that Listerine, though a healing, exhilarating antiseptic, is powerful against germs—so active, in fact, that it destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds. Moreover, it is soothing in effect. Thousands declare it the ideal dandruff treatment. Prove it to your own satisfaction. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Only the highest quality tobaccos, exactly suitable for pipe smoking, are entrusted to **Old Briar** experts—men who have had years of scientific experience in the art of mellowing and blending. Only this combination could produce the unique smoking qualities of **Old Briar** tobacco.

Better tobacco dealers everywhere will be glad to supply you with the convenient **Old Briar** package . . . (*two pouches, individually sealed, but wrapped together*). Just as the real joys of better living come when you actually experience them, you can't realize what you've been missing until you actually smoke **Old Briar**.

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Print Name

Address

City ... *State*

Dealer's Name

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

(Continued from Page 58)

"Two hundred," I says.

"Two hundred—two hundred!"

"Three hundred," says this other baby, and I comes right back at him with "Four hundred"

"Four hundred," says the sheriff. "And worth twice the money. A fine going business, men. Get into this. A good buy at eight hundred dollars. Can I get four-fifty?"

"A thousand dollars!" says this other party; and I stuck right with him and says "And a hundred more." Well, he seen he was up against something, and he come out in the open. I seen that baby somewheres before, and where I seen him, I know now, was around the new building next door. I seen him one day when I was down in the boiler pit, digging it out, and he was standing up above with the architect and talking about the bottom. His name was Lucas. Lucas was his name. Well, he looks over at me when I says "And a hundred more," and he don't know me, but I can see he don't like me, and he says, "What's this? What's this party want with the lease?"

"What do you want it for, Mr. Lucas?" I says.

"Eleven hundred," says the sheriff. "And worth fifteen hundred dollars of anybody's money! Do you say twelve? Do you say eleven fifty?"

"Two thousand," says Mr. Lucas.

"And a hundred," I says.

"Three thousand."

"And a hundred." Three thousand, one hundred dollars to buy Miss Matchett's business out of trouble—can you imagine? Well, she wanted it, and she was going to get it.

"Four thousand dollars," says Mr. Lucas, getting mad. "But it would be fair to all present if this party would show the color of his money. For all we know he is bidding thirty-one hundred peanuts."

"Fretting," I says, "is what gives people sand in the crop." And I opened the bag and hauled out the block of long green that Mr. York gives me. "There's ten grand there," I says.

Say, when they seen that gob of money, the old-clothes men took off their hats. "And a hundred," I says.

Well, we stepped right along to ten thousand dollars. That's me; when I once start I never stop. The old head begins to boil. But when this baby says "Ten thousand!" it brought me to, because I was dead up against it.

"Ten thousand dollars," says the sheriff. "This wonderful business on one of the best streets in New York, selling out, lock, stock and barrel, for a measly ten thousand. Get into it, men! Cheap at eleven thousand. Can I get eleven? Can I get ten five? Ten thousand once, ten thousand twice! Going!"

"Just a minute, friend," I says, beginning to sweat. "Let me tell you how this is. This ten grand is ready to ride right now, but if you want more right now I ain't got it. But if you will give me a few days and don't ask me to put up this ten grand now, I will have twenty grand, and I will shoot the works. I will have twenty grand inside of maybe a week. So what do you say? I'm honest."

"Well, you don't have to put it all up now, mister," says the sheriff. "You can have up to thirty days. And you don't need to put up that ten grand neither, so long as we can see you're responsible. I'll take a deposit."

Well, a deposit is five dollars. I know that much.

"You'll do no such thing," says Mr. Lucas. "You'll get the money right now, or no sale."

"Now, Mr. Lucas," says the sheriff, "you mind your business and I'll mind mine. I'm here to sell this property for all I can get, and I can use discretion. Ten thousand once, ten thousand twice!"

"Twenty grand and five dollars!" I says.

"Whose bid is that?" says Mr. Lucas.

"The red-headed gentleman's with the little black bag. Are you all done? Going!"

"Twenty thousand one hundred dollars!" yells Mr. Lucas.

And I was licked. I closed up the bag, and walked into the back room to tell Miss Matchett, and the sheriff hollers "Sold! I congratulate you, Mr. Lucas, on a wonderful bargain."

Yes, it was tough. I walked in and I threw the bag under the table and I says to Miss Matchett, "Well, Miss Matchett, I done my best. I couldn't help it. The business is gone, and you'll have to get out."

"Oh, I don't know what'll become of me now," she says, crying.

"Listen," I says, putting my arm around her. "You know what's going to become of you, don't you? You're well out of this punk little business, and you're going to get married. Just as soon as Mr. Cashman comes back from Washington, and I get my ten thousand dollars' profit on the paper money he is buying ——"

"Oh, heavens, he's off again," she says. "Oh, Quentin, what's the matter with your head? I love you, Quentin, you been so good to me, and I was hoping you would get over that silly notion when you opened that silly bag. And now you're off again."

"Who's off?" I said, hauling out the bag I planked down before her one of the blocks of money with a paper band around it that said Ten Thousand Dollars as plain as print. "Give a look!"

Well, she give a look, and I'm telling you that snapped her out of it. She put out her hand for it like a dream, and she picked it up, and looked at the twenty on top and at the twenty on bottom, and she says, "Quentin."

But then she had the unlucky idea to look inside, and she spread the bills apart with her thumb, and when she seen what she seen, she broke the paper band off and spread the bills out. And I want to tell you.

There wasn't any ten thousand dollars there at all. There was a twenty on top, and a twenty on bottom, and the rest wasn't nothing but blank paper. Say, it wasn't nothing but so much newspaper. Well, when I seen that I broke open Cashman's money, and it was just the same, and all the real money was only eighty dollars. And even that wasn't velvet. It was just what Mr. York told me I would have to pay him for interest. He explained to me I would have to pay him interest, and he ought to take it out of the ten thousand before giving it to me, but seeing it was me, he would give me the whole ten thousand and stop the interest out of my wages every week.

We were looking over this thing and trying to count up to more than eighty dollars when the sheriff walks in. "You were bidding for the lady, were you, mister?" he says, seeing me and Miss Matchett together "Well, you certainly done her a good turn."

"Tried to," I says. "Seems now I couldn't do nothing for her anyway, as I didn't have the money. This is the stuff I thought was money."

He looked at it, and he puts his hand on my shoulder and says in a trembling voice, "Mister, please tell me that this is the roll you flashed outside!"

"It's it," I says.

Well, he sat down and laughed. Say, that laugh done him good. He says, "Oh, my!" He says, "Do you know who was bidding against you, mister?"

I says, "His name is Lucas, and I seen him once in the new building next door, but what I would like to know is why he wants to pay over twenty grand for a punk little lollipop business?"

That set him off again, and then he says, "I just had a talk with him, and he says he knows you from somewhere, and that you are a speculator who was trying to grab this lease for a holdup. He was bidding the lease in for Mr. York, and what I am laughing at is, this York is Parmalee York, the old green-goods man. Oh, my!"

"He was bidding for Mr. York?" says Miss Matchett.

"Yes, lady. York owns this building; I guess you know that. Well, he has got an offer to sell this old building at a big price, so as to tear it down and put up a big loft for the cloak-and-suit people around here. Well, he could have come to you like a white man and made an offer to buy back

your lease, and I guess you would have sold it to him for a thousand-dollar bill or even less, but that's not how York does business. He had to put something over on you so he got a judgment against you, and was going to sell you out and throw you in the street. And he would have done it, too, if you didn't step in, mister, and run the price up to over twenty thousand dollars. And all you had was eighty dollars, hey? Oh, my, I don't know if I can keep this story to myself long enough to let the lady get her money."

"What I can't figure," I says, "is how Mr. Cashman got that money away from me. I was watching him like a hawk."

"Yes, but were you watching Mr. York like a hawk?" says Miss Matchett. "I don't believe he ever give you the money, Quentin. He is a mean man."

"Oh, he give me the money all right," I says. "He give it to me right in my hand. Wasn't I counting it?"

"Did you leave it down anywheres?" he says.

"Listen," I says. "Mr. York is a right guy, see?" And I says to the sheriff, "But what was that remark you passed about the lady's money? What money?"

"Why," he says, "this lady gets the balance of what is left after York's judgment and expense is paid. It will be over nineteen thousand dollars."

"I get nineteen thousand dollars?" says Miss Matchett. "For what? Who's going to pay me nineteen thousand dollars?"

"Mr. York," says the sheriff. "For the lease, stock and goodwill. I got two thousand on deposit. When he pays in full, I'll get you an order to draw the surplus. An old green-goods man!"

"Well, all I can say," says Miss Matchett, beginning to cry again, "is he is a lovely, lovely man!"

Well, that was all right, and me and Miss Matchett had a great talk that evening, and she told me she would not marry me unless I would quit the banking business and go back in the building.

Can you tie that? Just when I was getting along great. But that's what she wanted, and I had to promise to go around and see Malarkey in the morning and take that job as foreman.

So I was at York's at nine next morning to get my time, and I shook hands with the boys and said so long, and went around and saw Malarkey, and was he just tickled silly to see me? Say, he wasn't kidding me. I wanted to see Mr. York and fix up to pay him back that ten thousand dollars, a dollar a week, but he wasn't back in town yet when I was there.

I went back around noontime, and they got the old sign in the window for a strong young man, but they have not got my place filled yet, and I guess it would take some filling. So I walk in back without anybody collaring me, and I push in Mr. York's door, and the first thing my blessed eyes light on is this party Cashman sitting acrost from Mr. York and Pincus, and the three of them cracking together like three old college chums.

"I want you, Cashman!" I says.

Well, he went out a back window, and I went through the window, and I necked him as he was shinning over a board fence I put a pair of cuffs on him, one on each ear, and I bring him back where he started from. And Mr. York says to me, "Hold on there, Mahoney. What the deuce do you mean busting in here?"

"Why, Mr. York," I says, "here is the bird got your ten thousand dollars!"

"Well, if it's my ten thousand dollars, what do you care, Mahoney?" he says.

"Well, I got to pay it back, don't I?" I says. And he says, "Am I asking you for it?"

Well, I sat down to figure that one out, and just then the telephone girl sings over the partition, "Mr. Lucas on the wire, Mr. York! He wants to speak to you very important. He's been calling up since yesterday afternoon."

"Tell him I'll call him back," says Mr. York. And he says to me, "Not that I know what you're talking about, Mahoney. I'll leave it to Cashman, if I do. Do I, Cash?"

"Ask me that again," says Cashman. "A little later."

"But what I mean, Mahoney," says Mr. York, "is I think you're honest and would pay the money back if you had it, so I will just write it down for a bad debt. Put it down for a bad debt, Pincus."

"Oh, no, it ain't no bad debt, Mr. York," I says. "Any debt I owe is a good strong substantial debt."

"Warranted to last, hey?" he says. "Forget about it, Mahoney."

"Do I owe you the money?" I says. "Then you are going to get it. I am going to have this bird pinched and sweated, and I want you and Pincus for a witness."

"For a witness to what?" he says.

"For a witness," I says.

"But supposing you don't owe me the money?" he says.

"Well," I says, "then it is your funeral, Mr. York. If you will give me back that paper I signed, and write on it that I don't owe you no money, you can have this baby."

So he studied that out, and he says, "Well, it's a go, Mahoney. Pincus, scratch out that stuff about a bad debt, and think up another. How much can a man give to a church without wanting his name known? Look that up, Pincus." And he got up and he got me this note I signed and he wrote on it "Paid."

"Well, Mahoney," he says, shaking hands and slapping me on the back, "let this matter rest, see? I hear you're leaving us. Wait around and I'll write you out a reference."

"It wouldn't do me no good, Mr. York," I says, "because I am leaving the banking business."

"On the contrary," says Pincus, looking sideways at Mr. York, "that is why it might do you some good."

"Wise cracks, Pincus," says Mr. York, "butter nobody's parsnips. Well, so long, Mahoney!"

As I went out the door I heard him saying, "Hello—hello, Lucas. . . . You did, did you? . . . For how much?" But I seen where Mr. Lucas could explain better than I could about buying the store, so I kept going for my lunch date with Miss Matchett.

Heather Meadows in Mount Baker National Forest, Washington

Women who can laugh at the passing years

THE woman who possesses health's sparkling eyes, pure complexion, and dazzling smile need never consider the passing of the years. For her, life will always be filled with zest.

Many realize now that to preserve youthfulness it is health that must be guarded. And so they pay meticulous attention to diet . . . exercise . . . and particularly *mouth hygiene*. For your well-being has no more treacherous enemies than decaying teeth and irritated gums.

One of the principal causes of tooth decay is the fact that no tooth-brush can reach into all the pits on the grinding surface of your teeth, or into the tiny V-shaped crevices between your teeth at The Danger Line where teeth and gums meet. As a result food particles collect there. They ferment. Acids are formed. Unless these acids are neutralized, they cause decay or dangerous gum infections.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. So, Squibb's neutralizes the dangerous acids in your mouth. And enough remains to protect your teeth and gums for a considerable time.

Squibb's Dental Cream is effective—it makes teeth lustrous—it is pleasant, and contains no grit or harsh astringents to harm the delicate mouth tissues. It is safe to use on the gums and in the tender mouths of children. Use it regularly. Visit your dentist twice a year. You will then be doing everything possible to safeguard your health and beauty against tooth decay and gum infection. Only 10¢ a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858.*

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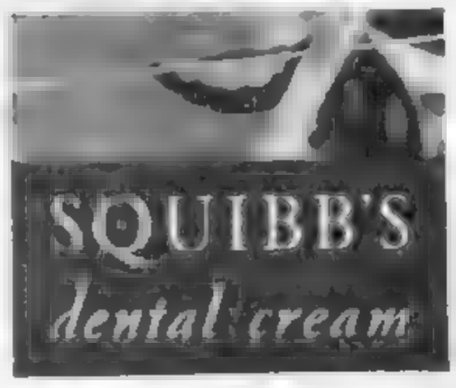

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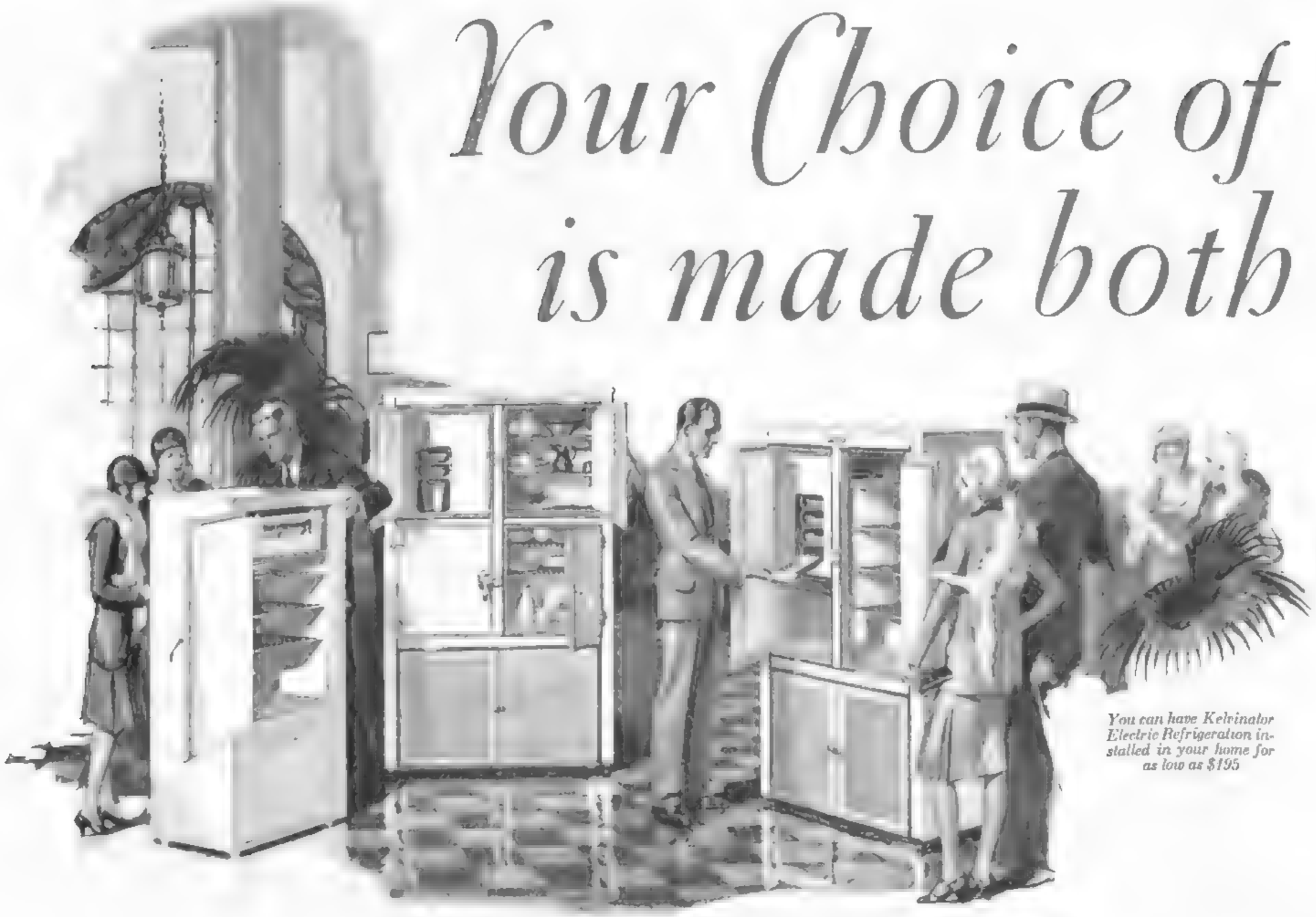

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Kelvinator, the pioneer of successful electric refrigeration, welcomes the obligation which that pioneering implies. The fact is that Kelvinator inventions, improvements, basic patents, and experience influence the whole trend of this great industry.

Upon the foundation of this leadership, Kelvinator has built. Nothing is left to chance in assuring proven reliability to every individual Kelvinator. For every one is a precision product, rigorously tested both for silence and for refrigerating efficiency in actual operation, before it can leave the factory.

It may seem a great deal to say, but we believe that you cannot elsewhere equal Kelvinator's faithful performance. Yet Kelvinator's longer experience, its greater knowledge, superior manufacturing methods and materials—all dedicated to greater service—make good the promise.

High Quality, Low Cost, point straight to KELVINATOR

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OUT of an experience of 15 years in the exclusive manufacture of automatic electric refrigeration, Kelvinator now presents two new self-contained models of Kelvinator Office Water Coolers for use in offices, banks, clubs, schools and other institutions.

Built for use with bottled spring water, or connected direct to the city water system, Kelvinator Water Coolers provide a constant, economical supply of cool drinking water—always at healthful temperature—neither too low nor too high.

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Operation is entirely automatic and amazingly silent. The Kelvinator condensing unit located in the base is quiet, efficient and most economical in operation. Kelvinator Water Coolers are specially designed to carry the peak loads of summer, when heavy demands are made on the cold water supply. Cooling coils are submerged in a water bath which acts as a constant reservoir of cold, and results in less frequent operation of the motor.

You can install a Kelvinator Water Cooler in any convenient spot, simply by connecting it to the nearest electric outlet. See the New Kelvinator Water Coolers before deciding on your new office equipment. Prices on both the bottle and the bubbler types are extremely moderate and purchases may be made on Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan. Now on display at all Kelvinator dealers' showrooms.

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Kelvinator Water Coolers are regularly finished in attractive sage green crystal lacquer, which will not stain or show finger marks. Arrangements can be made for special finishes to harmonize with individual office requirements.

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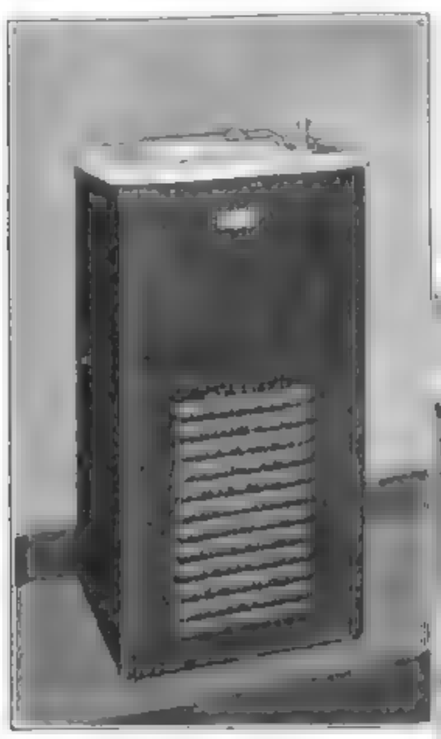

Bubbler-type Kelvinator Cooler for connecting to city water lines

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ORIGINALLY made as a building material in flat and corrugated sheets, Transite, because of its durability, strength and general adaptability, is used to advantage for many purposes. Between circuit breakers or switch panels Transite makes efficient arc barriers. As an outer wall over insulation, Transite has been widely adopted in furnace construction and wherever it is important to have a material fireproof, everlasting, comparatively light in weight, yet structurally strong.

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SNOOPING THE SWAMPS

By William Reade Hersey

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

SWAMPS have everything that other places have not. Even in their music they are unique. Where else can one hear the alligator and the thunder pump? For instance, those who have not heard the music of the alligator, no matter how many grand operas they have heard, have missed the only and original dragon music. Once a distinguished music critic said to me that the most glorious bass he ever heard was the bourdon of Niagara Falls, and after that, some terrifically low note that reverberated from the throat of Pol Plançon as Mefistofele; and I spent an eager ten minutes persuading him that he had missed the most appallingly subterranean ululation in the world, since he had never heard the cough, the bark, or the throaty bellowing—call it what you will—of the alligator.

Ninety per cent, indeed, of all the people within hearing of this saurian have never heard it. The idea that one may sit on a Colonial porch surrounded by cotton fields and watch the moonlight play upon glistening magnolia trees and marvel at the sweet silence of the scene until a far-off boom-bang-haw makes the air pulsate as though a mine had exploded over in the other county, is all wrong. Tremendous as is the roar and the impact of it, your alligator's lowest note is uttered against no sounding board; it is stifled by the very density of his surroundings.

You have to go behind the scenes, to enter his domain, to enjoy the bull alligator's love song to its full. And that requires a willingness to step back into the other ages, to thread the low-ground paths at night, when insect and reptile are abroad about their business exactly as they were a million years before Noah. Voices and feathery touches upon your face, strange, hurried sounds of creatures plumping into the water at your approach, give audible, tangible invitation for you to keep out, as though the swamp bodily addressed you:

"This is not your place. It is ours. You are a new creature, a mere outgrowth. The slime and the saurian were here before your oldest mountains were born. How dare you intrude on the swamp?"

The menace is most potent, of course, at night and in summer. Heeding it, one is likely to stay out forever, unless he is initiated early and by accident. Such was the occasion of three boys going fishing and swimming, pioneering into the depths of Cashman's Swamp—that big backwater; an endless maze of canals, watery hallways and passages—where the Peedee, almost within reach of the mist and surf of the Carolina coast, decides, like most subtropic streams, to stray all over the map before merging into infinity. Like man, many rivers spread themselves all they can before passing out!

Three Boys in a Boat

I RECALL that afternoon as peculiar for this: We three boon companions, ostensibly setting out to get white perch and "punkin seeds" from the mill tail at Huckleberry—a famous fishing and swimming hole, with banks of long-leaf pine needles to sit on—were not one of us honest with the others. We would just say, "Oh, come on; we can do better farther on," or "What's the use of hangin' around here? Ole Puss Dempsey an' all the rest of the fishin' darkies have got all the fish out this hole; come on." And then, with tin cans of worms and our canebrake fishing poles, we would push on, jumping from tussock to tussock, edging around brown water between the cypress knees. The swamp lure was upon us, but we didn't know what ailed us. The boat—an old bateau nosing its lonely vacancy on the red clay bank of a tortuous inlet; a place of vast oaks and heavy, pendent moss—was our undoing. We voyaged.

Then came twilight and a million million voices of frogs, and still another unadmitted feeling—fear. A flight over one hummock to another, towards a wisp of blue smoke from a cabin chimney; a calling to someone in a so-called dooryard, and a fleeing to escape the onslaught of dogs. He gave us a lantern and pointed out the road—nine miles to go. He was tall as his cabin, so it seemed, and his teeth were all gone, his hair, too, but he had the kindest grin in the world and his eyes were shot with sympathy and moonshine. He was consarned for us; he would have taken us home, but his mule died three years ago an' he only kep' chickens an' dogs.

Slapping mosquitoes, whistling, pretending to jolly each other, until just where the lane of night was deepest and there were the most transcendent fireflies, we came to a ford—an expanse of brown water—lying idle and expectant, it seemed, to block our progress. It was all clear white sand on the bottom and scarcely a foot deep, but it might conceal anything. We stood there parleying; we whispered. Why, I cannot say. Let the reader, if he is a psychologist, answer. Three upstanding boys, in our first 'teens as we were, we stood there, and with nobody to overhear us, we whispered: "There's leeches and moccasins. We'd better go 'round." "Aw, come on." We didn't dare verge one foot from that road.

We went on, and just gaining the other side, coolly drenched to our knees, we suddenly huddled together as though we had been hurled, and somebody dropped the lantern. For a cough, a throat clearing, a vast expiration of a gale through a trombone, blasted our ears—the night had breathed one enormous sigh—and, as I am inclined to state in retrospect, its effect was paralysis. Theo broke in at last on our terror.

"I know where we are now. We're ever so close to home—that's the 'gator hole below granddad's bottomlands, just below that bank. That's that ole bull 'gator they're always talkin' about." He was on familiar ground and put the steel into our hearts again. But I didn't want to go home! I wanted to hear that terrific sound again. Presently I did. Some little way further on, the big bull roared again. This time it reverberated like a big drum. Again and again, as we hurried under the cottonwoods and past the higher ground, his voice came to us. It was then that I was first puzzled by one of the greatest puzzles in nature—the ventriloquial trickery of that terrific music, for trick music it is.

If what the scientists tell us is true about the great age attained by these cold-blooded creatures, that famous old 'gator had been roaring his basso profundo when the French and Spanish were contesting for the ownership of his bailiwick, and the guns of two more wars had given the only retort comparable to his own vociferation. More than once the wide swath in the sand of the road marked by his body where he crossed the ribbon of dry land from one apartment in his bog to another was plainly visible. It was as wide as his belly, with an inner line cut by the drag of his tail, and every flopping, digging step of his feet gullied out an extra fringe of pattern.

The First Hundred Years

SOME authorities assert that the biggest alligators in the country are in the Carolina and Georgia coastal swamps, and if this is so, it may be explained by the fact that in those regions they do take a pretty long winter's nap and are in hiding during the only months that hunters penetrate their jungles. Maybe the extra sleep during their youth—say for the first hundred years, before they really come to voting age—promotes their growth. But on that point of size, who has not been disappointed on checking up the tales that people tell? There was a water gate in the dikes to a certain rice field of the James plantation—a contraption that cut through the dike and let a lot of water, or

(Continued on Page 170)

The Water Turkeys, Whose Ophidian Neck and Peculiar Flight Suggest the Saw-Tooth Midnight Birds of a Reptilian Age, are But a Few Hours Removed From Archaic Cousins of Theirs Over Whose Phosphate Bones They Dwell

ESSEX CHALLENGER

THE —'76 Advancements—

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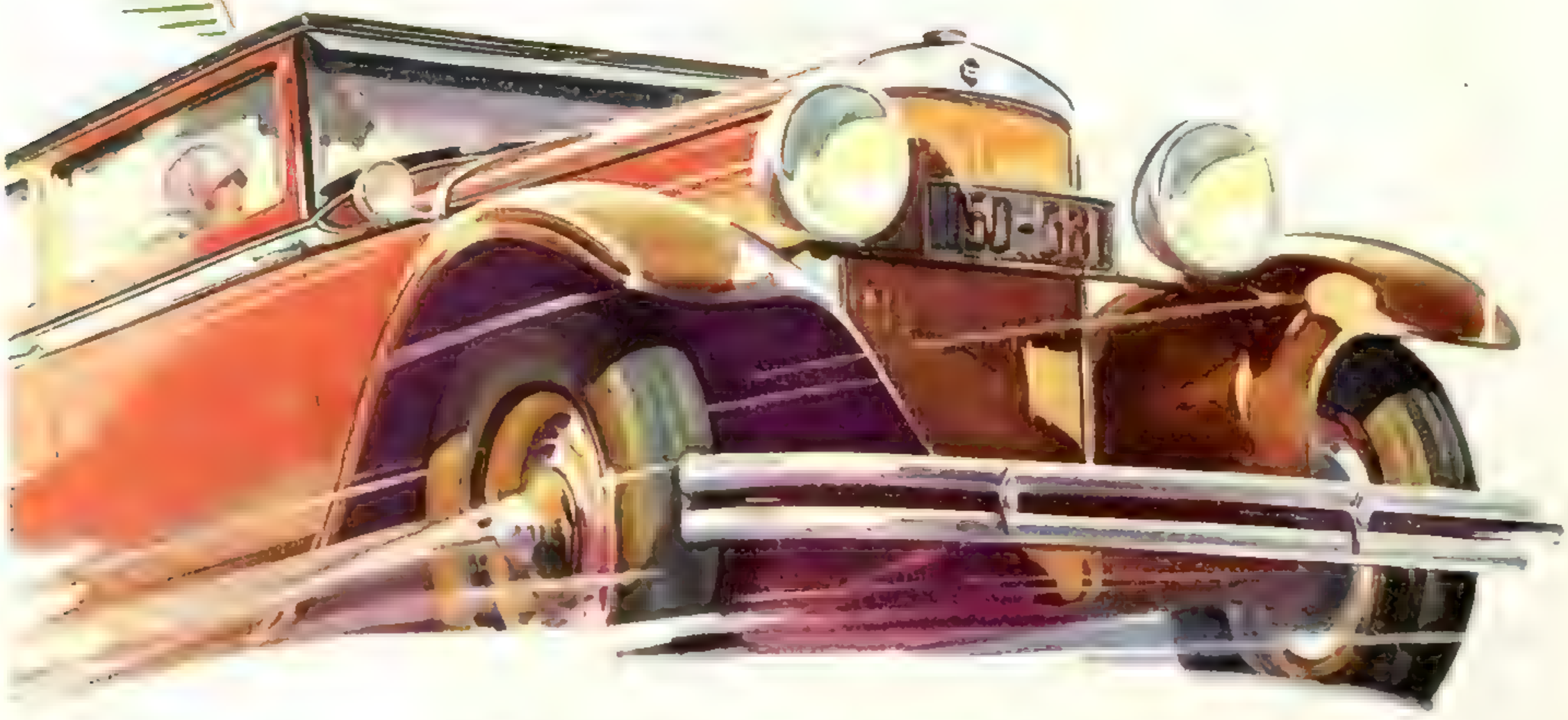

Only a very few dollars a month **is the difference in price between this big, fine Essex, and the smallest and lightest of cars.**

For instance, your down payment may be as low as $245, and nowhere within the United States is higher than $295, according to locality. The H. M. C. Purchase Plan offers the *lowest terms available* on the balance.

AND ANOTHER REDSKIN—

Continued from Page 17)

"Take it, Leahey," said the general. "It's just Colonel Jenks having heebie-jeebies again. . . . McCloud, send out and get me a cup of coffee."

"It's Colonel Jenks, sir," said Leahey. "He wants some artillery"

"Well," said the general, "let him have it. Where's that artillery liaison lieutenant?"

"He's dead," said Leahey.

"Is he?" said the general. "I knew that young man wouldn't know enough to come in when it rained. What gets into these artillery lieutenants, I don't know. Well, press the button, major, and call up the artillery. That's all you've got to do nowadays, isn't it? Just press the button and tell them what you want. This is a great war, isn't it, where you just press buttons and tell them what you want? Now when I was out in '78 and the Arapahoes were up, we didn't have any buttons to press. No, sir. You had to ride a hundred miles for water and whistle for artillery when the Arapahoes were up."

"Oh, Lord!" whispered McCloud, "he's going to begin again." And sure enough the general did. Somehow the general never knew he was a bore.

"No," said the general, "you young men will never know what fighting was. Why, back at Fort Ezra Hubbard in '78 they didn't have a cup of coffee for a week and not any perfume, gentlemen—not a puff of perfume."

Major Leahey set down the telephone. Though he had been busy with his message, he seemed to have heard the whole thing.

"It must have been tough, sir," he said.

"Leahey," whispered Captain Crook, "for heaven's sake, keep quiet."

"Yes," said the general, "and I recall when their old chief, Jumping Deer, caught some of our boys in ambush. He was a soldier, Jumping Deer was."

"Did you ever see him?" said Leahey.

"For heaven's sake, shut up," whispered Captain Crook.

"Well, now," said the general, "I didn't exactly see him."

"No," said Leahey, "I didn't think you did."

"Perfume!" said the general. "Perfume! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

It was hard to think what might have happened then if there had not been an interruption. Just as the general leaned back in his chair, broad and good-natured, exactly like an old gentleman in his club, there was a stumbling noise on the dugout steps and those blankets which shut us out from the gas shells and were like curtains barring all the reality of the outer world were thrown aside. The general looked up. You could see he was disturbed by what he saw, and half annoyed.

"Well, Percy!" said the general. "So you're back, are you? What have you been doing? Rolling in the mud?"

It was Patrick Percy, the general's other aide—one of those Southerners who, you remember, left their broad drawl over that whole war, so that, as one looks back upon the A. E. F., there always seems to be a gentle, negroid dialect about it.

Patrick Percy, from South Carolina, was rather white, and obviously he had been rolling in the mud. There was a tear in the knee of his breeches, his helmet was gone, his black hair was straight on his forehead and dripping from the rain.

"Yes, sir," said Percy softly. "I'm here, sir."

"All right, all right," said the general. "Don't take on about it. Why did it take you until four in the morning to come back?"

"It's hard to find the road, sir," said Percy. "It's hard, sir, to see, over yonder. They're shelling everything, sir, and no one knows the way."

"They don't know the way, don't they?" said the general. "Well, why don't they know the way? Don't you know the way? Isn't that what you're here for? I sent you out to the Battalion P. C. Well, don't argue about it. Don't you remember the Message to Garcia?"

Major Leahey snapped down the paper he was holding and once again we all looked at one another. Whatever the message was that Garcia carried, it seemed to have made a distinct impression on all officers of the riper vintage. One remembers that we were constantly reminded of the message which was carried to Garcia, "Without any question and without any funny business." One even wondered whether it would have been quite the same if Garcia had been in the middle of the Argonne Forest.

"Yes, sir," said Percy. "I remember the Message to Garcia."

"Well, then, don't argue," said the general. "Did you get up to the Battalion P. C.'s and locate the front line?"

"Yes, sir," said Percy. "I think I did."

"Think!" The general rose slowly from his chair. That was the word that used to get them. "Think!" roared the general. "How many times have I told you not to think? What confounded right have you got to think? Don't you know? Oh, well!" He sank back on his chair again, so heavily that it creaked beneath him. "That's what it's come to now. Everybody's thinking. By thunder, if you were back in the cavalry in '78, you wouldn't have thought. You'd have known. Don't you know where the front line is?"

"No, sir," said Percy. "No, sir, because nobody knows just where the front line is."

"What's that?" said the general. "Nobody knows where the front line is? Why didn't you tell me this, Leahey? Nobody knows?"

"No, sir," said Percy. "The men are just lying around in the woods out over yonder. It's too dark to see. Nobody knows anything."

"They don't, don't they?" said the general. "Nobody knows anything, don't they? Leahey, I thought you knew where that front line was."

The problem of where the front line was had interested us many times before, but on this occasion somehow it was different. Major Leahey half turned on the box on which he was sitting and looked at the general.

"Tom," whispered Captain Crook, "for heaven's sake, shut up." But Leahey didn't shut up. His lips drew back not exactly in a smile and the thing he said was terrible under the circumstances, for his words were closer to insubordination than any we had ever heard at a brigade headquarters.

"I suppose," said Major Leahey with courteous distinctness, "that they knew where the front line was, general, when the Arapahoes were up, back in '78?"

There was a silence, except for that ceaseless noise outside; you could not have heard a pin drop exactly, because there was too much noise, but there was a sound of the swift intake of breaths and everyone was looking at the general. He must have known that everyone was looking at him; he must have known that something was wrong. He glanced at Major Leahey half over his shoulder and his lips set on a hard even line.

"May I inquire," said the general, "just what is the reason for this remark?"

"No reason," said Major Leahey, "except that you better run this brigade yourself, if you want to, general."

It was really rather terrible, because Major Leahey would not have said it if he had not been tired. But it was closer to insubordination than anything that you could hope to see, and it was too late to stop it. It was just one of those things that happened now and then. Yet General Swasey did not grow angry; that was something that you can remember to his credit, and it seemed surprising then, just as it has always seemed.

"Have you been talking over the division telephone?" asked General Swasey, all at once, and everyone knew that he had guessed what had happened.

"Yes," said Major Leahey, and he didn't look away, and at just that moment you felt almost sorry for the general, because he must have known how it was, though he never said a word. He never said a word, but he must have known all in that minute that all of us knew that he had never been out with the Arapahoes in '78 or anywhere at all. He must have known that all of us knew that all his talk of Fort Ezra Hubbard and the cavalry was a stormy nothing, as blustering as the wind on a damp March night. Nevertheless, you had to hand it to the general, because, although he knew we knew, he kept his face straight and he did not turn a hair. Perhaps he understood what Lieutenant Berthelot had said that very night—that a small general is like a figurehead or like a king at chess, a fashion of speech and nothing more.

"So you think I don't run this brigade?" said General Swasey, and he did not even raise his voice. "Well, what do you suggest, Leahey, since you know so much about it?"

"I suggest," said Major Leahey, and Leahey also did not bat an eye, "that you go out and find the front line yourself. Suppose you go and see what the war's like, instead of sitting in a dugout and bawling out lieutenants? That's what I suggest. And now put me under arrest if you want to, but I suggest it just the same!" And exactly like a spoiled child in school, Leahey threw his maps down on the floor.

"Leahey," said Captain Crook, "for goodness' sakes, keep quiet. . . . You understand he's tired, sir. He hasn't had any sleep."

"Crook," said General Swasey, "suppose you be quiet yourself!" And once again the general got out of his chair. "Well, well, major!" he said, and even then he did not seem angry. "You suggest I find the front line, do you? All right, major, come on! Put on your hat, and you, Crook, take charge of headquarters while we're gone."

"There won't be anything to take charge of," said Major Leahey, and he put on his hat, as the general had told him. "The colonels are all running their own show."

"That's enough, Leahey!" said the general. "McCloud, bring me my pistol. Major, take your map." And General Swasey walked out of the Crown Prince's dugout at half-past four in the morning.

He may have been in the Q. M. Corps once, but he walked out of the dugout as though he was on his way to breakfast.

Those battle maps, made to the scale of one in twenty thousand meters, beautifully, meticulously drawn by the army staff of France and corrected by observation from the air—you can close your eyes and see them still; thousands of little lines and exquisite gyrations showing each slope of land, little black spots delineating every house, exact in size and shape, double straight lines for the roads, improved and unimproved, exact in every turn and twist, clumps of trees for the forests, with the wood paths in between, red zigzag dashes for the trenches and the battery emplacements, blue for ours and red for theirs, and little X's for barbed wire. To the initiated everything was there—the whole of a pleasant Gallic countryside. You might be wrong, but those maps never were. The very curvature of the earth was on them, and the true north and the false north of the compass. Yet it was very odd: the land itself was never like the map at all, and what good was a map in those lean, gray hours when human resistance was at its lowest ebb? What good was a map when that land was a weary, sodden nightmare beyond the laws of mathematics and the slide rule's comforting precision?

Those battle maps were things of order, which never showed the inexplicable waste and desolation of a field of war. There were no crumbling churches on those maps, nor stone walls ground deep into the soil, nor hillsides pitted with craters, nor trees gashed white by wounds, stretching dead branches like gibbets over putrid, reeking wastes.

There were no dead men or horses on those maps, nor trampled fields strewn with the litter which could be picked up as souvenirs when the march went on helmets ground into the mud, mess tins, rusting rifles, torn blouses, blankets, haversacks. The disorder of it was what was always the worst—the disorder of little things; for somehow they showed plainer than the rest the shadow which had been over it the day or two before.

"Hey, Buddy!" came a voice from the dark, and even then you nearly had to laugh to hear anyone call the general "Buddy." The world was full of shapes and shadows, like wandering souls in purgatory. "Hey, Buddy, where's Umpty-9th?"

You might as well have asked the general what the Einstein theory was, if there had been an Einstein theory then. The Umpty-9th had gone forward somewhere in the dark and it was shivering somewhere in the dawn, but no map could tell you where it shivered. The road had gone into one of those patches of woods and now it was choked, for some inexplicable reason, by fallen trees and overturned caissons and a heap of barbed wire. The general stumbled on the wire and swore.

"Damnation!" said the general. "What are they blocking up the road for?"

And nobody could tell him that. It was one of those situations which one remembers somehow more clearly than any others, when no one knew exactly why anyone was doing anything. A curious sense of futility and disorder hovered grimly in the air; the place was like some Alice in Wonderland not meant for childish reading. Everywhere, through the faint dusk of dawn and through the heavy mist that hung through the trees—so damp and cold that it made you shiver—were inexplicable noises, rustlings and whispers.

"Damnation!" said the general. "Where the devil are we?"

No one knew exactly, because no one knew anything. Someone was lying in a clump of bushes. The general prodded him with his foot.

"Wake up, there!" said the general.

"He won't wake up," said Major Leahey, "because he's dead, sir."

"Oh, he's dead, is he?" said the general. "Well, can't you find anybody alive to tell us where we are?"

"You've got to wait, sir," said the major. "We'll be walking into No Man's Land in a minute."

"I'll be hanged if I'll wait," said the general. "It's all down on the map."

There was a rustling of paper. The general lighted a match, whose flame threw a halo of light on his face, red and scowling and very damp. You might have laughed at him another time because you could not imagine the general looking so confused.

"Hey!" came a voice, so loud that even the general started. "Put out that light, you blank-blank fool!"

"That's enough from you." It made the general angry. "Do you know who you're speaking to?"

"Put out that light. Do you want us all to get shot up?"

The general put out the light. "That's enough from you," said the general. "Keep a civil tongue in your face. Do you know who I am? I'm General Swasey of the Umpty-8th Brigade."

From the shadows all about him there came a faint sound of laughter.

"Laugh, will you?" said the general. "Well, what's the joke?"

(Continued on Page 73)

THE NATION NAMES THE LEADER IN TALKING PICTURES

APPLAUSE!

Never before have such plaudits been showered on motion pictures! ¶ "Paramount takes an easy lead in talking pictures," said the New York Morning "World" on the presentation of "Interference," Paramount's first all-talking picture. The Duluth "Herald" says: "There is something about the Paramount all-talking quality pictures that registers as an artistic and box office attraction," and the "Sun," Baltimore, echoes with "It seems that of all the firms offering talking picture entertainment Paramount is accomplishing the trick best." About "The Letter," Robert E. Sherwood, one of America's foremost critics, said: "It is more than a milestone in motion picture history. It is the herald of a new order." . . . . And this is only a smattering of the applause for Paramount Pictures which you can hear from coast to coast. Paramount encores now with even greater productions—make it a point to see them all—to see any pictures labeled *Paramount*, whether with sound or silent.

Don't miss these great Paramount Pictures!

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New facts and figures save $31,000 the first month

THE minute the salesman opened the door, he knew that he was in for more than the usual "ragging." The Vice-president of this western Pennsylvania oil refinery always had a "peeve" on office appliance salesmen . . . good natured, to be sure, but still "nippy."

But this morning, it was *all* "nip." "Why, good morning!" exclaimed the executive with a mocking smile. "Pull up a chair, won't you? I'm delighted that you came in.

"You see, I've just gotten to the bottom of why we lost our oldest customer yesterday. One of our girls lost a letter of his in the files a couple of months ago. And I wanted to have a nice little chat with you about records and mistakes and [illegible]."

The salesman took his "panking" with a smile, and when the Vice-president stopped for breath, said: "I'd like to have a couple of days to look over your office systems.

THE following morning, the salesman pitched in . . . a Remington Rand analyst at his side.

Almost at once, they discovered that each of the Company's [illegible] branches had its own whimsical ideas of records. And that the Company, as a result, had, not one, but 79 systems of records.

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THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

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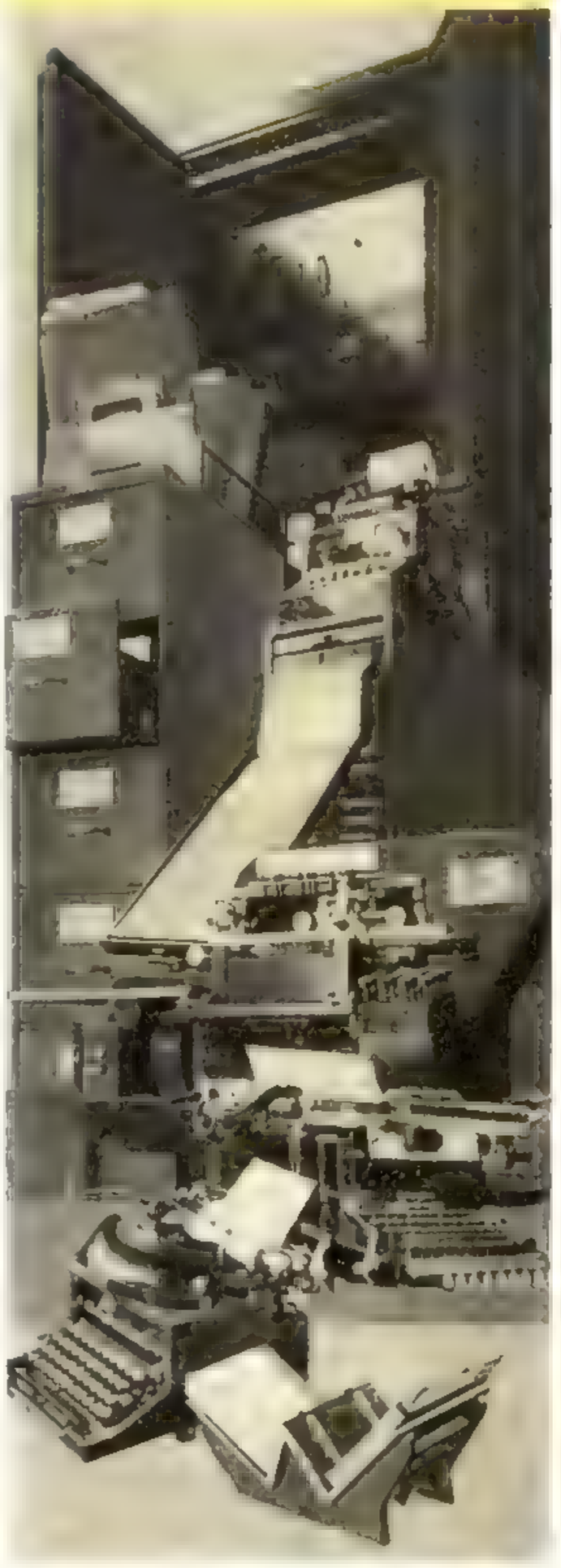

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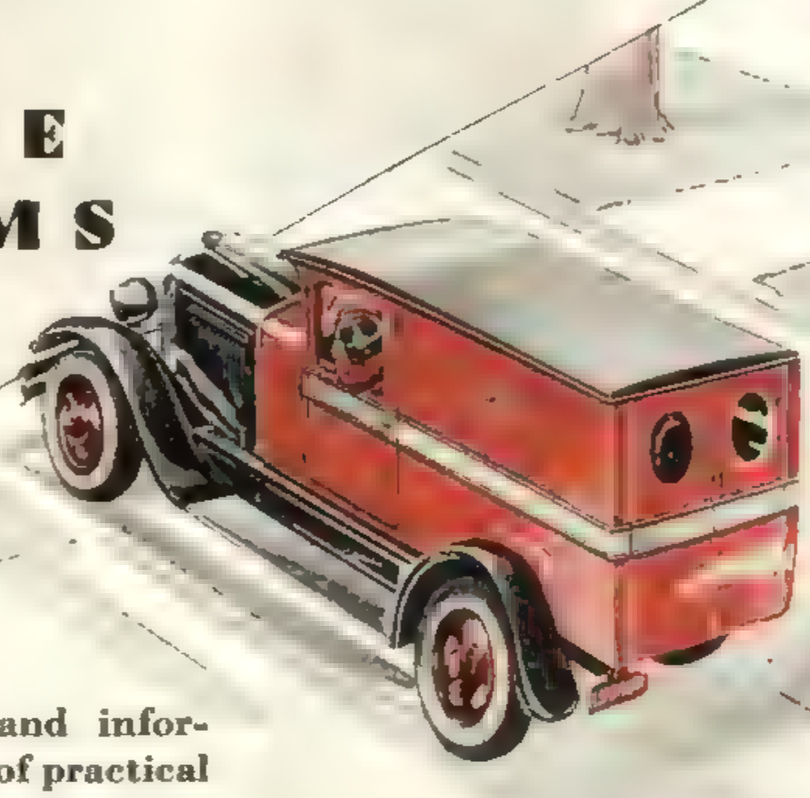

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ALWAYS INVESTIGATE WHAT GENERAL MOTORS HAS BEFORE YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 68

Everyone else knew what the joke was. It was absurd to have a general as near the Front as that

"What's all this noise?" Someone else was speaking. A figure in a slicker stepped across the road. "Who are you men?"

And then we knew who it was. It was Major Hall from the 3rd Battalion. It was already growing light enough to perceive the major's expression when he saw the general.

"Great heavens, sir!" said the major. "What are you doing up here?"

The general turned toward him ponderously. "Making an inspection of the front line," he said. "I'm trying to find where I am on this confounded map."

"If you can find it," said Major Hall, "you'll do better than me, sir. I've been trying to find it all night."

The general made a snorting sound. "Well," he said, "where's the front line from here?"

The major pointed forward vaguely into the misty trees.

"All I know," said Major Hall, "if you get beyond those trees they plug you. They're two platoons up there. I guess that's the front line."

Major Hall looked back again at the general, for you could see that the major could not get over it. The sight of the general in the dawn with Leahey and one or two doubtful lieutenants behind him was against all regulation and convention. The general must have known what the major was thinking; he must have seen Major Hall's blank surprise, because of course it was no place for a general.

"Awfully good of you to come up, sir," said Major Hall, and coughed. "I'll give you a runner, if you're ready to go back. He'll know the safest route."

"Thanks!" The general's voice was just the same, as though he didn't know what we had all been thinking. "This looks pretty soft and comfortable. I'm not going back just yet."

"But you're not going to stay up here?" said Hall. "There may be trouble any time now, sir."

The general glanced up and down the road and forward to the trees, and then he looked at Leahey and back to Major Hall. "You can't bluff me," said General Swasey.

"Good Lord, sir," said Major Hall, "I'm not trying to bluff you. I tell you there may be trouble any minute."

"Young man," said General Swasey, "that's what I've come here for. I never hear anything but talk of trouble and now I want to see some. They tell me I don't know anything about this war, and now I've thought it over, maybe they're right."

"Look here," said Leahey suddenly. The fresh air and the walk had done him good. "I had no right to say anything I said, sir. You better go back. We won't be any use up here."

"No," said the general, "you were quite right, Leahey. We'll see what the war's like, now we've got here. Let's get to the edge of those trees."

Off the road the going was rougher; the bushes slapped the general in the face and once again he began to swear in a petulant, low voice. He must have heard the whisperings among the trees:

"It's the general. Can you beat it? It's the general."

"If I might suggest," said Major Hall, whose voice had dropped to a whisper, "I'd take your stars off, general. We don't show insignia on the front line, you know."

"Rubbish!" said the general. "Curse these trees!"

There were clusters of men lying in the bushes in slickers with rifles in their hands. Now and then the general stumbled over a leg because the going was very rough.

"Now, sir," whispered Major Hall, "I'd get down on your hands and knees and crawl."

It was odd to see the general on his hands and knees. His face was very red; his tin hat kept falling over his eyes and he kept pushing it back. In front of the trees, there lay a little stretch of meadow with other trees ahead. The mist was curling off it and everything was still.

"Confound it," whispered the general, "I've lost my pocket handkerchief."

"I wouldn't talk too much, sir," someone whispered.

All along the edge of the trees men had dug shallow holes like graves and were lying in them as motionless as corpses.

"Well," whispered the general, "I don't see anybody"

"No, sir," whispered someone. "You hardly ever do, but they're over there all right."

"Well, well," said the general, "so this is the war, is it? Pretty soft I call it—pretty blank-blank soft."

Then in the next minute the air was full of sound not to be described, for no sound in peace was ever like it. It seemed as though a million unseen sledges had struck the place until coherence vanished. The whole world was rocking with crashing, tearing things, and the air was full of sweet thick smoke that made you cough.

"I guessed it!" shouted Major Hall. "They're shooting up the whole place! They'll be over in a minute!"

The general was lying face downward; everyone was lying face downward, clutching at the ground, and there was no use describing what happened. It was too fantastic, too bizarre ever to describe. Impossible things were happening; all sight and sound seemed impossible, as it always seemed in a sharp bombardment.

"Watch 'em!" someone shouted. "Here they come!"

Out of the woods across that field there was a line of men, strange-looking, shoddy figures. They appeared so suddenly that they seemed no more real than all the sound which had come before. The general struggled to his knees and ripped at his pistol holster.

"Give it to 'em, boys!" he shouted. And the machine guns began to go, and the rifles. The shell fire had not broken things enough, but just what happened in the next minute was one of the things you could not describe.

It could not have been more than a minute before everything seemed almost the way it had been. There were no men in the field; the woods beyond were quiet. Major Hall was lighting a cigarette and the general was putting his pistol back in his holster.

"I guess that's all for a while," said Major Hall. "It'll take more than that to get us out."

"All over, is it?" shouted the general.

"Yes, sir," said the major.

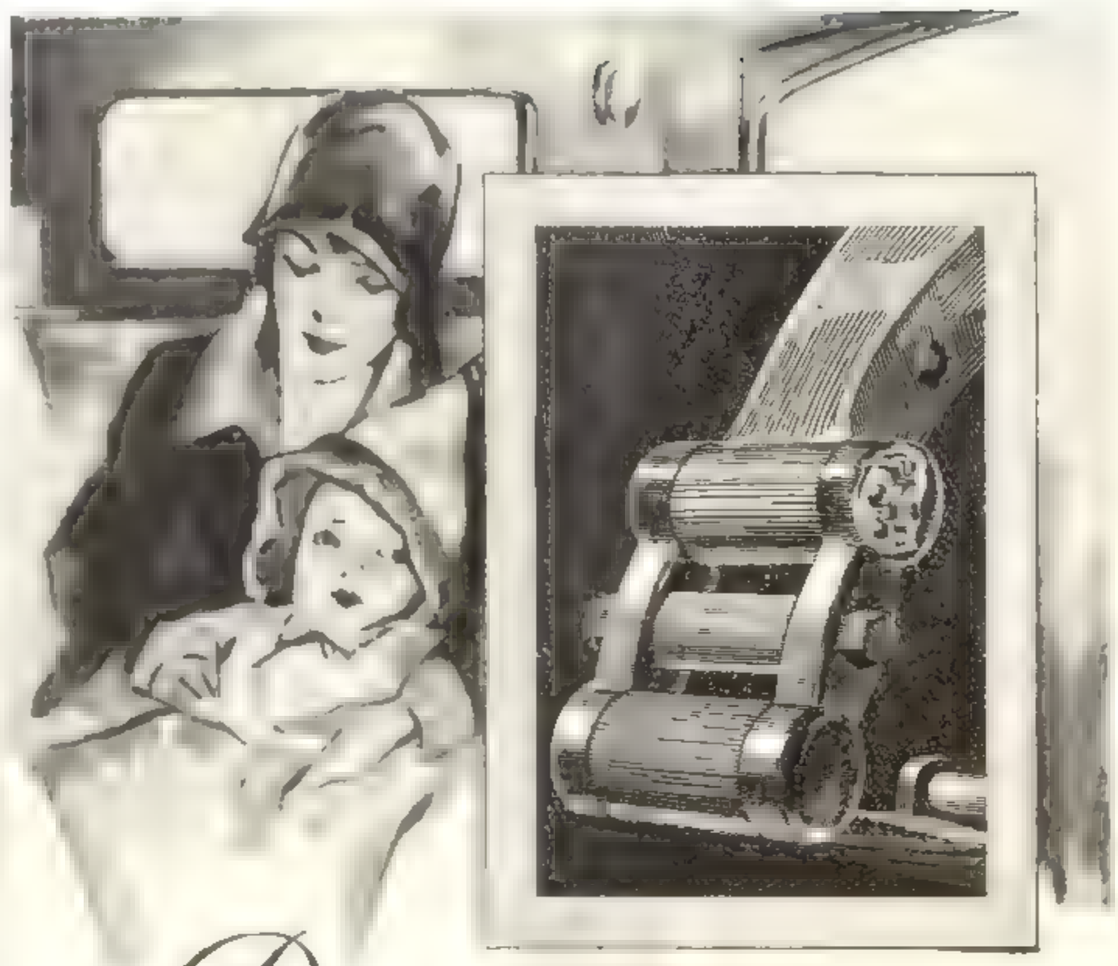
"All right," said General Swasey. "Then I'll be going back." Nevertheless, he must have heard what everyone was saying, because tongues were loosened as they always were after times like this.

"He may be a damn poor general," somebody was saying, "but I'll say he's a hot old sport."

"Look here," said the general, "doesn't anyone know where we are on this confounded map?"

But as was usual, no one did, and the general crumpled his map up in his pocket and walked back down the road. No one said a word; Major Leahey and the lieutenants walked behind him, but no one said a word. Even when the general got back to the dugout, no one spoke, for there seemed nothing at all to say, except that everybody knew that the general was a good general, in spite of his being in Washington when the Arapahoes were out; but no one could tell him that. The general seated himself in his canvas chair and glanced at the bunks and at the telephone switchboard.

"So that's the way war is?" said the general. "Well, it's what I said last night." And he looked at Major Leahey and nodded his head slowly up and down. "Just what I said last night, major. You should have seen it when the Arapahoes were up back in '78. That was when there was a real war."



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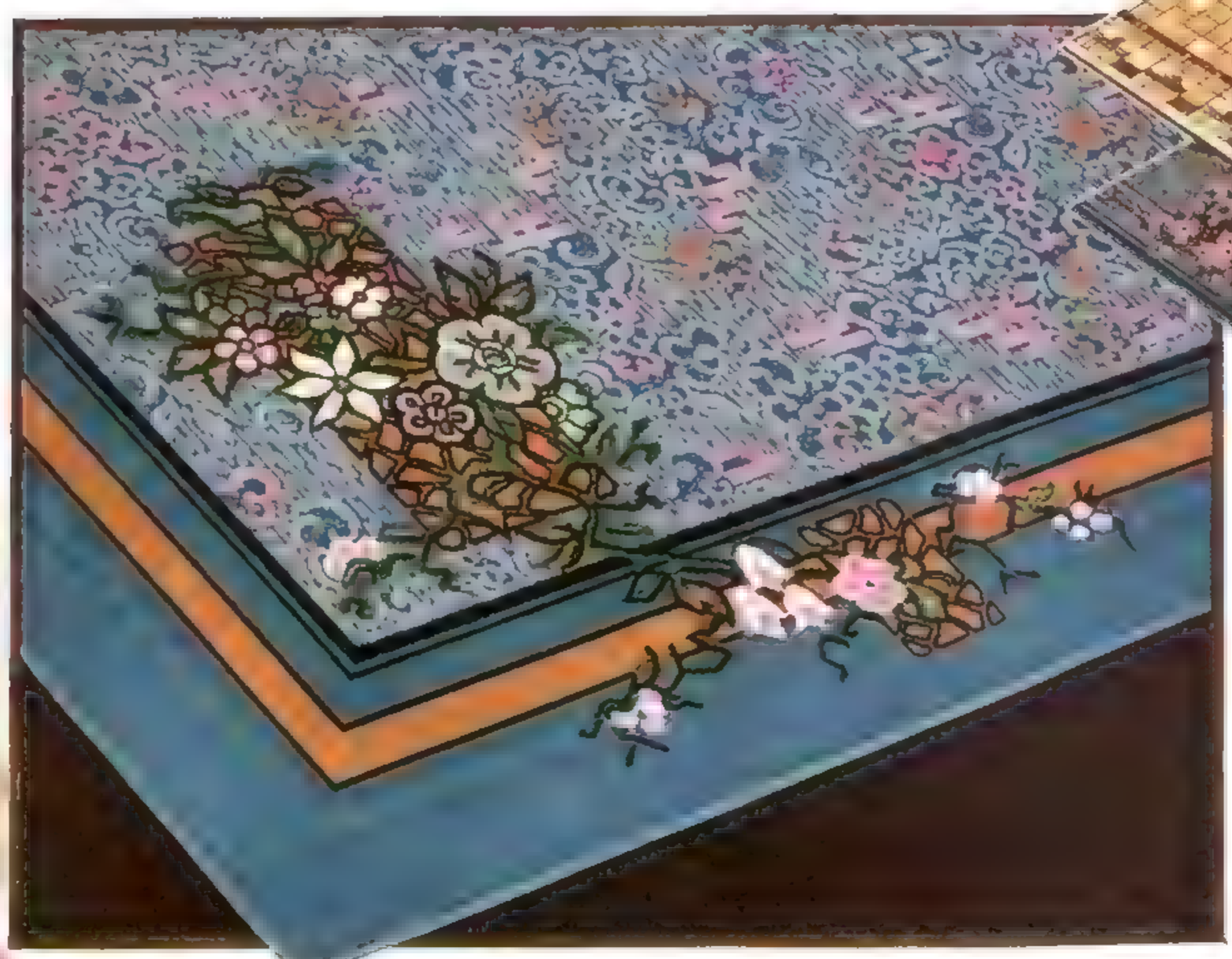

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JOHN QUIXOTE

Continued from Page 23

muscles carried him as they had always carried him. This was reality. He wasn't conscious of much feeling; certainly no regret. If he had penetrated for a little while into a place of aching beauty why, it was something to have been there even for a little while.

Was Elena's father dying? Would he be paralyzed, or was it only an ictus, a merciful coma provided by wise Nature to protect a mind against itself? Poor fellow! Undoubtedly he believed those things. John Harvey could imagine how a man would suffer. Queerly, though, he couldn't think much about Elena; something in his own mind blocked off the dream, preserved it against reality. He had done what he could.

The sun was hot, and he had eaten nothing since the coffee Juana had given him—how long ago? When would he eat again?

The village of Bisagras hardly broke the surface of his dull detachment. There was food here, and the bus would pass soon on its northward way, but he had no money. He wasn't hungry enough to beg—not yet. That would be easier in some more isolated place, some lonely dwelling where his human presence might be some return for hospitality. Not here! The doors and windows suddenly were filled with staring faces. He thought that was because he was a stranger; he didn't know they all identified him as the tall, rich, brutal foreigner who had beaten Pedro Pacheco for chastising his own donkey.

He would have passed Pedro Pacheco without seeing him if the man hadn't moved. The gypsy sat with a few friends at a table in the shade before Paco's wine shop, and his back was to the street.

Somebody said, "There he comes!"

Pedro Pacheco craned with idle curiosity and saw what he had seen yesterday—that tall, deliberate figure bearing down on him, those blue eyes fixed in a cool, deadly glare. He got up hastily, and John Harvey saw him.

This time John Harvey's feet didn't slip. Suddenly all his wrongs were concentrated in that heavy, staring face; he had Pacheco by the throat, jamming him back, banging his head against the wall, snarling, "Where is my wallet, you blankety-blank-blank?"

Those were bad words, but fortunately they were in English. The hearers assumed them to be something about cruelty to animals. They knew rich men were inclined to harshness when they were displeased; they assumed this one to be very rich, so boldly did he show his anger. Pedro Pacheco was no weakling, but his mouth gaped and his head hit the wall three times before he could whip a knife from somewhere. They didn't blame him, but they caught the knife. They knew what happened to a poor man when he killed somebody.

They were all poor men, and humble; but not meek. They tore John Harvey from his victim, shouting, "This cannot be! Maybe in your own country you can mistreat poor men, but not here!" He explained frantically, "He's got my money! *Dinero! Dinero!* Money! Money!" But wealth was no excuse for such behavior. They forced him back until his shoulders touched a wall and he quit struggling, only trying to see over their heads if Pedro Pacheco was still there.

He was. The gypsy had his pride. His small black eyes glittered and he rubbed his throat, and the condoling voices fed his rage. The street was full of voices now; the dozen actual eye witnesses had become a hundred, each clamoring his own version, each more spectacular than the last. John Harvey racked his dizzy brain for Spanish words: thief? robber? burglar? hijacker? Nothing came. He tried to pat his empty hip pocket, explaining, "Money! Money!"

They did not doubt that he had money; but they snatched his hand away from that hip pocket, searched for the pistol he might carry there. Finding nothing but a bloody handkerchief, they still watched him warily. They saw the fresh welt of the whip cut on his face. This was a man of violence! The crowd growled. A little girl, with the wild courage of her sex, dashed forward and spat at him. But she was so tiny that John Harvey grinned, and he looked almost human then.

They didn't know what to do with him. He had been visiting at the *castillo*; undoubtedly he was a friend of Don Andrés. In a dim doorway at his elbow a respectful woman, enjoying the prominence he gave her house, set him a chair. With dizzy gratitude he stepped back into the shade and sat.

Was this himself, John Harvey?

What now? He didn't know. Even if this mob would let him go, he didn't want to go. That fellow had his money. Once or twice he got up, craning, but the crowd growled and he sat down again.

A horseman clattered down the street. That was Benito, spurring faster at the sight of this unusual commotion; and for once the villagers were glad to see him. Maybe he had some influence with this headstrong gentleman.

They clamored, "Look, Benito! This gentleman comes knocking us about. Tell him it cannot be!"

Benito looked, and he was not surprised. His shoulders shrugged, his hands spread, deprecating:

"I am not surprised. He struck down Don Ramon de Avila, a great hidalgo, the son-in-law of Don Andrés. They have run him away from the *castillo*. Look, you can see the mark of Don Ramon's whip!"

John Harvey didn't wonder why the crowd glared with renewed hostility; he knew Benito was no friend of his. But while he sat there, wondering what to do, a small boy wriggled through and fell upon him, sobbing for breath. That was Wenceslao.

"What—what iss it, sair? What he say—zat Benito?"

"I don't know, son. What are you doing here?"

"I go wiz you. I haf money. You haf no money. I go wiz you. What all zese pipple wish for you?"

"Nothing nice, I'm afraid," sighed John Harvey. Then it came to him that he had an interpreter; he leaped up, seized the boy and hoisted him so that he could see over the crowd. "See who's over there? Right by that post? Tell 'em he's got my money!"

Wenceslao saw. He shrilled, "Catch that man! He is a robber! He has robbed this gentleman! Catch him! Catch him! Catch him!"

Pedro Pacheco was no fool. If he ran they would catch him. He stood his ground and yelled, "A lie! He took my jenny! Ask Don Benito!"

And Benito—Don Benito, sitting his horse above the crowd—became the judge. He nodded: "The jenny is at the *castillo*. Don Andrés wished to return her, but this man attacked the gypsy and drove him away."

Somebody cried, "What does a rich man want with a worthless jenny?"

"Rich?" said Benito. "He?"

"He is! He is!" shrilled Wenceslao. "He took the jenny because that scoundrel beat her cruelly! I saw him!"

Across the street Pacheco yelled, "And did you see me rob him, chatterbox?"

"No, but ——"

"Is it his business how I treat my jenny?"

Wenceslao was lost. He raved, and the crowd laughed; for there was nothing strange or sinister about Wenceslao. Benito said indulgently, "The little one is a runaway from Valencia. No doubt he is of good family, but he has fallen under the influence of this penniless adventurer."

"Liar!" shrieked Wenceslao. "He is not penniless! Look, look, this is his money!"

And he waved two small bills and a small fistful of silver. The crowd laughed. Pedro Pacheco, swimming with the tide, turned out his own pockets and slapped their contents derisively on the table before the wine shop—six pesetas and a few coppers; total value, approximately one dollar:

"Here is the rest of it! Come and get it, rich man!"

"He will get you," raved Wenceslao, "you blankety-blankety-blank-blank!"

Those words were not in English. The crowd laughed, but Benito—Don Benito, sitting his horse above the crowd—saw the gypsy's face, and it was not a face Benito would have liked to meet alone.

Benito liked to sit above the crowd. It gave him courage. He spurred his way through them toward the gypsy, sat staring down, saw fear creep into those feral eyes. He liked that. He swung down off his horse and ordered Paco to bring wine, and with a jerk of his head he ordered the gypsy to sit with him. His air was that of a man who means to get to the bottom of a thing.

He said softly, "I go to La Calera to bring the *guardia civil*. Do not try to run, gypsy. It is not for you. Unless ——"

Pedro Pacheco did not try to run. He knew the *guardia civil*—those formidable, silent men who moved always in pairs, physically fit, mentally alert; picked men, so trusted that no questions were ever asked if they killed a man; so patient on the trail that few men ever shook them off. He, Pedro Pacheco, had done it once. He could not hope to have such luck again.

His small black eyes glittered with apprehension. But Benito said humorously aloud, "Come, tell me about this jenny!" The bus came and the attention of the crowd began to scatter.

XVI

THE bus driver heard all about it, and felt a personal interest because he had brought John Harvey here; he remembered now that John Harvey had looked pretty villainous to him. He walked over to the doorway where John Harvey sat, but that morose foreigner didn't recognize him. John Harvey had no interest in the bus. He didn't know what he was going to do about it, but that fellow had his money.

The street was clearing now, so that he could watch Pacheco without rising. There was no drama now to hold the crowd. John Harvey only sat. Wenceslao talked to everybody who would listen, but even he had to admit that he had not witnessed any robbery. They had no prejudice against gypsies; some of them had gypsy blood themselves. It was merely one man's word against another's. It was a matter for Don Serafino, the municipal judge, and Don Serafino was away, visiting his grandson in La Calera. It wasn't often that Don Serafino had any judging to do.

Some of them hung around to see what Benito thought about it, but he was merely boasting of his own importance—confirming and elaborating what they had told the gypsy yesterday; bragging about the thousands and thousands of pesetas he had distributed with his own hands in that great year when Andrew Morgan had gone crazy. That was no news, and gypsies were no novelty. They drifted off about their own affairs.

Wenceslao reported scornfully to John Harvey: "He say Don Andrés iss rich. He wass crazy once to gif hees money, but iss not crazy now. Do you sink Don Andrés iss rich, sair?"

John Harvey didn't; but it is not unusual for a servant to exaggerate his master's wealth. He grunted, "I think Benito's tooting his own horn."

"He say Don Andrés say he haf no money becauss he iss afraid."

"Afraid of robbers?"

"No, sair. One year he gif moch money to all pipples, and nobody work. Zen he say no more money. No work, no money,

(Continued on Page 77)

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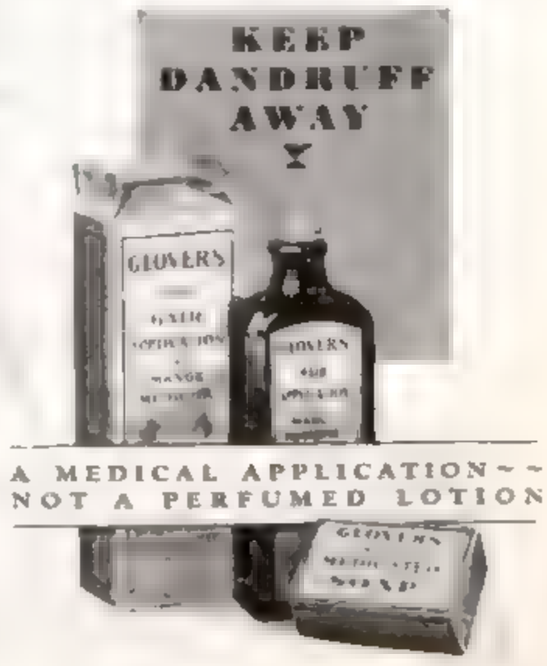

A MEDICAL APPLICATION—NOT A PERFUMED LOTION

YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

THE HE-MAN. *No. 315. Brown Alpine Calf. No. 115. Black Alpine Calf . Imported Leathers*

Two Rights make a wrong

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WRITE FOR STYLE BOOK AND NAME OF NEAREST DEALER

Continued from Page 75

moch hunger. Zey starve. Some pipple wish to kill heem beeauss he not gif any more."

"Humph!" said John Harvey. "That's gratitude."

Vaguely he reflected on the difficulty of helping others in this world of struggle, where for some purpose men must stand on their own feet and do the best they could. But his mind wasn't on it. He was hardly aware that he was receiving charity himself. Wenceslao had made friends with the woman in whose door they sat, confiding to her the romantic truth of what had happened at the *castillo*. She gave them food and looked with kindly eyes on this tall, grim young man who had the boldness to pursue the daughter of a hidalgo.

John Harvey didn't know he was the subject of discussion. He scraped the last few crumbs of tobacco from the bottom of his pouch and watched Benito boasting to Pacheco. Not that it mattered. He didn't think much of Benito's choice of an audience, but the year of Andrew Morgan's madness had been long ago. That quiet, shabby old philosopher had little now to fear from thieves.

The past had no reality; not even his own sane, reasonable past. Only the future had to come somehow, weary, unknown, uninteresting.

Benito rode away, not with the air of one who bears a telegram; he didn't strike spurs to his horse until he had dipped out of sight over the pass that led southward to La Calera. Of course Pedro Pacheco didn't see that.

Leisurely, too, Pacheco gathered a few friends about him; his own choice of those who had enjoyed the wine he bought with John Harvey's money. Nobody paid much attention—not even that moody foreigner himself.

The sun went down and darkness flowed into that quiet valley. Over the mountain wall, over the far Castillo de Teresa, the moonrise was a long time coming. John Harvey's legs began to ache with inactivity; he paced the street, aimlessly, mechanically looking back from time to time to see if the gypsy was still there.

There was a tall square lamp before the wine shop, and here and there a window showed a feeble gleam, but those were lonely dregs of light in the valley bottom. Then a slow, shadow-broken band of moonlight touched the upper hills, crept downward, deepening the dregs of darkness where the village lay.

And suddenly the gypsy was not there. Wenceslao raced back, demanding, "Where is he? Where has he gone—that robber?"

Three men sat at the gypsy's table; they looked the boy derisively up and down, waved derisive hands toward the darkness of the lower valley, saying, "Gone!"

But a more neutral customer explained that the gypsy had gone inside. There were men inside, but not Pacheco. They explained that he had gone outside, through the back door. Nothing unusual in that. Feeling a little foolish, John Harvey followed. The back door gave on the dark mountainside, and Pedro Pacheco was not there.

He might be hiding anywhere in that lower darkness. Did he have his knife? John Harvey's ribs crawled with the thought of it. Foolish to risk it with this boy.

Even if he should find him, what of it? The man had robbed him, but he couldn't prove it.

Dully he started back to his chair in the woman's door. He didn't notice that the men were gone from Pacheco's table; it was Wenceslao who whispered, "Look! Hees friends—zey ron!"

They were not running, but they were moving faster than men move on their way to bed; and they were looking back. They passed a window as John Harvey looked. But he stood in the full light of the lamp before the wine shop. Did that have anything to do with the fact that they melted instantly into the shadows against the wall?

Some animal instinct kept John Harvey's legs in motion, made him turn his face away, as if indifferently.

Why should they try to hide from him? They were heading toward the upper valley—toward the Castillo de Teresa. They had said very elaborately that Pacheco had gone in the opposite direction.

What of it? John Harvey's legs carried him on across the street, carried him into the woman's door, let him mechanically into his chair; lifted him immediately and carried him through the house and out to a dim gray path along the bank of the arroyo behind the village. As noiselessly as possible he began to run.

Why? Men who look back invite suspicion. If they left the village at that time of night, there was nowhere to go in that direction but the Castillo de Teresa. They were Pacheco's friends, and Pacheco was a thief. More, he was dangerous—brutal, neurotic, unbalanced; he enjoyed inflicting cruelty on a helpless donkey.

John Harvey wasn't thinking; he was merely running stealthily, to see if those men started up the valley. He became aware of Wenceslao panting at his heels. He stopped him, whispering, "Son, you go back. Go back to that woman's house. I just want to see if ——"

"Look!" gasped Wenceslao.

The sky over the head of the valley was bright with the coming moon. Against it, fifty yards above the village, three slim shadows waited. Had they heard them running? Apparently not. They were looking down the street. Crouching by the arroyo, trying to stifle his own breathing, John Harvey became aware of the brisk babble of the little stream below, loud enough to cover distant noises.

The men went on, melting into the darkness of the ravine.

What now? John Harvey didn't know. It was his legs that moved, and not his mind, toward the Castillo de Teresa. That was where Elena was, with no defense but a sick man and a tired old mystic who didn't believe in putting up a fight.

Far up the ravine a tiny dot of light dashed at his eye. Somebody had lit a cigarette. They must be moving steadily to have got so far. John Harvey didn't try again to make the boy go back; Wenceslao would resist and they would lose time. Subconsciously he was glad of the boy's eyes and ears. He didn't recognize the grim excitement that pricked up his nerves, sharpened his senses, dulled his fears. He had never hunted men before.

The moon peeped over the valley head, flooding the length of the ravine, so that the shadows all fell toward them; they began to run, searching the dark places with darting eyes. Nothing. Yet it wasn't reasonable that those fellows should have entered the ravine only to climb those walls.

The valley rose and the ravine shallowed, the walls opening here and there. They clambered up to peer about the higher slopes in the full flood of moonlight. Vaguely John Harvey recognized the ruin of a wheel road there, but he didn't wonder who had built it or why it had fallen into disuse and ruin. Its past had no reality; it was only a place to stand, peering for moving shadows.

Was that one coming down the mountain? Yes. It seemed to be coming directly here. John Harvey crouched, watching, but it turned aside; and yonder, black on the silver gravel of the ravine, three other shadows waited. Then there were four. They moved on, vanishing around a bend in the ravine.

Grimly John Harvey followed. This was the place where he had overtaken Pedro Pacheco yesterday. He thought he could identify the very spot where he had lain; he thought the gravel ought to be tragically bloodstained, but it wasn't. The water rippled placidly, uncaring, and the blind, senseless hills blocked in the timeless reaches of the sky, untouched by the brief troubled dream that men called living. Men had passed through this place a thousand years and left no trace but a dim trail that every spring flood wiped away.

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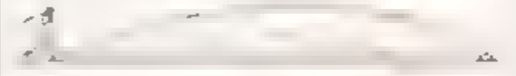

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Above the head of the ravine lay the Castillo de Teresa, dark with trees, its shabby walls glinting like quiet silver, its tall stone gateposts almost phosphorescent on the mystery of trees. John Harvey and the boy stood peering, whispering, and saw nothing but the dark veranda with its ghostly row of chairs. The front doors stood wide open, but that meant nothing. Andrew Morgan's doors were never shut to anything but wind.

Nothing. Did it matter that a girl slept there—a girl whose lips could tremble and whose eyes could let a man into a place of beauty? She would remember, maybe, for a little while—not long. How many times had that untroubled moon sailed overhead while men and women loved and died, all unimportantly?

John Harvey couldn't force himself unwanted into that house again. Uncertainly, since men must think they have a purpose, he searched the open ground with straining eyes. Those men must have come up this way. The ravine had faded out against the barren mountain; rocks threw long shadows down the slope, but nothing moved. The crest lay only a few hundred yards above; he galloped up and reached it, but the farther slope, wide open to the moon, showed nothing. Surely all men chased phantoms.

Unless those men were hiding by some shadowed rock—and why should they hide from one man and a boy?—they must have entered the *castillo*.

He went down to the gates again, tiptoed through silver-spotted gloom to that open door, stood straining there. And something came. Maybe some nameless smell, some tiny sound that escaped his senses; maybe some mystery beyond the reach of senses. He no longer hesitated. Elena was in there, and a sick man, and an old man. Who else? Who else?

Silence and darkness, and the feel of evil. Old Andrew Morgan didn't believe in the reality of evil, but John Harvey did. He felt it and was monstrously afraid.

Not with his mind. He sighed. "Well, John Quixote! Here's another windmill."

He tiptoed out and found a two-pound rock for either hand and told the excited boy to do the same. He tried to get Wenceslao to park himself safely in the gloom of trees, but it was useless; Wenceslao tiptoed stubbornly at his elbow. Their feet whispered noisily on the marble floor and tall dark furniture made their hearts pound. The hall turned, and there was moonlight in the little courtyard, and the soft lulling murmur of the fountain. And memory came back so strong that for a moment it wiped out the feel of evil. Elena Elena might be sitting there, and he might see her; and that would be something.

Nothing was there. Only the quiet moonlight and the blue drops dancing, dancing, dancing.

His nerves went slack and his heels touched the marble floor. And instantly, as if they had touched some hidden spring, a deafening explosion burst from those quiet walls, too great, it seemed, to be connected with that tiny spit of flame from a dark window yonder.

XVII

THOUGHT, immaterial, can flash too quickly to be caught in the slow measurable march of time. What were thieves doing in that room? That was where he, John Harvey, had slept last night. He knew what it contained—a bed, a dressing table, an empty wardrobe and two chairs; a bare tiled floor, two iron-barred windows and a door. Was something hidden there—something of which Benito had told the gypsy? Nonsense. Why didn't Benito steal it himself?

This flashed in the split second while his legs leaped back to the darkness of the hall; before a second gunshot roared and splinters from the door stung on his face; before he heard the raging voice of Ramon de Avila.

"Come out, Yankee! Show yourself like a man!"

And a third shot banged and plaster fell behind him at the turn of the hall. He flattened himself against the wall—and saw the dim small shape of Wenceslao huddled motionless on the floor. He shouted frantically, "Mr. De Avila! Stop it! Stop it, you fool! You've shot the boy!"

Crazily he caught up that limp small body and leaped out into the colonnade and laid it in an arch of moonlight—before he knew his own stupidity; before he heard Elena scream somewhere:

"John! John! Here! Here, in grandfa- "

In Andrew Morgan's room, down that dark corridor to the left. While his eyes darted and his legs straightened under him, a slant of light broke there and flitting legs appeared against it—men running toward him. His mind had nothing to do with the thing that happened. His eyes saw those churning legs and his ears placed Elena's voice behind them; his head went down and his body flung itself sidewise at their knees; a fourth shot roared, this time directly over him, but he didn't hear it. Time had slipped back; John Harvey, tackle, Texas '26, was mowing down interference.

Men were all over him. Something stung in his ribs as he flung them off. His hands were empty; he had dropped his rocks when he picked up the boy. But his fist smashed into a face, felt it vanish, weightless. Arms caught his shoulders from behind; he plunged back savagely, driving a body against the wall, whirled and smashed at a face that didn't yield because it couldn't. Then he was free, in Andrew Morgan's room. Somewhere a pistol roared again.

Elena's face, white, unsubstantial in the lamplight, bright tears running down it Andrew Morgan's eyes. The girl could weep, but Andrew Morgan's face was sick and dumb with pain. They were tied to their chairs.

The girl cried, "Kill them! Kill them, John!"

His legs whirled back into the corridor and his eyes saw a slow figure rising and his hands fell on its head and drove it thudding against the floor, jerked it up and drove it down again. Then he leaped over it into the arch of moonlight, saw a rock lying by Wenceslao, snatched it and threw it humming into the darkness of the outer hall at something moving there. It struck the wall

The voice of Ramon de Avila bawled behind him, "Yankee! Take my pistol!"

He raced across the patio and snatched the automatic that a reaching arm thrust through the bars; galloped back crazily, shooting a stream of fire before him into the darkness. The last flash showed the hall empty to the turn. The gun was empty too. Crouching, he peered round the turn, saw the tall rectangle of the outer door, the outer moonlight and the gloom of trees.

Nothing was there. He went back into the colonnade and carried Wenceslao to Andrew Morgan's room, stepping over the dim figure in the corridor. The boy's eyes fluttered in the lamplight. He had been unconscious perhaps twenty seconds.

Elena's eyes asked an anxious question, but John Harvey didn't answer: he didn't want to say that her father had shot the boy. He laid him on the bed and turned to work at the cords that bound them—the girl first, his hands shaking now. Her dress was torn from her slim shoulders.

He asked huskily, "What were they after?"

"Money," said Andrew Morgan. "I gave them what I had, but they believed I had some hidden somewhere."

"They hurt him," said the girl, choking. "In shameful ways."

"They hurt me more than that," said Andrew Morgan. "Look at her!"

John Harvey didn't look. But he took the cord that had bound her and went out into the corridor and tied the senseless body there, jerking the knots grimly into the flesh. The girl, moving shakily, brought the lamp. It was not Pacheco; it was an oldish man, not burly, with a weak, flabby mouth.

Wenceslao pushed out, staring, and his bewildered eyes began to shine; he cried, "Haf we kill heem, sair? Haf zey run?"

"Hey!" cried John Harvey, leaping up. "How do you feel, son? Where are you hurt?"

Vaguely the boy caressed the back of his head. He had no wound, but there was a truly noble lump where his skull had hit the marble floor. John Harvey himself had run him down in that first frantic rush for safety.

John Harvey opened his mouth to confess and saw the boy's face and didn't. Let the young warrior think it was an honorable injury. He grinned. "Sure, son. We licked 'em. They ran."

Better get Mr. De Avila to support that story. Where was De Avila? Why didn't he come out? He wasn't tied, and he couldn't be very sick; the hand that had thrust that pistol through the bars had seemed quite vigorous. He was locked in his room. They hadn't tried to tie him—the only one in the house who had a gun.

The key wasn't in the door. John Harvey tried to break the lock but couldn't. Andrew Morgan, coming out, said weakly, "Juana keeps the keys. Where is she?" and collapsed into a chair. He was the sick man now.

Juana was squirming on the floor in her own room, half choked with rage and fright and a gag made of her own nightgown, struggling to reach the emaciated form of her bedridden mother. That poor old woman was an almost helpless paralytic, but Pedro Pacheco and his friends had trussed her too.

They had come in through the kitchen, Juana explained in about ten thousand words. They had burst into her room and had gagged her before she could make a sound—which, if you knew Juana, meant swift and certain work. Apparently they had known just what to do. Elena de Avila, reading, had heard nothing until they entered her room from one side and Andrew Morgan's from the other. How had they known the house so accurately?

That was at least partly explained when Juana saw the captive in the corridor. She knew him. He lived in the village; he had been a servant in this house in the old days when there had been many servants. He was partly conscious now, but he didn't seem to hear when they spoke to him. He only lay with open mouth and rolling, frightened eyes.

"They must have worked fast," marveled John Harvey. "They couldn't have been in the house more than twenty minutes."

"Twenty hours," said Elena de Avila. "You don't know, John, you don't know! Grandfather couldn't have stood much more. He's old. How could they treat him so? He didn't resist. He said, 'You do not rob me, friends. I give you what I have.' And it made them angry. They were sure he had a great deal hidden somewhere."

"H'm," said John Harvey grimly. "By the way, where has our friend Benito gone?"

"My—my father sent him to La Calera with—with a telegram. He ——" The girl hesitated; her dark, weary eyes met his. "I shall tell you. I told my father I could not live in his house again. I told him I would go after you, starve with you, beg with you. He sent for the police to take me home."

John Harvey didn't speak. He couldn't. His mind, which had been mercifully drugged by events rushing at him out of the hidden future, had time now for conscious thought. Starve with him, beg with him! No. This was reality. He could starve for her, beg for her, but not with her. Dumbly he went on hunting for the keys.

A bunch of Spanish keys cannot easily be thrust into a man's pocket. The thieves had dropped them in Andrew Morgan's room. Ramon de Avila, released, made formal apology to John Harvey.

"I thank you," he said stiffly. "I confess I thought it was yourself who had locked me in. I knew of no one else who might wish to do so."

"Sir?" said John Harvey. "Wish to lock you in? Why?"

Ramon de Avila's black eyebrows lifted and his mouth pouched at the corners, and his eyes flicked toward his daughter; there was no humor in them. Ramon de Avila had merely credited John Harvey with the courage and the ruthless will to do what he himself would have done in John Harvey's place. In his code it was quite permissible to steal a woman if you could. It was a father's business to prevent you.

Still formally, he inquired, "Have you any good explanation for your presence here?"

"Ramon!" protested Andrew Morgan. "Surely you owe him ——"

"I have thanked him," said Ramon de Avila. "I am grateful, but I was not born yesterday. My daughter led me to believe that she had sent him away. Why is he in this house at midnight?"

John Harvey told him. Wenceslao testified, almost too volubly; he didn't like Benito.

Andrew Morgan sighed, "Nonsense, my friend. Benito knows I have no money."

"Why should he say you had?"

"You do not know our Spanish servants," smiled Ramon de Avila. "They all wish to shine in reflected glory."

"He picked a darn poor place to shine," muttered John Harvey. "Benito knew that fellow had robbed me, even if I couldn't prove it. He must have known he was dangerous, just by looking at him."

"I fear you are prejudiced. Isn't it true that all Spaniards look more or less dangerous to Saxon eyes? I seem to remember having heard something of the sort."

"Have it your way," said John Harvey wearily. "But this bird's a Sadist—a semimaniac."

"You know him well?" That was sarcasm

"I saw what he did to a donkey. And I'm a medical student."

"Benito has not that advantage."

"Benito saw what was left of the donkey. If he thinks that bird's human he's a fool."

"I have no doubt he is a fool. But why should he wish to send such a man against his master?"

"I don't know. Unless he had a pretty deep grudge. Can you think of anything, Mr. Morgan—any reason why he might hate you?"

"Hate me?" said Andrew Morgan. "Nonsense! Why, I—I am his best friend; almost his only friend. The people of this valley misjudge him because he tries to follow teachings beyond their comprehension. Among them all he is the only one who —— He was an ignorant boy when he came to me, but he has an eager mind. I have been his teacher and his friend. Why, I ——"

The old man stopped. They sat in the colonnade, and the moon was high; his face was in deep shadow. Nobody saw the sudden horror in his eyes. Faith makes no noise when it comes crashing down. Nobody wondered at his silence; he was an old man and he had been through a quarter of an hour that might have wrecked a younger, stronger one. They thought he ought to go to bed, but he resisted, saying, "Wait. There is a way to learn the truth. He will come soon; there has been time enough, even with all the time he loitered in the village."

XVIII

NOBODY heard Benito when he came. He left his horse in the arroyo and came up on foot, entering by a lower gate, so that he didn't see black drops of blood in the moonlight on the white marble of the front veranda—Pedro Pacheco's blood. That would have shocked Benito. He was no man of violence; he had brains.

He had no wish to run into any trouble. Cautiously he slipped into his own room, which had an outside door. Not bothering to make a light, he opened the door into

(Continued on Page 82)

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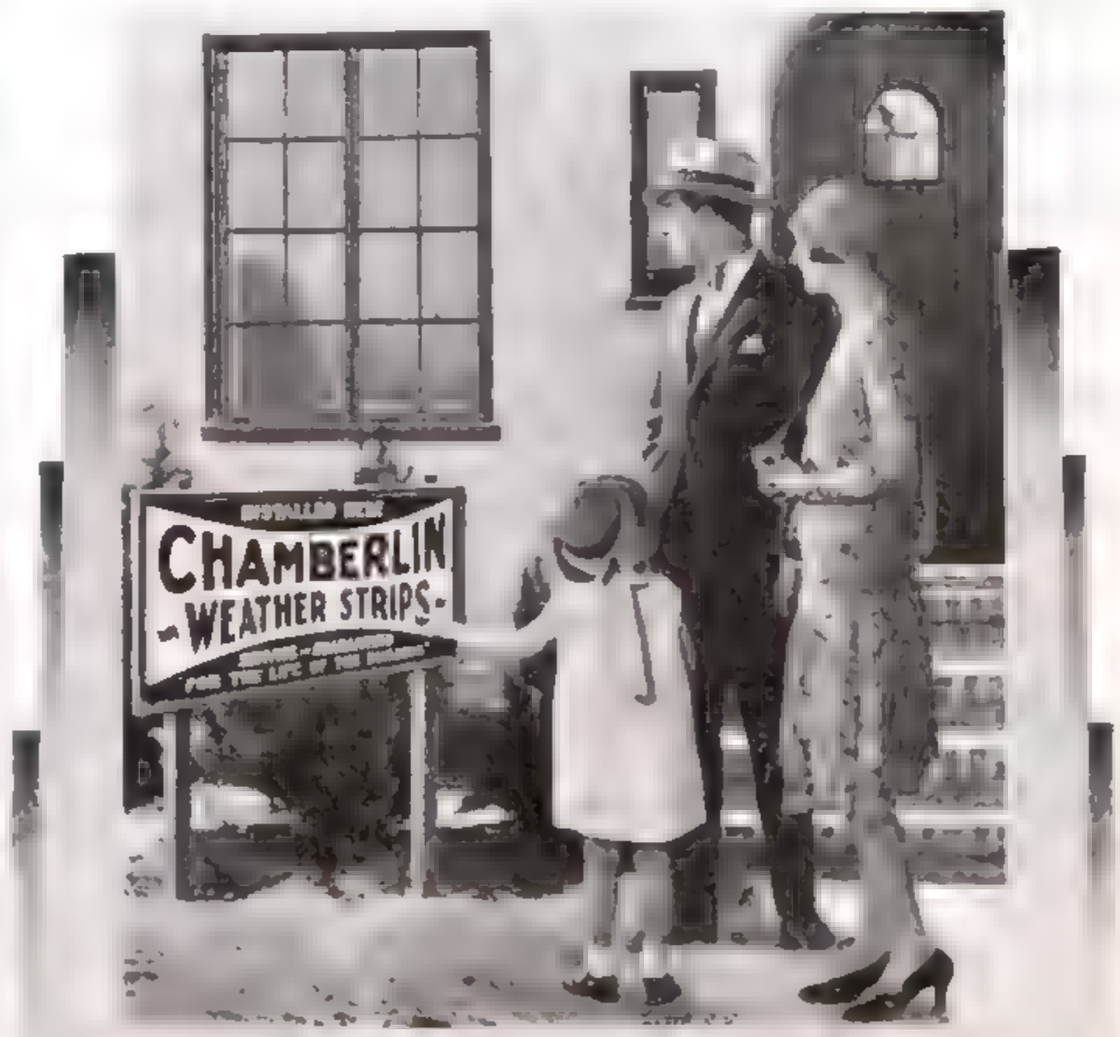

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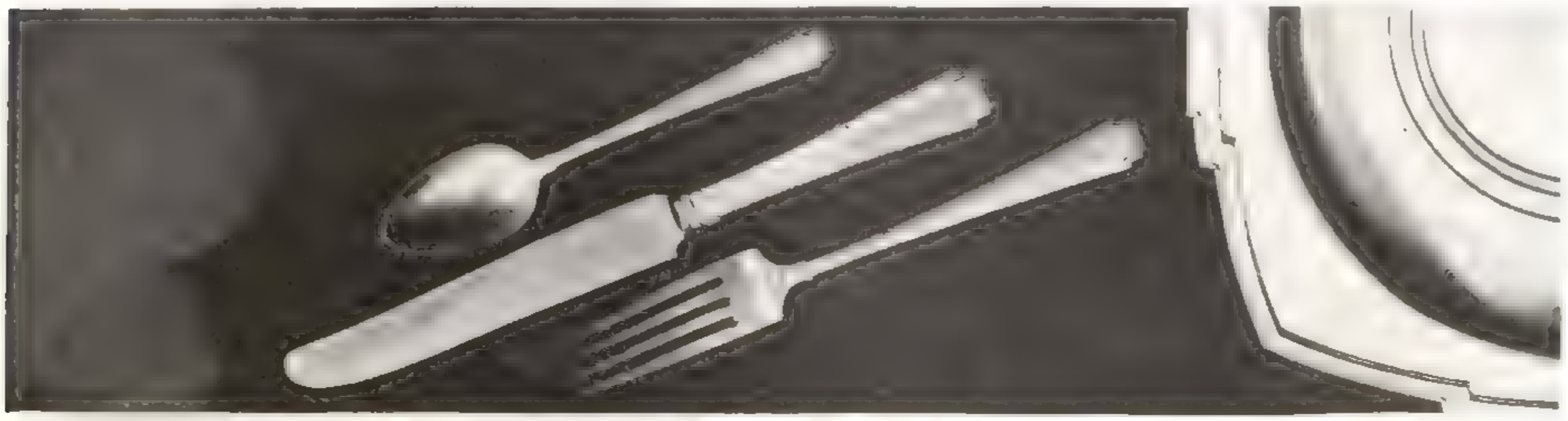

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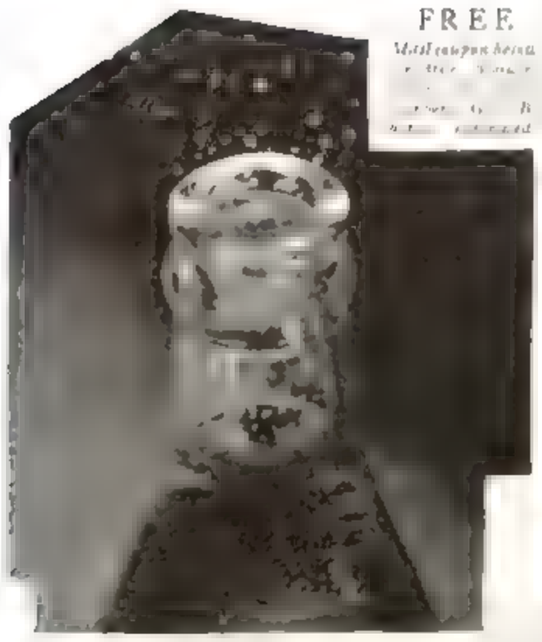

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(Continued from Page 79)

the dark corridor, peering, listening. He heard the drowsy murmur of the fountain. He saw Elena de Avila dreaming in the moonlight, saw Andrew Morgan's legs in silhouette against it. The legs crossed themselves idly while he looked.

Benito sighed and went back out, and for some reason he was trembling. He couldn't have said just what he had hoped to find. He only knew that eighteen years was a long time to labor and to wait, only to be assailed at last by mortal error—fear, a frightful sense of insecurity.

So he didn't notice that his horse shied a little as he rode into the gloom of trees; didn't see Pedro Pacheco lying there on his face; didn't notice the blood spots on the veranda. He thought he had come too soon, and he didn't know what to do about it. He didn't dare stay away any longer. He strode in briskly, and stopped, his pale eyes popping. There sat John Harvey and the boy.

For perhaps fifteen seconds nobody spoke. Somebody ought to speak! He heard his own voice cry, "*Que pasa?* What's the matter?"

And for another fifteen seconds he knew he oughtn't have said that. Andrew Morgan rose, said quietly, "Come, Benito. I have something to show you," and led the way to his own room.

Benito saw the man on the floor in the corridor, and asked no questions. He saw the littered room, a little wall safe open and its papers scattered. Benito knew that safe. He recognized the paper that his master held before him for inspection. Slowly, then, watching with somber eyes, the old man tore it into bits and let them scatter on the floor.

"That is all, Benito."

All? Tricked, cheated, robbed of all that he had labored for! Benito's voice broke in a shrill scream of blasphemy. Benito's eyelids stretched; for the first time his master felt the impact of that formidable stare. For the first time in eighteen years Benito spoke his mind.

Those were not words of calm philosophy; John Harvey and Ramon de Avila leaped from their chairs and ran. Wenceslao was already there. They saw Benito's hands lifted, quivering as if they itched to claw those steady, somber eyes that watched him. But violence was really not in his line. He heard them come, and whirled back like a cornered animal, seeking escape.

"Go," said Andrew Morgan, pointing—not to the interior of the house.

Go? Benito's whirling brain steadied a little. His hands dropped; his eyelids drooped, humble, resigned.

"May I take my things, Don Andrés?"

"Yes. And go quickly."

Benito went quickly. As he plunged through the corridor he saw Elena de Avila, and he allowed himself one word; he spat it at her. She was to blame. Why had she come here, after eighteen years?

"You were right," said Andrew Morgan heavily, and pointed to the littered floor. "There was a reason. He was afraid that I might change my will. If they had killed me—hastened my death—he would have been the owner of this place."

Ramon de Avila cried, "What? You had willed this property to a servant?"

"Why not?" said Andrew Morgan. "Who else had need of it? Not you. I had lost everything—my wife, my daughter. I had never seen my granddaughter. I was alone, and he was faithful. In my worst —— When I sent all the others away he begged to stay with me. He didn't think I was crazy when I tried to get out of myself by giving to my poor neighbors who had nothing. He understood —— I thought he understood that there was no reality without some love. He wouldn't leave me even when the money was all gone. He begged to stay with me without wages. He ——"

The old man sank into his chair and closed his eyes. But in that position the glittering, cruel eyes of Pedro Pacheco gloated over him. He struggled up, stood looking drearily about him. Suddenly, somewhere, the high, shrill voice of Wenceslao cried out their names and died in a choking gurgle.

XIX

WENCESLAO knew the ways of departing servants; grimly he trailed Benito. But Benito plunged into his room and slammed the door, even slammed the wooden shutters of the windows before he made a light. Aha! Why did he do that? Wenceslao, scouting for a peephole, found a crack of light under the outer door. Sprawling there in the moonlight, with one eye he could see as high as Benito's knees. Benito was packing a shallow canvas trunk. A fork appeared in Benito's hand—a silver table fork. Aha! How much else was Benito stealing?

But there seemed to be only that one fork. Queerly Benito dropped to his hands and knees and crawled under the bed with it.

What was he doing there? Lifting tiles; Wenceslao heard the flat clanking sounds of three of them laid aside. Then things began to roll into the light—a succession of baking-powder cans; the lid of one of them rolled off and showed it packed with tight paper rolls. Wenceslao was puzzled; he had never seen coins packed for storage.

Then Benito squirmed out backward, dragging a flat black box whose rusted metal showed through marred enamel, and a bag that clinked musically, unmistakably. Benito had known whereof he spoke when he had hinted at hidden treasure in this house! Wenceslao yelled.

"Don Andrés! Don Andrés! Don Ramon! Meester! Meester! Come! Come! Come! Come!"

They didn't come instantly; he leaped to his feet to run and fetch them. The door burst open and Benito had him by the neck. The moon danced drunkenly behind Benito's head, began to swell, burst and filled the sky with whirling fragments. He heard voices, heard feet pounding, saw the moon rush together just in time to show Benito running madly toward the gloom of trees.

Nobody followed. They were all staring into Benito's room.

"God forgive me!" said Andrew Morgan. "God forgive me!"

He knew those paper cylinders. He knew that flat black box. He stumbled in and wrenched it open. It was packed with green and orange paper.

"Gosh!" said John Harvey, staring. "Where did he get all that?"

"Stole it," said Andrew Morgan. "He had no wages. I—you won't understand. He was almost like a son. He sold things when we needed money. Never very much, so far as I knew. I never asked for an accounting. I wanted him to spend what he needed. I thought he didn't care for money in itself. I—God forgive me! I have made a thief of him."

"Bah!" said Ramon de Avila. "A thief is born a thief."

"No. You won't understand. He was an ignorant boy. Thin, pitiful when he came to me. He had never known any kindness. He was grateful—as a dog. He stayed with me when everything was gone. I taught him to read and write. I taught him everything he knows. I am the criminal; I tempted him too ——"

"Hush," said Elena de Avila, touching his face with gentle fingers. "Think no more tonight, grandfather. You are tired. Let us take care of this. You shall talk tomorrow. Come, you must go to bed."

"No. I couldn't sleep. I ——" He sat down heavily on Benito's bed and his hand groped for hers. He said heavily, "You won't understand. I thought he needed me. You don't know what that means. I was alone. I had never seen you. I—God forgive me! Seeking my selfish peace and leaving him to struggle with ——"

He stopped. Thought, limitless in extent, must come into the human mind on a thread of words. Struggle! He looked at John Harvey and a somber smile had come into his eyes. "You are right, boy. God alone knows why He put us here to struggle; but we know He did. I have shirked my responsibility and it has fallen on Benito."

"No," said John Harvey. "You had your load to carry, sir. He was looking out for himself."

"A man should do that, eh?"

"Under the rules," said John Harvey stoutly.

The old man's arm drew the girl to him; he was still looking at John Harvey. He sighed, and the smile reached his lips.

"You are content to struggle?"

John Harvey said uncertainly, "Content?"

"Would you scorn a little help?" The old man's eyes glanced from Elena to the flat black box with its load of green and orange paper; lifted again, smiling. "From her grandfather?"

His meaning was unmistakable. Ramon de Avila said grimly, "I am still her father."

"You are a fool," said Andrew Morgan. "You would not have been her father if I had killed you twenty years ago. I tell you now that I was near it—now, when I am glad I didn't. My daughter loved you, and this is her daughter."

"And mine," said Ramon de Avila. "I know who she is, but what do I know of him?"

"You were not born yesterday. Look at him!"

Humbly, wistfully John Harvey met those hostile eyes. They made him aware of his dirty collar, his unshaved face; but suddenly John Harvey forgot those things. Elena stood beside him, and her voice came to him like the song of water in a dry, harsh, lovely land.

"Look at us both, my father."

John Harvey's blue eyes lighted, and he smiled, and his arm went about her shoulders. His coat swung open.

Andrew Morgan cried, "You're hurt!"

His shirt was caked with blood; he hadn't noticed it. He said impatiently, "It can't be much. I've got some clean clothes in Valencia," and looked at Elena's father. Ramon de Avila said slowly, "I married a foreigner, and she was not happy."

"She had the right to try," said Andrew Morgan. "No man is wise enough to see the future. We are all blind, Ramon."

"Not entirely," sighed Ramon de Avila. "I do not know your father, Mr. Harvey, but you are a man."

And he held out his hand, not happily but in honorable surrender. That tall, loose-shouldered youth was not at all the type that women should admire; he had no arrogance; but he was a man. *Muy hombre*—to a Spaniard there is no higher compliment, unless it be *muy castizo*—very Spanish.

The moon slid westward, sailing serenely down, slanting at last into the gloom of trees where Pedro Pacheco lay. Pedro Pacheco's luck was evil still. Three times Ramon de Avila had missed John Harvey at a range of thirty feet, but his fourth bullet had crashed into Pacheco's back. A weaker man would have died where he fell, but Pedro Pacheco dragged himself toward freedom as long as his fierce heart beat.

It was the *guardia civil* who found him. They came at noon, riding ten feet apart according to regulation, alert by habit and long training. They were a little grim; they were hunters of men, and they hated the politics that could send them to drag home a rich man's daughter. By habit their eyes examined the grove as they rode in; the *guardia civil* is never taken by surprise. They cried, "*Alto á la guardia civil!*" and one of them covered that prostrate figure with his carbine while the other dismounted and turned it over.

According to regulation they searched the body, and they found John Harvey's wallet. They found the personal *cédula* that every Spanish subject carries—proof of identity and residence. This man was

(Continued on Page 86)

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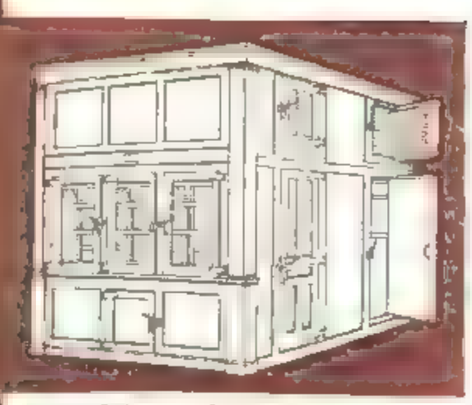

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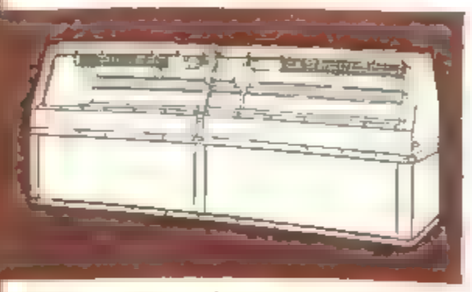

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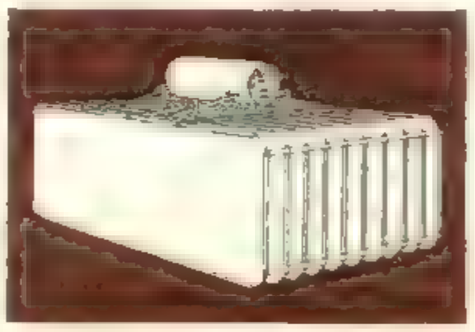

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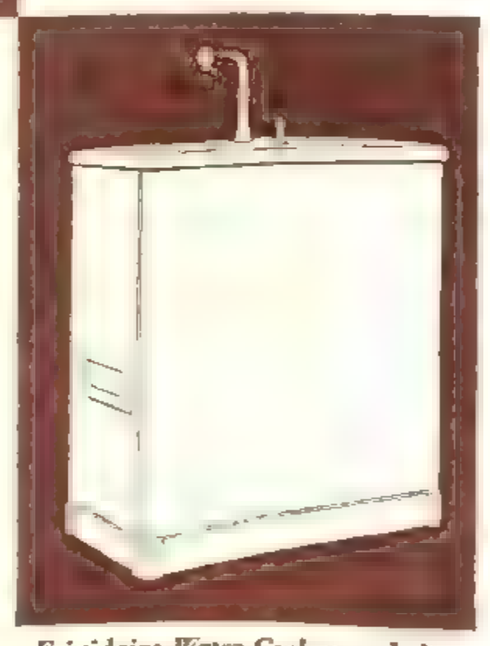

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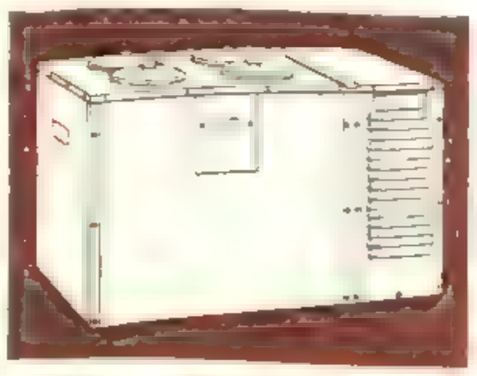

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(Continued from Page 82)

wanted in Almeria; thirty thousand members of the *guardia civil* were freed of at least one duty.

Andrew Morgan saw that fierce distorted face and sighed, "It is better so. He was an evil man."

He said it in Spanish, and Juana heard him. She cried triumphantly, "You admit that some men are evil?"

"If I had perfect knowledge I could answer you. But we are mortals, yet."

Soberly he complied with the formalities. He saw the look that leaped into John Harvey's eyes when he saw his wallet. John Harvey needed help, as all men need it, but it was fitting that he should be glad to use his own.

The old man's face today wore a new firmness, a new peace. He saw John Harvey and Elena de Avila in the little courtyard, gazing with dreaming eyes at the dancing water of the fountain—and something beyond. The girl wore a dress of her grandmother's, and John Harvey wore clean clothes of Andrew Morgan's, but their young faces made the clothes insignificant. The old man passed them, and the girl looked up and smiled; and there was the secret of his peace.

That afternoon he climbed to the shadowed rock by the still pool where all the water of Bisagras Valley rose from the mountain's depths. Neglected vineyards reached about the quiet roofs of the Castillo de Teresa, and dry crumbling terraces of olive trees; the barren hills were fading into depths of unimaginable color. Water sang smoothly downward, lisping, lulling, waiting to be used.

Three sounds there are most lovely to the ear of man:
Bird song, the sound of running water, and the voice ——

He murmured, "Our granddaughter, Terry!" But he no longer strained with finite arms into the infinite. That would come. Abandoned vineyards still held stubborn life, and the seed dropped and grew, and courage still could nurse them into fruitfulness; and that was something for a man to know.

(THE END)

STOCKS OR BONDS

(Continued from Page 29

one of thirty other stocks instead of unimaginatively sticking his money into a bond. That appears to be a favorite occupation with some bondholders now.

The consequent rush for stocks, as compared with bonds, is plain enough. In the last three months of 1928 almost as many shares were sold on the big board in New York as in the three years 1911, 1912, 1913, but in the same three months the bond market was in a neglected and depressed state. Sales of bonds on the Exchange for the full year 1928 were smaller than in 1921, when sales of stocks made only one-fifth the total of last year. Corporations have now turned very decidedly to stock issues rather than to bond issues, as a means of raising new capital. In 1926 and 1927 corporate issues of bonds exceeded stock issues by more than three to one, but in 1928, taking the issues put out for new capital, excluding refunding, stock issues exceeded bond issues for the first time in a great many years.

This swing to stocks continued at an accelerated pace in the new year. A market report at the end of March puts the new bond issues for the first quarter of 1929 as $668,000,000 less than in the same period of 1928, but the new stock issues as $754,000,000 greater. It also estimates the quantity of unsold bonds on dealers' shelves by the end of March at from $500,000,000 to $600,000,000, but stocks, generally speaking, had been going like hot cakes. In February the United States Steel Corporation, which is usually well in the van of progress, announced a plan to pay off its bond debt by means of a new issue of common stock. All of which shows how the wind is blowing. But just the same there is something to be said for that ramshackle old one-hoss shay of finance, the bond.

Small Chance of Big Winnings

Undoubtedly the man who bought the right stock at any time the last half dozen years is much farther ahead than the man who bought a good bond. But picking the right stock is not quite so easy as current reports of huge winnings in that game might lead one to suppose. For example, the calendar year 1928 saw the greatest bull movement in stocks ever known in Wall Street or any other street. It was distinctively a boom in industrials—only a few railroad issues advancing more than a few dollars a share. Leaving out the railroads, then, the official Stock Exchange list contains under the first three letters of the alphabet 153 common issues that were traded in throughout the year. Forty-six of them sold lower in December than in January. Thirty-nine others sold lower at some time in the year than in January. Forty-six, at their lowest in December, were more than twenty dollars a share above the lowest in January, but eleven of them had dipped under the January low at some time during the intervening months. The real big winners you can count on your fingers. No doubt the stocks under the remaining letters of the alphabet would show substantially the same ratios.

In short if, at the beginning of that superlative bull year, you had decided to buy a listed common stock instead of a bond, taking it at the lowest point in January, you might, in about one case out of three, have picked a stock that would have lost ground on the year. In about one more case out of three you might have picked a stock that, at some time during the year, would have sold lower than the price you paid for it, thereby making you unhappy and setting you to wondering whether you hadn't better sell and avoid further loss. In about one case out of ten you might have picked a stock that would have sailed blissfully on to a big profit. But for reasons to be set forth later great bull years like 1928 cannot possibly succeed one another indefinitely. Every big advance inevitably implies some reaction. Sure as fate some bust goes with every boom. So what you might have done in 1928 by no means affords a safe rule for what you can do any year.

When Experience Doesn't Count

Nearly every listed bond—and unlisted bond, too, for that matter—was lower in December than in January, because money was decidedly dearer and the market for bonds was restricted by speculation in stocks. All through New England and the Middle East—and probably in the Middle West also—country banks were buying stocks on margin for customers, many of whom would ordinarily have been buying bonds instead. Also by the end of the year corporations and nonbank "others" had $3,000,000,000 loaned to New York brokers on Stock Exchange collateral. Probably, in ordinary times, quite a bit of that money would have gone into bonds. Thus higher interest rates and the competition of stocks caused a general decline in the market price of bonds. But nonprofessional bond buyers do not mind that. They buy bonds to keep, not to sell, and pay little attention to market quotations so long as they feel reasonably secure. That marks the first broad difference between stocks and bonds. A bond is in the atmosphere of permanent investment. A stock is in the atmosphere of speculation. In choosing between them the nonprofessional buyer should keep that in mind.

Another thing he should keep in mind is that the present high popularity of stocks, as against bonds, is a direct product of the aforementioned great boom in stocks, and every product of a boom, whether it is in stocks, farm lands, town lots, wheat or what not, is open to question, because an outstanding characteristic of every boom is that it wipes the slate of past experience. It does not expect things to happen in a close-knit sequence of proved cause and effect, as things have happened theretofore. It insists that this is a new dispensation in which the way things formerly happened no longer counts. For example, when there is no boom people are aware as a matter of experience that the market price of real estate is tied to the income that may be derived from it. They will want to know to what income-producing use, within the bounds of rational probability, a given parcel of real estate may be put. But within this decade I have seen tens of thousands of acres of remote, empty, unattractive land sold for residence lots when it was perfectly clear to the cold eye of experience that there could be no possible income-producing use unless people rained down, not in mere showers but in cloudbursts.

Some buyers really thought cloud-bursts of people were going to happen. Others knew better than that, but expected to sell at a profit to later comers who would accept the cloud-burst delusion. In the postwar land boom a great many Middle West farms sold at prices which, experience would have said, could be justified only by raising flocks of geese that laid golden eggs. Last winter in Wall Street we heard that borrowing money at 8 per cent in order to carry stocks that yielded 3 per cent was not only a very prudent operation but the surest imaginable way to get rich. And so on. That is characteristic of all booms. They wipe out experience and bank on a new dispensation. Any product of a boom is begotten in a febrile state of mind and is therefore open to question. So the simple fact that boom gave stocks their present vogue, as against bonds, suggests caution.

If Dreams Always Came True

Another characteristic of booms, whether in lands, wheat or stocks, is that they are carried on a margin, which gives your stake an enormous leverage if you win. In this boom a number of stocks have gone up more than $100 a share. Now suppose you buy 100 shares of ABC common at par, paying down the full price of $10,000. When it goes to 200 you have a profit of $10,000, doubling your money. But suppose, while ABC common advances uninterruptedly from par to 200, an accommodating broker lets you trade on a uniform margin of twenty dollars a share and pyramid your profits. Then your original $10,000 buys 500 shares instead of only 100. When ABC reaches 120 you have a profit of $10,000 and buy another 500 shares with that as a margin. At 140 you have a profit of $30,000; so you buy an additional 1000 shares. Then you have 2000 shares altogether, for which your profit of $30,000 and your original deposit provides a margin of twenty dollars a share. In short, your line of stock doubles at every twenty-point advance and when ABC common gets to 200 your profit is $310,000 instead of the beggarly $10,000 that you would have made by purchasing 100 shares outright.

It is true that in real life the broker would demand a heavier margin as the stock advanced, and ABC would be very likely to enjoy a healthy reaction in some point in its advance which would wipe you out. Yet cases of pyramided profits something like

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the above have actually happened in this bull movement. The margin brings in geometrical progression that makes the mere arithmetical progression of outright purchase look slower than a snail. You can work the same principle in a simpler manner by imagining yourself in possession of a capital consisting of one bright new cent with which you begin matching pennies, always winning. At the twenty-first match your capital would pass $10,000. Then seven more matches would raise it to the respectable sum of $1,342,177.28, and with another ten minutes of patient industry in matching pennies you would own the earth.

But not even prodigal Nature can endure geometrical progression. You have heard—and can prove it if you have enough time and lead pencils—that if herring increased at their normal birth rate they would soon fill the seven seas solid from top to bottom and shore to shore. Any living thing multiplying in each generation at its normal birth rate would soon fill the earth. Hence whales are thoughtfully provided to eat up herring, and every table of increase has its debit side, which boom ignores.

Every true-blue boom works on a margin and in effect pyramids much of its own profits, thereby setting up a rate of progression that no mere natural increase of wealth or income, however rapid it may be, can possibly keep up with. No matter how good the boomed article is intrinsically, it is a thing in nature, and the boom technic, with its geometrical scale, will in time carry it off the earth into space—to return with a thud.

Boom Times Bring Gloom Times

There is nothing so good that speculation cannot easily outrun it. If people paid outright the full price of whatever they bought, there might still be inflated prices and reactions, but such performance would be only a dull imitation of a real boom. Real booms must bust. Nature and mathematics require it. Generally speaking, people do pay outright for the bonds they buy, and the simple fact that stocks are in the atmosphere of speculation, subject to booms and busts, makes them less desirable for a good many nonprofessional investors.

Almost always a nonprofessional investor will have some other occupation to which he is devoting most of his time and energy, or he will have retired from gainful occupations. In either case, any draft that a given investment makes upon his time and energy by putting him in a state of worry and uncertainty counts against it. I happen to know a couple of small investors who will buy nothing but the highest-grade municipal bonds, yielding about 4 per cent, because they want to avoid the possibility of having anything whatever to worry about or even to think about. Probably for most small investors that would be paying too high a price for the luxury of perfect ease of mind. Yet a man may be so situated and constituted that 4 per cent and nothing to think about is a more profitable investment than double that rate with a contingent liability to worry. One of these investors is a writer, with a few more nerves than he has any real use for. Worry over an investment might easily do him out of more income than the difference between 4 and 8 per cent. For everybody, worry or its absence is a very positive factor in the value of an investment.

Stock Issues to Buy Stocks

There is some element of speculation and hazard in every share of common stock. However safe it may be, underlying bonds issued by the same company are safer. If a company earns one and a half times the dividend on its common stock, it will ordinarily be earning three or four times the interest on its bonds. I have mentioned that common-stock issues by corporations now decidedly exceed bond issues for the first time in many years. But only a small part of the new capital raised by stock issues at present goes into plant extension. Much the greater part of it is used to buy securities—generally common stocks—of other corporations.

In the three months from middle of December to middle of March the advertising pages of the Financial Chronicle contained offerings of thirty-six security issues, aggregating $800,000,000, in all of which the money was to be used, in the discretion of the management, to purchase securities of other corporations. Almost all the companies making these offerings were organized under the very liberal laws of Delaware, and in no case that is included in this list was the money earmarked for the purchase of securities of any specific corporation; always the management had wide latitude as to how it should invest the money. Included in the above-mentioned list are some preferred stocks and some debentures; but it illustrates the purpose for which, more often than for any other, new stocks are issued at present. They are equities in earnings which are issued to buy other equities in earnings. In the present temper of investors all such offerings, with reputable names attached, seem to be taken up quickly.

When there is a rush to buy anything, some poor stuff inevitably gets sold. In the mass of stocks offered to investors, some, beyond question, are decidedly speculative. On that point, Colonel Ayres of the Cleveland Trust Company wrote in March that stocks were being sold now, "not only by old and well-established firms but by companies that have no long records of sustained earning capacity, and in some instances by firms that were considered doubtful credit risks in the recent past." No doubt many new stocks are good; but as stocks, generally speaking, are much nearer the margin of company earnings than bonds are, just that much more care is needed to pick a good stock than to pick a good bond. As a class they are much more speculative, but they have been bought of late as though they were sure things. Not only bought as issued but some new stock issues, on the investment-trust principle, are already at a round premium, suggestive of a common belief that corporate earnings, or at least earnings of corporations in various broad fields of industry, are bound to increase steadily in the future. The point is that they are not bound to. There are excellent reasons for supposing that they will; but, after all, that is only a supposition, and the underlying bond will be good whether the supposition proves true or not. There is some element of speculation and hazard in all the stocks. And in the state of the markets at this writing the underlying bond will pay quite as good a present return as most of the popular stocks.

Good Prospects for Good Pickers

It goes altogether too much by fashions. For a good while the pull upon the ordinary nonprofessional investor was all toward bonds. Generally they were the only things his banker would recommend, the only things that were advertised to him except by some rascal with a dry oil well—and the only thing that conservative people or publications talked to him about. The whole investment industry was organized to sell him bonds. Then stocks went up like a Rocky Mountain range bursting majestically from the plain. Now the pull is all to stocks—after they have gone up! There is too much mere fashion in it. At this moment a sound first-mortgage, 5 per cent, thirty-year bond may look like a poke bonnet and hoop skirts, but you may be sure there will be moments in the next thirty years when it will look very satisfying. A backlog of good bonds is nothing for any nonprofessional investor to be ashamed of. Nothing ventured, nothing gained, by no means implies everything ventured, everything gained. A reasonable balance is the true objective.

The industrial progress of the United States since the war has been no skyrocket affair Over the whole field it has amounted to 5 per cent a year or such a matter. If some winners have gone ahead much faster, then some nonwinners must have gone much slower. You may say that you are wise enough to pick only the winners, but if you are that wise you will just buy you a tub, like Diogenes, and live the simple life of a philosopher. The bond idea is not to be thrown in the wastebasket, either by individuals or collectively.

Deaf Old Gentleman: "Darn the Luck! I Just Knew That Back Tire Would Blow Out Before I Got Home!"

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Lumber, now grade- and trade-marked for your protection, transforms old-fashioned houses into beautiful, up-to-date homes

(ABOVE) Mill Farm, at Harrison, N. Y., a splendid house more than 200 years old. Lumber, properly used, gave it new life and beauty . . . while still preserving its early American character and charm

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FLYING WITH BOTH FEET OFF THE GROUND

(Continued from Page 39)

anything and fall, bumps or no bumps, any more than a fly embedded in an amber bead can fall out of that bead, let us take up the delicate matter of why airplanes do fall.

Only three things can make them fall. They are the same three things that crack up automobiles, sink ships and wreck trains:

1. The airplane may lose or break an integral part through faulty construction, wear and tear or collision.

2. The pilot may be incompetent or, in a moment of crisis, guilty of faulty judgment.

3. The motive power may give out at a critical moment when the need for it is vital.

As far as the first two considerations are concerned, it is the practice of reputable air-transport companies to have a senior pilot inspect the building of all their planes. After they are through, the Department of Commerce steps in for another inspection, repeated at frequent intervals, before that plane can be licensed to carry freight or paying passengers. Look for that license before you get into a plane. You'll find it in a prominent place on the bulkhead in the forward part of the ship where your eyes naturally rest. It must be there and it must not have expired, if you—an intelligent citizen with an eye to the future—are to raise that other foot from the ground. So much for wear and tear and construction—and let it be said here that if the Government in its rigid examinations misses a stitch anywhere, your pilot will pick it up because he values his life just as you do.

Should Motors Fail

Consider him for a minute. If he's flying for a regular air-transport line he holds what is known as a transport license, which allows him to carry paying passengers across state and national borders and which indicates maximum air qualifications recognized by the United States Government. That man can do anything anyone else can do in the air, including breaking his neck if he wants to, but he holds his transport license because he's got sense enough not to do the things that might break his neck. There is as much difference between him and the two men whose names appeared in the paper as there is between the captain of the Leviathan and the old man who ferries the children around the lake in Central Park in the swan boats. As a general rule, if you are a passenger in a three-motored job you can take it for granted your pilot is a transport pilot—absolutely certain of it if you are flying across a state border. If you still doubt it ask to see your pilot's license. He has to carry it on him; it may annoy him to show it, but it's your right if you want to see it. So much for incompetency. As for the pilot's judgment in crises, nothing can ever be forecast and no standard can ever be set. The problem of crisis presents itself solely to the pilot involved and his solution of it is, to my mind, inviolable. Courts of inquiry and police investigations may examine, but they can never redecide an issue, because they did not sit at the stick when the crisis presented itself—and there is the rub.

For years we have condemned sea captains and even, on occasion, imprisoned them, until today a captain usually takes the ancient prerogative granted him, by reason of his duty to remain aboard until the last, and in disaster goes down with his ship rather than face the public that has been betrayed by his judgment or the equipment given him by his owners.

Pilots seldom get this choice. Sitting in close proximity to heavy motors as they do, it is the vilest of hard luck if they live and their passengers die. Judgment is a human equation. What one man would do in crises, another would not. But what that man does can never be questioned by another who was not there at the time. Criminal negligence and rank cowardice naturally are not to be considered in this discussion.

And now to motor failure. Pick up that fan you had a moment ago, pivot around, and when you get going fast, let go of the fan. Its motor has failed, so it scales down to the floor and will hit either flat or on one edge. If it hits flat it has landed safely. If it hits on edge it has crashed. With the fan that is luck, because it has no pilot to land it. With a plane things are infinitely different. Take a single-motored plane first. It is on an even keel, two thousand feet up, when the motor fails, and let us say that it must be going at a minimum of sixty miles an hour to remain in the air. What happens? The pilot puts the nose down until gravity, pulling at the plane, brings its air speed up again to the speed it has just lost by motor failure—say, ninety miles an hour. But with the nose down the plane loses height rapidly. Now, landings must be made in the direction from which the wind is blowing. If the plane is headed in the opposite direction, the pilot must turn it in an arc of 180 degrees before he reaches the ground. From two thousand feet such a maneuver is fairly easy in the hands of anyone with thirty hours' solo who elects to keep his head. Fatalities occur continually to inexperienced pilots placed in this situation. Even experienced pilots have ceased to draw pay when they have been caught downwind and close to obstructed ground with engine failure of a single-motor job.

The large air-transport lines have realized that this is a contingency that is liable to arise regardless of the perfection of motor equipment, and it is for that reason that on the regular, established routes the world over two-motored, but more often three-motored ships are employed.

Consider now motor failure when you have two other motors to rely on and the plane is not heavily or over loaded. The failed motor is switched off and its fuel supply stopped. The rudder is compensated to counteract right or left pull if it is a port or starboard motor. The other two motors are accelerated and you reach your destination on time. You can talk about it as an adventure if you want to, but it won't mean anything in anybody else's life, because nothing happened.

Now take two motors and cut them out. If you are at two or three thousand feet over flat country with no obstructions ahead and a decent break on the wind, your pilot picks his landing place and puts you down as gently as is compatible with the condition of the terrain. He not only has gravity to maintain his speed but he also has that one motor left, which, in a correctly loaded and rigged ship, should be ample to turn him and maneuver him down.

Pay Your Way for Safety's Sake

If three motors fail simultaneously—a contingency almost beyond the realm of present-day possibility—your man still has the same chance the boys in the paper had; only he's far better prepared by his experience to meet it. Anyway, at the worst, you've caught the insurance companies out. They thought it would be appendicitis, because they know quite well that it is appendicitis many more times than it is air locks in the pipe lines of regular three-motored planes operated by regular transport pilots flying regular passenger routes. Whatever may be said about the frequency of air accidents, the figures still show that in three years not so many passengers have been lost under the insurance stipulations as were lost in one New York Subway accident last fall.

Were these figures not rigidly truthful you would pay through the nose for air insurance. And the newest American company to operate over international territory—a territory largely interspersed with water hops—the Pan American Airways-West Indian run—would not be able to allow you on its ticket contract a maximum of forty thousand dollars' indemnity for faulty equipment or personnel negligence resulting in fatality. After all, flying, whether you like it or not, is a paying business today and it is not run by a pack of wild men who want to throw money away, nor is it underwritten by philanthropical insurance companies, out to lose for fun.

Stay away from the gypsy pilot in his hay-wire crate, steer clear of the doubtful bird who entices you to see the town from the air at a cut rate, and don't fly with the itinerant circus follower who touts his prewar air raft up and down the beach. The qualifications and equipment of these men may be excellent; on the other hand, they may not be. One sure fact is evident: Their profit depends on quantity flights with quantity passengers; a hurry-up process leading inevitably to poor between-flight inspections, hurried refueling, occasional overcrowding and short-cut flying. Reputable companies engage in sight-seeing flights and joy flights today, and your gypsy pilot of the first few years after the war is as obsolete as your air-pocket bogy. The insurance companies recognize him as a menace and exclude him from their aerial liabilities. That should be enough for the rational man to consider. Flying with gypsy or tramp pilots has always, as a general practice, been foolhardiness and potential suicide.

And now a word about the newspapers. As I write this, the front page of a paper on my desk notes four airplane accidents which in themselves should convince me of the futility of continuing this further. But let us go a little deeper than headlines.

"So-and-So, the pilot, was killed outright and Thus-and-So, his passenger, died on the way to the hospital." All well and good, and just as it happened probably, but the reporter fails to inform you of one vital item—whether or not the passenger, so-called, was a paying passenger—which makes all the difference in the world. For it is against the law of the land for anyone but a transport pilot or a limited commercial pilot to take up paying passengers, whereas any ten-hour-solo man can take up anyone for fun and fresh air. Don't be misled by the word "passenger."

The transport pilot is the only one who can legally fly you across state borders. He is the best that comes in the world. The limited commercial pilot—the next best—is limited to one state in his flying, the terrain of which and the weather conditions prevailing, he will know perfectly. These are the only two men you ever want to fool around with—on your life!

So just settle down in your aerial-parlor-car chair and watch the scenery until it bores you. Then read the paper. If you are out of the country, you might even ring for the steward and have him bring you something if you are so inclined. I have known planes to carry extensive wine lists and enticing menus. There are planes today with convertible sleeping bunks. I have seen planes with a shower bath installed.

Ten minutes before landing, go into the washroom and brush up. You'll find running water in all of the large types. And that's all there is to passenger flying today.

It's an unbelievable time-saver, interesting in its mechanics to the tyro, immensely comfortable in comparison to other modes of travel for the seasoned traveler, and as luxurious and safe as the tonneau of your limousine. Age is no barrier, although children don't like it much, for it's too disappointing for them after the books they've read on the subject. Women seem to like it better than men at first, but once tried to any extent, no other means of travel ever seems quite to be travel at all.

On the other hand, if it's pure adventure and a free and untrammeled life you want, with no thought for personal safety or health but with a fond desire to die with your boots on, passenger flying won't give it to you; so call a taxi and be off with you, and let the insurance companies weep.

A Flying Field in Tampa, Florida

Tools that eat DIRT!

Hoover dusting tools live on dirt.

Let them but touch the draperies, the walls, the door and window frames—dust is gobbled up. Let them delve in the corners of the piano and radio, among the radiator coils, in the depths of the upholstery of furniture and automobiles—fluff and dirt are instantly devoured. Give them a chance to poke in the corners of the stairs, around the tufts of mattresses, among the books on the bookshelves, in the fireplace—you'll see how cleverly they search out, how greedily they swallow, all the dust and lint and elusive bits of dirt.

Hungry dusting tools! Hoover dusting tools!

Light and easy to handle, their swivel joints make it unnecessary for you to twist your wrist, their spring catches lock the units instantly in place. Such helpers give to your housecleaning, to all your routine dusting, a very special speed and ease.

Yet above-the-floor cleaning is a small matter compared with that of cleaning floor coverings, which store about ninety per cent of the dirt in your home. Helpful as are the Hoover dusting tools, of even greater importance is the faster, easier, more thorough cleaning of rugs which results from the exclusive Hoover cleaning principle, "Positive Agitation." It is so effective against the embedded grit which eludes ordinary cleaning that The Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*.

Ask your local Hoover dealer for a demonstration of The Hoover and its dusting tools. Three Hoover models, $59.50, $75 and $135. With dusting tools, $72, $87.50 and $150. Floor polisher, $7.50. Only $6.25 down. Liberal allowance for your old cleaner.

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IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS

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Mr. Edwin Kline of the well-known New York architectural firm of F. Albert Hunt and Edwin Kline

EDWIN KLINE *plans a modern exterior color scheme with paint*

"THE possibilities of color—on the outside of the home—are all too frequently overlooked," says the distinguished architect, Edwin Kline. "The opportunity modern paint gives is almost unlimited. With convenient, durable finishes, home-owners command a variety of colorful, decorative effects from which to choose as imagination and personal taste dictate."

One of the houses designed by Mr. Kline, characteristic of his work, is shown here.

Testing tensile strength of paint film in the du Pont Control Laboratories

A number of color schemes by well-known architects are available in "Modern Color Schemes for Your Home," an authoritative book just written for the du Pont Company.

All du Pont colors have been approved by the du Pont "Color Committee," a group of artists working with the stylists of the du Pont Home Decoration Service.

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In practically every community today there is a du Pont dealer. He has the correct

Choosing color harmonies is a delightful task. All du Pont colors are approved by the du Pont Home Decoration Service

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"Modern Color Schemes for Your Home" is illustrated with various types of houses. It not only contains practical suggestions for the outside of the house, but includes a section by interior decorators for bringing color into every room. Before painting your house be sure to get this guide to correct color combinations. Just mail the coupon with 10¢.

You can obtain this color scheme with these du Pont colors:

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THE MILLION-POUND DEPOSIT

(Continued from Page 27)

company, but underneath the sheltering cover of his left hand was the dull gleam of a revolver.

"Who is there?" he called out.

Again the knocking. This time Thomas Ryde rose to his feet. He glanced around at his companions contemptuously.

"Remember," he warned them, "no clumsy explanations. Leave speech to me. If it is the police, wait till we hear the charge."

With firm fingers he turned back the key and, with his hand on the butt of his still-concealed revolver, he threw open the door. Sir Matthew, portentous, flushed and furious, stepped in.

"What's all this meeting about?" he demanded.

Their eyes devoured him. De Brest strolled back to his place and tried hard to appear at his ease. Hisedale took off his spectacles and polished them, laughing stupidly at himself all the time. Hartley Wright stretched out for his glass, which he had only recently refilled, and drained its contents.

"Well, what's it all about?" Sir Matthew repeated. "What are you all meeting here in secret for, without any word to me? Is there any fresh trouble?"

Curiously enough, as the other three men began to regain their composure, Thomas Ryde for the first time showed signs of losing a portion of his. He gripped the newcomer by the arm.

"What brought you here, Sir Matthew?" he asked. "How did you find out where to come to?"

"How did I find out where to come to?" the other boomed. "I like that, Thomas Ryde! Has anyone a better right to be here? My mind misgives me that you've met to discuss this offer of Glenalton's. Am I right or wrong?"

He swung around and faced Sigismund de Brest, and the latter, although pusillanimously, took up the challenge.

"Why not, Sir Matthew? We are all concerned in this. We have all run the same risk—greater risk than you—greater risk than any sane man ought to take on. We want to get out of it as quick as we can."

"That's right," Sir Matthew growled, his eyes filled with scorn, as De Brest cowered away from him. "Enter into a dirty enterprise and then kick yourself for being a fool afterward. Whine about it. That's what your type do. If there's any man here should kick himself, and go on kicking himself for the rest of his life, I'm that man, and not you, you coward! Put that sort of talk on one side, young man, and listen to me! Listen to me, all of you! Have you been discussing the sale of Blunn's formula to the Glenalton Company?"

"We have," Thomas Ryde admitted. "Furthermore, we have arrived at a decision. We are all in favor of accepting the offer."

Sir Matthew towered up before them, his head nearly reaching to the cracked, smoke-stained ceiling. For a moment, one had a vision of Samson in the Temple. One felt that this man could, if he would, stretch out his arms till the walls fell apart and brought down the rotten, crumbling masonry upon the sullen little circle of men.

"I've got my portion of the receipt," he reminded them, "and without that, as you've acknowledged yourselves, no one can touch the formula. I tell you this first and last, I'll see the formula burn in the fire before it ever reaches the Glenalton Works. Do you hear me, all of you? Is there more to be said about it?"

"A very great deal, I am afraid, Sir Matthew," Hisedale answered. "The formula may be worth more if we could afford to wait, but we can't. We all need money. So far, we have run great risks for an insignificant return. I know that it was at first proposed to lock the formula up for several years, but that, after all, is an unsatisfactory business. Our nerves are on edge. The Glenalton people are the only firm in the world who could offer us a million pounds in cash, and no questions asked. They are willing to accept the formula as mine, which will do away with all suspicions. They will give me a position in their works. You must forget your prejudices, Sir Matthew. You are in a minority. We all want to sell and wind this business up. Remember," he concluded, dropping his voice a little and glancing nervously toward the door, "you are not in the same position as we are. You were not concerned in the actual burglary. We have run a greater risk and our need of recompense is therefore greater."

"And don't you think I loathe you all for it?" Sir Matthew thundered. "Did I want poor old Rentoul shot? He'd been in the works for forty-five years, man and boy. Do you think that I should have let you inside the place if I'd known that harm was coming to him?"

"He had to be removed," Thomas Ryde said curtly. "He might have recognized one of us, and he was the only man who knew enough of the formula to have carried on for a time without it."

De Brest stretched out his hands.

"Why discuss these things?" he begged piteously. "Why bring up again these horrible details? We have to deal with the position as it stands, not as it might have been. Sir Matthew, we must beg you to come in with the rest of us. We shall never have another chance of touching cold cash like this. You read about Huneybell's accident and death?"

"Yes, I read about it," Sir Matthew admitted, his shaggy eyebrows meeting in a black frown, and suspicion lurking in his eyes as he looked across at Thomas Ryde. "Queer reading it made, too!"

"It was an unfortunate accident," Thomas Ryde confided. "Huneybell has been drinking heavily for the last few weeks, and he would probably have found his way to Scotland Yard before long."

"Anyway," De Brest went on, "Ryde has his portion of the receipt, and we are dividing up his share. That makes two hundred thousand pounds each, Sir Matthew. As soon as you hand over your portion of the receipt, or come with us to the safe-deposit company, if you don't trust us, we can make our final arrangements. We can touch that million within a week's time. I suppose in my way," he concluded, "I'm the richest man here, but I don't mind confessing that I have too many irons in the fire. I need the money. I want to touch my share of that million next week."

Sir Matthew eyed the young man with distaste.

"I have no doubt you do, lad," he declared, "but you won't, if I can help it. Now, listen to me, Thomas Ryde, and all of you. I've a notion of my own about the formula. Waterspoon and Stephenson are both back. They're fairly warm men, and there's still something to be raised on the credit of the company. Dutley's a poor creature, but he'll do as he's told. He could borrow money on his shares, and he has other means. We'll buy back the formula for the firm. We'll give, say a couple of hundred thousand pounds in cash, and the rest when we get going again. As for my share, divide it up among you. I'm sick to the bottom of my soul of the whole business sick that I ever touched it! That's nowt to do with anyone but myself, though. I can play the go-between and work the thing all right. You'll not run the risk in selling back to us that you would in selling to anyone else."

"I have heard what Sir Matthew has to say," Thomas Ryde observed coldly. "I am still in favor of selling the formula to Glenalton's for a million pounds cash."

There was a little chorus of assent—nothing wavering about it, either—firm and decided assent. Sir Matthew looked around at them all grimly.

"Perhaps you'll change your minds later, gentlemen," he said. "Mark you, you're no nearer your million. I've got my share of the receipt and I shan't part."

Thomas Ryde leaned forward in his place.

"There is something," he said, "which we have all forgotten. Sir Matthew has never answered our question. How did he know where to find us tonight? Who invited him to come?"

They all looked toward Sir Matthew. He scowled back at them.

"I came because you sent for me. I didn't want to come. I told you I wanted to be kept out of it all."

"What do you mean—we sent for you?" Thomas Ryde demanded.

"Here's the telephone message," Sir Matthew said, spreading it out upon the table. "I don't mind telling you that I was just getting into bed when it was brought up. I'd been to your house in Highgate, as it happens, Thomas Ryde—to have a talk with you—but, although your red light was burning, you weren't there."

They bent over the oblong strip of white paper, pushing one another away, clawing one another like animals, hot-breathed and terrified. It looked so harmless a neatly penciled message on a regular form, at the top of which was printed:

MIDLAND HOTEL TELEPHONE SERVICE

Come tonight 11:30 —— Endale Street, meet friend. Important discussion.

Thomas Ryde was the first to break away. Even his precise voice shook a little as he spoke:

"I take it that not one of us here, was fool enough to send that telephone message?"

There was a murmur of universal dissent. They all confronted one another, and there was terror and suspicion on the faces of all.

"If none of you sent it," Sir Matthew demanded, "who did? Who else knows about your meetings? Has anyone given the whole show away?"

There was no answer. Each was struggling with the problem in his own manner. Sir Matthew pointed down to the strip of paper.

"Someone knew that you met here," he went on. "Someone knew that I didn't usually come to your meetings. It can't be the police. They wouldn't do a roundabout thing like that. Who, outside this room, knows all our affairs?"

De Brest was walking up and down like a madman. "I wish I'd never touched the damned business!" he sobbed.

"I wish I was back in New York," Hartley Wright muttered.

Sir Matthew looked at them all with scorn. "Well," he jeered, "you're a fine gang of desperadoes for the police to lay their hands on. Four mousetraps would hold the lot of you."

Thomas Ryde leaned over and rang the bell. "Be silent, all of you," he directed sharply. "There's someone moving about outside. We may as well know all there is to be known."

Luigi answered the summons with surprisingly short delay.

"Wanta bill?" he queried. "I got him here."

He handed it over. Thomas Ryde, without a glance at the details, counted out the money and added a crisp, white bank note. The little Italian's eyes danced with joy as he pocketed it.

"Anyone been asking about us tonight, Luigi?" Thomas Ryde inquired.

"Not a word. Not a customer since nine o'clock. We sent out twelve mutton pies to the Angel opposite. No other business. Very good place, this, for gentlemens who like to keep quiet—gentlemens who bring things back from Holland in their bag," he added, with a little snigger.

Thomas Ryde looked composedly around at his companions.

"Luigi is our friend," he reminded them. "He knows why we meet here. He knows what is in the bag outside in the car. We all trust Luigi. You heard what he said. No one has been round here making inquiries of any sort."

"Never anyone," the little waiter declared with impressive fervor. "If anyone aska, I say, as you told me: 'Commercial travelers from the country.' Never a word about Holland. Do not fear, gentlemens. With Luigi, you are safer here than anywhere."

Thomas Ryde nodded. "Good night," he said. "We will let you know when we are coming again."

"The boss says when you finish will you leava the back way," Luigi begged. "You can leava door open. No one care. Nothing to steal. In the front, we close the door. The boss likes his glass over at the Angel."

With a series of bowed good nights and a wonderful feeling of uplift from that note in his pocket, the little man left the room with a prayer in his heart for all good, generous smugglers. Thomas Ryde thrust open the crazy door leading into the yard. The rain outside had ceased, but the darkness was intense. With the help of an electric torch, he picked his way among the puddles until he reached the door which led to the outer yard. The taxicab was still waiting, also the touring car.

"Anyone been round?" he inquired.

"Not a soul," the taxicab man answered. "Hope you won't be long, guv'nor. I'd like to get through my job before the pubs close."

"We are coming now," Ryde told him. "In any case, I'll see that you have a drink."

He made his way back to the fusty little room, where the others eagerly awaited him.

"I do not believe," he announced deliberately, "that there is any urgent need for alarm. The car and the taxicab are both there, and no one has been around. I regret having to remind you, however, that we have arrived at no conclusion. The existence of that mysterious telephone message to Sir Matthew makes an immediate decision necessary. Someone outside our circle knows about us. That is not a very pleasant thought for us to take away. I have a shelter waiting for me which I do not think that anyone in the world will ever discover, and the sooner I find myself there, with the best part of two hundred thousand pounds, the better I shall be pleased. Sir Matthew, under these very alarming circumstances, you must give in."

Sir Matthew laughed grimly. "I can see your gun," he said, "but you needn't think you can terrify me. Besides," he went on, "the person who sent that message for me to come to this place must have known whom I was going to meet. They'd know where to look if I was found here in the morning with one of your dirty bullets under my skin. You daren't do it, Thomas Ryde. You're asking for the rope even when you think about it."

Thomas Ryde changed his position slightly. He was between Sir Matthew and the door now. De Brest, obeying a silent summons, stood by his side. Doctor Hisedale tore the paper off a phial which he had drawn from his waistcoat pocket. They were all around Sir Matthew, just out of striking distance.

"Put your gun away, Hartley Wright," Thomas Ryde enjoined. "You won't need it. . . . Professor, bring the needle out from your phial when I give you the word. . . . If anything should happen to you, Sir Matthew, you won't be found here. I can promise you that. We have two cars outside, you must remember. We don't want to use violence, except in case of an emergency. Doctor Hisedale, with a single jab of his needle, can do all that is

(Continued on Page 96)

There's only one hardwood flooring in the world whose final finish you can see and test before the floors are installed — CROMAR FACTORY FINISHED OAK FLOORING

When Mr Charles H Roberts (of McIlvain & Roberts Architects, Philadelphia) built this charming home for himself, CROMAR Floors were installed throughout Mr Roberts not only chose CROMAR for his own home, but has specified CROMAR for many of his clients' homes because, as he says, "CROMAR has a better finish than the usual un-finished flooring gets, it not only *is* beautiful, but it *wears* beautifully, and it is the only oak flooring of whose color and finish quality I can be actually certain in advance."

IT is of decided advantage to you to know in advance *exactly* what the final finish of your new floors will be—to know its *quality*—to know its *appearance* even before you buy the flooring.

When you buy ordinary flooring, you can not be certain of these things. You can only be certain of a long-drawn-out job of scraping, sanding, filling and varnishing after the flooring is nailed down. The *results* of all these operations—the efficiency of the workmen and the quality of materials—is a lottery.

But with CROMAR Oak Flooring all this is changed. For CROMAR is completely finished at the factory—scraped, sanded, filled, *twice* varnished and treated to resist moisture. Ingenious and powerful CROMAR machines do all of this work swifter, cheaper and far better than can the best trained human hand. You see CROMAR at the Retail Lumber Dealers exactly as it will appear on your floors. You judge its lovely piano-finish and test its wear-resistance—before you order it. CROMAR floors are beautiful years after hand-finished floors need re-finishing. Still other advantages result from CROMAR factory-finishing: For example, only with a hardwood flooring which is finished before laying, can the strips be successfully blended for grain and color value.

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CROMAR floors cost no more than hand-finished oak floors. Sold by lumber dealers, but installed by carpenters and contractors. Consult any of these for further information. If you have the slightest trouble in getting satisfaction, write us and we shall give your inquiry immediate personal attention.

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Because CROMAR is completely finished at the factory, it is Laid and Used the Same Day! When the beautifully finished CROMAR strips reach you, *crated* in compact, easy-to-handle, damage-proof bundles, there is not another thing to do but nail them down—right over your old floors. The complete job (just nailing, remember) is done at the speed of a room a day. Started after breakfast—completed before dinner!

After Breakfast—the room cleared and the carpenters ready to nail down the finished CROMAR Flooring

In the Evening of the same day—the last nail driven and the new CROMAR Floor in use

CROMAR is a *tongue and groove* flooring—which means that the nails are driven *not* through the finished surface, but through the tongue, and are thus concealed by the groove of the adjoining strip.

CROMAR
FACTORY FINISHED *Oak* FLOORING

GOOD PERFORMANCE

THE new Ford is more than a new automobile. It is the expression of an ideal—an ideal that looks to bringing the benefits of modern transportation to all the people.

Because of this purpose, the price is low and great care has been taken to insure economy of operation and up-keep. Few features are of greater importance to millions of motorists.

Figures from many sources show that the new Ford averages 20 miles per gallon of gasoline, with thousands of Ford owners reporting greater mileage on long trips. Oil consumption is also low. There is a considerable saving on tires due to the balance of the car, ease of steering and perfected wheel design.

All tires used on new Ford cars and recommended for replacement are specially built by leading tire manufacturers according to specifications laid down by the Ford Motor Company.

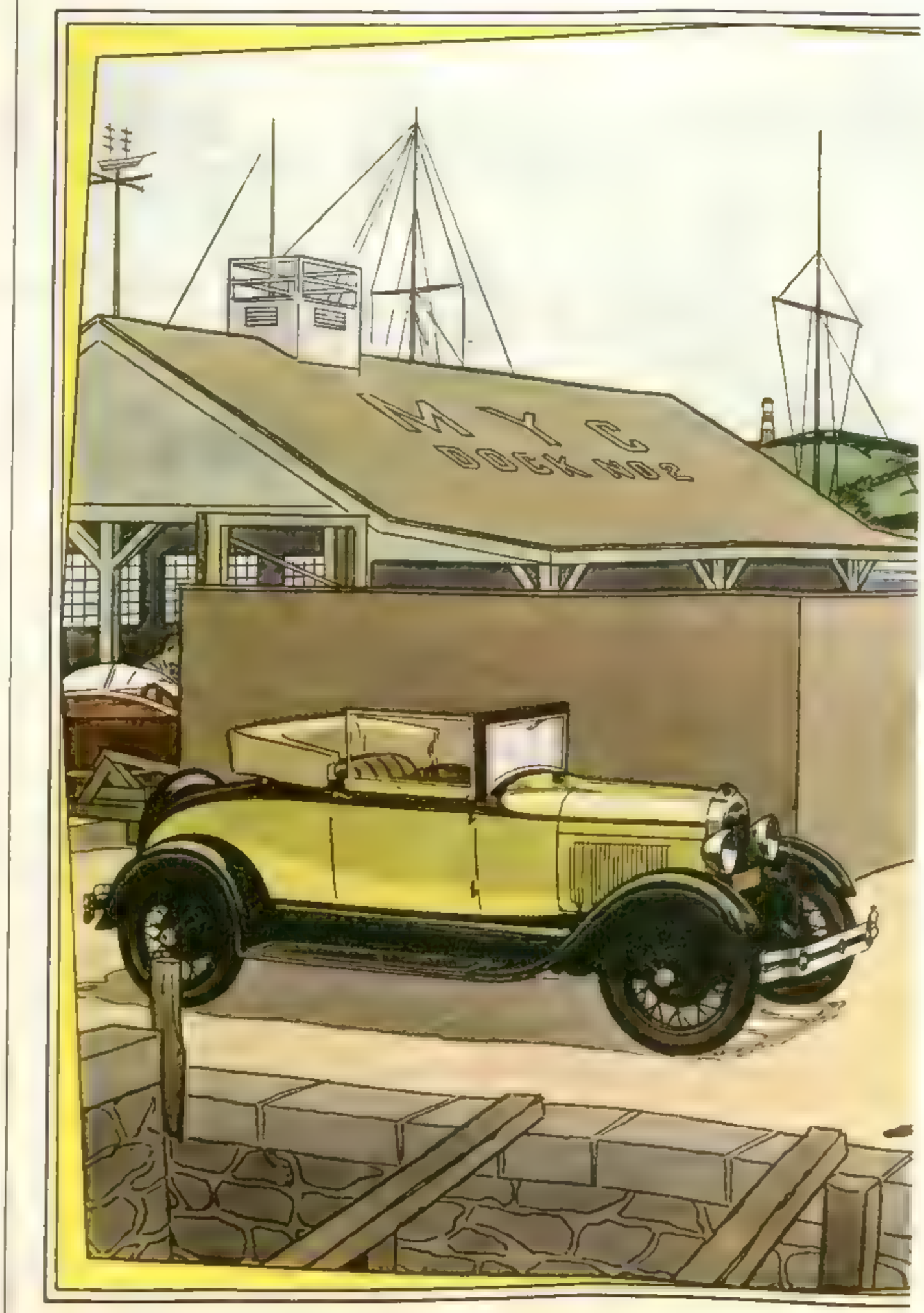
Mechanical up-keep is low because of simplicity of design and the enduring quality that has been built into every part.

Definite evidence of the economy of the new Ford is shown in repeated and growing purchases by Federal and city governments, by police departments, and by large industrial companies which keep day-by-day cost records. The new Ford has been chosen only after exhaustive tests covering every feature of automobile value and performance.

A further advantage is the Ford policy of not making radical yearly changes. This serves to protect and maintain the investment of every Ford owner. Wherever possible, improvements in the new Ford are made so that present owners may take advantage of them quickly and at low cost.

The availability of Ford dealers throughout the world and close factory supervision of all service are additional reasons for the economy of the new Ford. This service begins with proper instruction when you buy the car and includes a free inspection or checking-up of important parts at 500, at 1000 and at 1500 miles.

No matter where you live or where you go, you will never be very far from

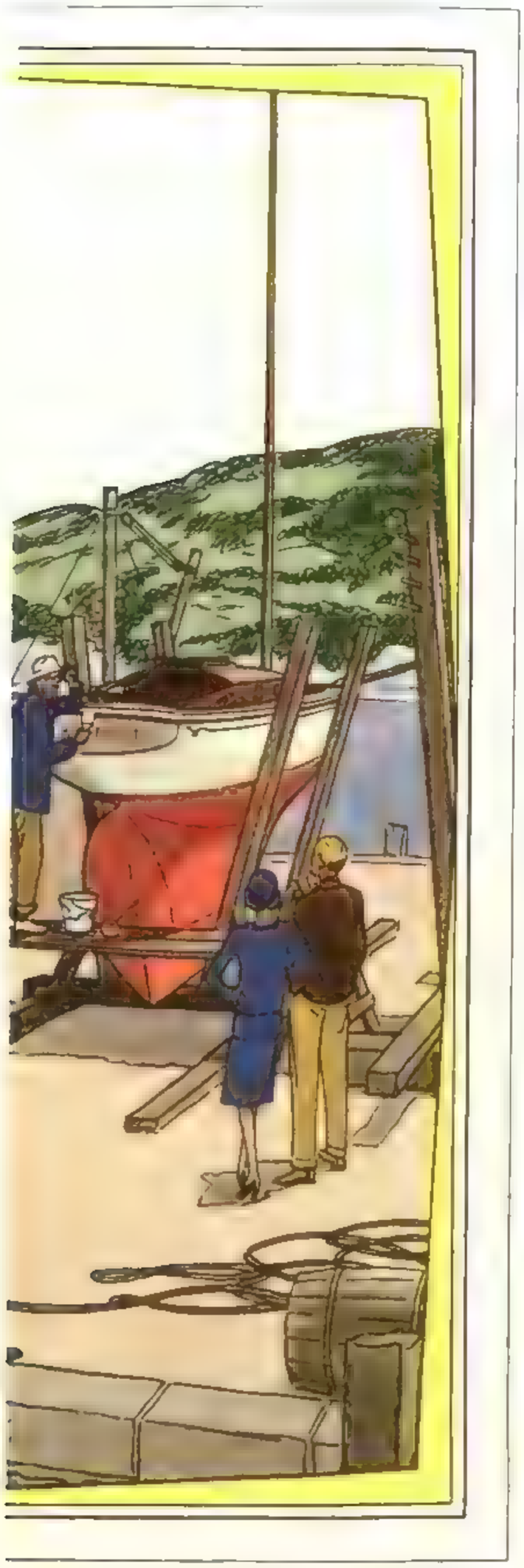


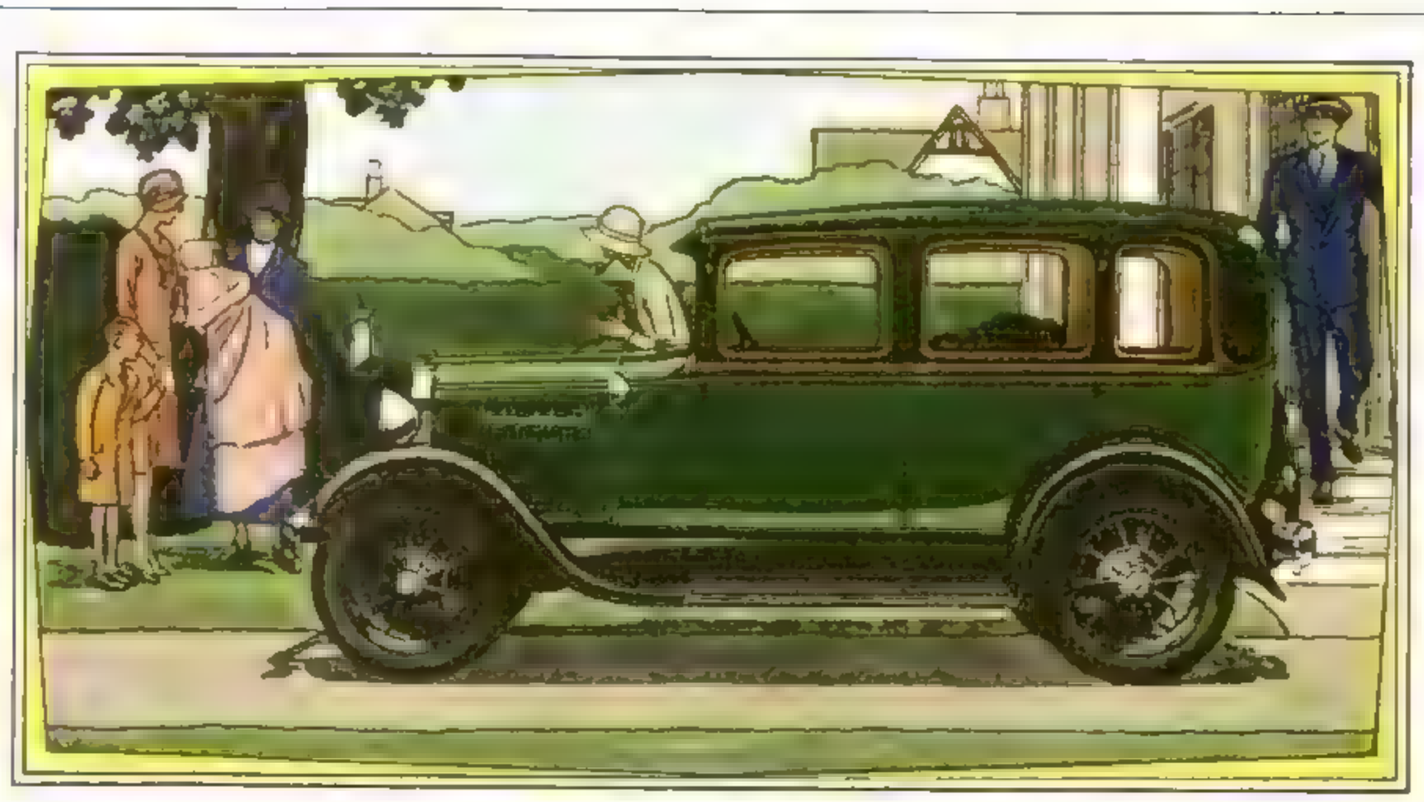
Shown here is one of the newest Ford cars—the Convertible Cabriolet. Combines the comfort of a closed car in winter and the airy freedom of a roadster in summer. A splendid all-year, all-weather car for every member of the family.

WITH ECONOMY

a Ford dealer who has been specially trained and equipped to help you get many thousands of miles of pleasant, enjoyable motoring at a minimum of trouble and expense.

"Good performance with economy" is the reason for the unusual value that is brought to you in the new Ford.





Another new Ford car is the Town Sedan. Distrnguished by its roomy comfort and rich finish. Interior hardware is of satin finish nickel. Rear window and rear quarter windows have silk curtains. Driver's seat is adjustable. Folding center arm and side arm rests add to comfort of rear seat. Rear compartment also has bow light and flexible robe rail. Three side windows, large rear window, and narrow pillars give unusual vision.

SERVICE

"IT has always been our belief that a sale does not complete the transaction between us and the buyer, but establishes a new obligation on us to see that his car gives him service. We are as much interested in his economical operation of the car as he is in our economical manufacture of it.

"For that reason we have installed a system of controlled service to take care of all Ford car needs in an economical and improved manner. We wish all users of Ford cars to know what they are entitled to in this respect, so that they may readily avail themselves of this service."

Henry Ford

(Continued from Page 92)

necessary so far as you're concerned. Now, listen, Sir Matthew, please. It is not worth your life to be obstinate. We don't wish to rob you of anything. Notwithstanding your abnegation of it, you shall have your share of the Glenalton million if you wish. Put your pocketbook upon the table. Unpleasant things will happen to you if you don't before I count five. . . . One."

Sir Matthew looked around the little circle. He seemed to be making up his mind which way to spring.

"Two. . . . Three. . . . Four. . . ."

Suddenly De Brest started. "Listen," he whispered hoarsely.

The situation was arrested for a moment, but Sir Matthew knew well that there was murder lurking in that little phial from which the needle was now half withdrawn, murder behind the lenses of those gold-rimmed spectacles of Thomas Ryde. Outside, in the back restaurant, they could see through the chinks in the door that a light had been lit. They heard Luigi's shuffling, unwilling footsteps, and the lighter tread of a belated customer. Then a voice—a well-bred, pleasant voice, notwithstanding its slight drawl—a voice, too, which to more than one person in the room seemed faintly familiar.

"Hope I'm not keeping you up. My train was two hours late and I'm hungry. I should like to try one of your mutton pies, a bottle of stout, and the evening paper."

XXV

"WHO is waiting for me?" Sir Matthew exclaimed, sitting suddenly up in bed

"The Baron de Brest is asking if he can see you for a moment, sir."

Sir Matthew swung himself onto the floor. "What an infernal cheek!" he muttered.

"Yes, sir. Shall I tell the baron to wait in the salon?"

"I suppose so. Turn on the water in the bathroom "

The man obeyed, and in a quarter of an hour Sir Matthew, considerably refreshed by his cold bath, still in his dressing gown and bedroom slippers, entered the salon. De Brest, throwing away his cigarette, rose impetuously to greet him.

"You've a pretty good nerve, young fellow," Sir Matthew growled. "What do you want to see me about?"

"I want to apologize for last night—and explain."

Sir Matthew seated himself in an easy-chair.

"I don't want your apologies, and I shall believe just as much of your explanations as I choose," was the sour comment.

"Have you found out who telephoned to you?" De Brest asked feverishly.

"Must have been one of you."

"But I tell you it was not!" De Brest cried. "I will be frank with you. You were the last person we wanted there. We did not mean to come to you till the day for releasing the formula."

"I'll admit," Sir Matthew grunted, "that I didn't seem altogether a welcome visitor, but there's one of you must be playing a lone hand. Who is there outside your gang could get to know that you were going to meet last night at a wheezy little cookshop like that?"

De Brest was shaking. "If one of us was playing what you call a 'lone hand,' Sir Matthew," he protested, "what was he to gain by dragging you there? Cannot you see that for yourself?"

"Well, it's something to know where I stand with you all," Sir Matthew acknowledged after a brief pause. "A gang of murderers!"

"Now, Sir Matthew," De Brest begged, "do not get thinking that, I implore you. What we put up on you last night was a bluff."

"A bluff, eh?" Sir Matthew repeated incredulously.

"It was neither more nor less than that," the young man declared. "Hartley Wright's gun was not loaded, and I am very certain Thomas Ryde's was not either. He has had enough of that. Hisedale's needle might have put you to sleep for a few minutes, but that was the greatest harm it could do. We are not a pack of fools, Sir Matthew. With two hundred thousand pounds each staring us in the face, and the danger of the other affair not over yet, you cannot believe that we were going to commit a stupid crime which must have been found out. Remember the telephone message. I only wish I could forget it. Someone knew where you were—someone, I should say, more likely to be your friend than your enemy."

"You'd have had my pocketbook," Sir Matthew muttered, "if that customer hadn't walked into the back shop."

De Brest hesitated. Protestations had perhaps been carried far enough.

"Yes, Sir Matthew," he admitted, "they meant having the paper."

"They!" Sir Matthew flung back at him.

"We!" De Brest almost shouted. "We do not wish you harm, Sir Matthew. No one wishes you harm—especially me. We have been friends, and to put it straight, you still owe me money. I do not want harm to come to you, but I agree with the others—your obstinacy in this matter is damnable prejudice and selfishness. It is not reasonable that four other men who have risked their lives and liberty should be made to suffer for your foolishness. So that's that, Sir Matthew. I would have joined in hocusing you. I would have seen the paper stolen, but also I would have seen that you had your share of the money afterward."

"You sound more like telling the truth now, lad," Sir Matthew acknowledged. "All the same, I'll never but believe it was lucky for my skin that some young man took a fancy for a mutton pie. As to owing you money, there's a talk coming between you and me about that."

"The talk is useless," De Brest affirmed. "I should very much like a little of the money "

"You have made plenty, haven't you, out of your rotten companies?" Sir Matthew asked him bitterly.

"We have been unfortunate together," De Brest confessed. "That happens sometimes in financial operations. I gave you the choice of several of my interests. You happened to choose some that turned out worse than the others."

"I chose the ones you advised."

"Not in all cases," De Brest declared. "I told you that I was financing Dulkopf Irons, for instance, but I barely even suggested your putting money in."

Sir Matthew leaned forward in his place. "Look here," he said, "I've finished with you, anyway, if life ever goes running along any sort of wheels again, so I'll just tell you what's in my mind about you and Dulkopf Irons: We were talking investments—it was before I'd known you long, so I'd got a bit of brass. You're right in what you said. You didn't press me to buy Dulkopf Irons. You seemed to be rather trying to put me off, and I wondered why. We were talking that morning in the sitting room of your suite at the Milan, and the telephone rang in the next room. You excused yourself and left me alone. Your portfolio was open on the table. Plumb on the top of everything was a letter with DULKOPF at the top of the sheet. Was that letter left there for me to read, young fellow?"

"If it was in my portfolio," De Brest rejoined, "can you imagine that that was the case? Should I have left my portfolio open if I had thought that you were the sort of man to pry into its contents?"

"Yes, I believe you would, and I believe you did," Sir Matthew answered. "We're down to plain words, you see, now. Anyway, I did read the letter, though it was marked 'private.' From the chief engineer of the works, wasn't it, begging you to sell no more shares? Contracts rolling in. A new process that was going to save 30 per cent in smelting. A hundred thousand pounds certain profit in the first eight months." Yes, I read the letter, young man, and I believe you meant me to. . . . No, wait a bit! I haven't done yet. What about that telephone conversation? You left the door ajar—not purposely, I suppose, eh? I couldn't help hearing, if I'd wanted to—hearing you getting angrier and angrier with a man who was begging for some Dulkopf shares. I even heard the end of the conversation.

"'It's no good, Mr. Hirsch,' you were saying. 'The news has reached you, I suppose, but I couldn't sell you any Dulkopf shares if you made me a present of ten thousand pounds. I haven't so many left, and they're pledged to a friend who has been in with me in one or two concerns that have not come out quite so well.'

"Very nice—very straightforward—all of it! Out you came with a word of apology for having been so long. You'd been talking to Hirsch, the great ironmaster. You didn't mention Dulkopf shares, but when we parted that morning you had my checks for eighty thousand pounds. You were almost in tears to part with the shares, but you did it."

Among many of his acquaintances, Sigismund de Brest passed for a good-looking man. At that moment he was a very striking exemplification of the oft-quoted saying that good looks are the expression of the soul rather than a physical attribute. There was an almost venomous light in his peculiar-colored eyes. His flabby mouth owed the little strength which it possessed to the indrawn, malicious curve of his upper lip. It was the face of an underbred and angry satyr.

"Listen, Sir Matthew," he snarled, "you have lost your money, and you whine, and you are rude, and you are stupid. I shall offer you no more explanations. I have helped you with your Dulkopf calls, and if you did not know what the constitution of the company was, and what your liabilities were, then you must be a very bad man of business. You will have to pay the rest of the calls this year, and that is why, if you are not a fool, you will get this two hundred thousand pounds. For the rest, I have no more to say to you. You are too pig-headed. Someone else can come and argue."

De Brest produced his huge cigar case, lit a cigar, and rose deliberately to his feet. Sir Matthew also rose.

"You are leaving?" he asked.

"It is useless to argue with you further," De Brest declared.

Sir Matthew gripped him by the arm. "Listen, young fellow," he enjoined, "there's a little man I know whom I haven't much respect for, and who's rather a weakling, but whom I've liked better ever since I heard, a week or so ago, that he'd knocked you down."

"If you are referring to Dutley," De Brest said, removing his cigar from his mouth, "he took me by surprise. I was ——"

"Well, I'm not taking you by surprise," Sir Matthew interrupted; "I'm going to kick you out, De Brest, and I hope I never see your slimy face again, unless we stand in the dock together. Do you hear that? And now—out you go!"

The struggle was unworthy of the name. De Brest was as flabby as a man who smokes strong cigars, drinks all day, and sits up all night, indulges in every form of dissipation and takes no exercise, could well be. He finished in the corridor, groaning and puffing, helped to his feet by two not very sympathetic servants. Behind his locked door, Sir Matthew lit his early morning cigarette, threw the window wide open, and rang for his breakfast.

A crisis is sometimes exhausting, sometimes stimulating. The present one, Sir Matthew found very much to his taste

"Got rid of that young swine anyway," he kept muttering to himself as he finished his toilet and shook out the Times.

The stock-exchange notes puzzled him. There was persistent buying of Boothroyd's, which rose to fifty-eight, notwithstanding adverse rumors. In the street, after hours, they were offered down to fifty-six. Still persistent buying of Boothroyd's! Sir Matthew threw down the paper and commenced to fill his pipe. There was a knocking at the outside door of his suite.

"Come in!" he called out.

The door was opened and closed. There was a similarly cautious tap at the inside door.

"Come in!" Sir Matthew repeated a little impatiently.

The door was thrust open. De Brest made a tentative entrance.

"You again? Haven't you had enough?" Sir Matthew exclaimed.

"Can I have just one friendly word with you, Sir Matthew?"

"Friendly be damned! What do you want?"

"I am here in your interests," De Brest assured him earnestly. "I have a proposition of great importance to put before you. Will you consent to listen to me for five minutes?"

"I think it would probably amuse me," was the scornful reply. "Come in, and don't look so scared. I've had my fun for the morning, and I know all about you now."

De Brest closed the door behind him and, carefully keeping the table between himself and the man he had come to visit, drew out a chair.

"Sir Matthew," he began, "owing to circumstances which we know of, Boothroyd shares have already fallen more than twenty points, and in the course of the next few months will probably be of very little value at any price."

"That's your opinion, is it? You should read the Times this morning, my lad. 'Persistent buying of Boothroyd's.' What do you think of that?"

"The paragraph was misleading. Boothroyd's were scarcely dealt in at all yesterday. It is reported that there was a buyer, but scarcely any shares came on the market."

"Well, what's this to do with your turning up here again?" Sir Matthew demanded gruffly. "I thought I'd given you hint enough that you weren't a particularly welcome visitor."

"Do not refer, if you please, to that unfortunate incident," De Brest begged, with an attempt at dignity. "You lost your temper, and it is not my custom to strike an older man. I told you that I had come in your interests. Tell me, how many of your Boothroyd shares have you sold?"

"What's that got to do with you?"

"Please restrain yourself, Sir Matthew. It would be very much to your benefit to answer my question."

"I should like to hear anything from you which would be to my benefit!" Sir Matthew growled. "However, I'll try you out. I've twenty-five thousand shares left, and ashamed of myself I am for admitting it. Young Dutley, who hasn't sold a share, is more of a man than I am."

"Listen," De Brest enjoined, leaning a little across the table. "Last night's price was fifty-six in the street, fifty-eight in the house. I'll give you sixty-two for your twenty-five thousand. You can go and buy them back again in an hour if you want to, and take your profit, and you need not be afraid of my depressing the market here with your shares either. I want them for abroad."

Sir Matthew shook with ponderous laughter. "Oversold, are you, young man?" he jeered. "And settling day next Friday! It's young Dutley's done that, bottling up half the shares. God bless the lad!"

"I need the shares from someone who is an actual holder," De Brest explained, with an attempt at calmness, "to complete a large deal I made on behalf of some clients on the Amsterdam Stock Exchange. I'm offering you a profit of five or six thousand pounds, which I hope you will put in your mind against some of the losses we have made together."

Sir Matthew pointed with the stem of his pipe toward the door.

"Young man," he said, "I'm glad you came back. I've enjoyed your visit, but if

(Continued on Page 100)

Batley's Beach at Newport. One of the most famous and picturesque summering spots in America. Here, during the summer months, you will see social celebrities from every country in the world.

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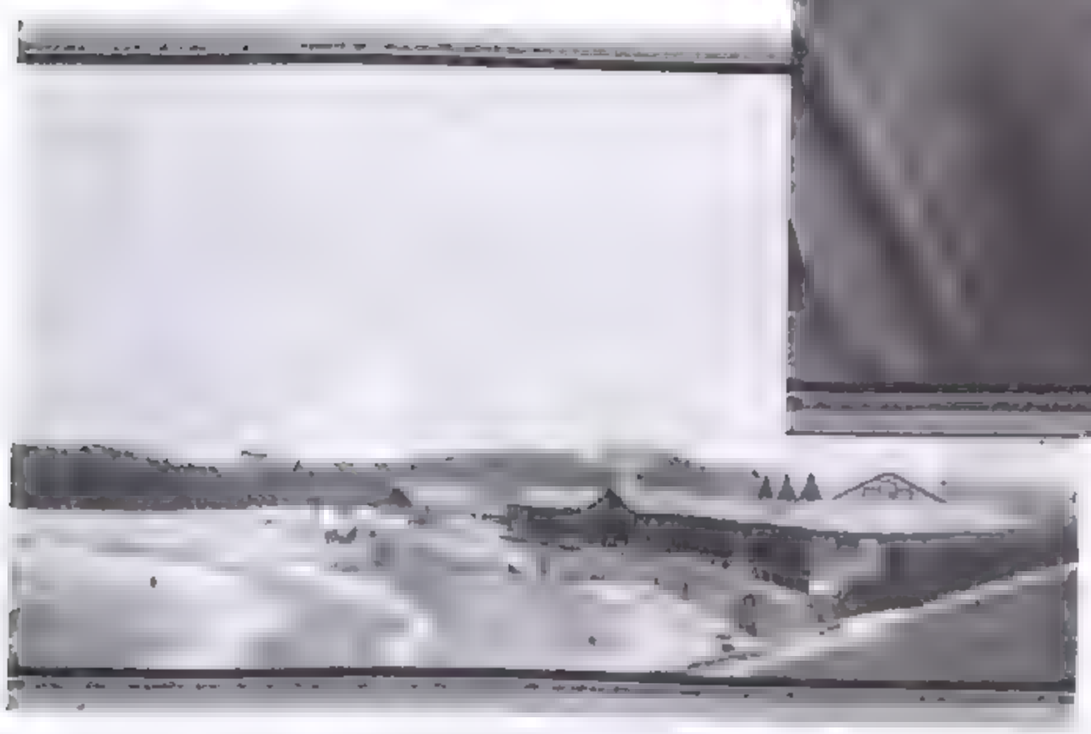

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Proving its leadership day after day on street and highway—inspiring enthusiastic praise among motorists everywhere—this fine 1929 Buick is winning an unequalled demand as the inevitable result of its unequalled roadability!

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

Buick

(Continued from Page 96)

you take my advice you'll go while your two legs can carry you. If you want my answer, here it is: I wouldn't buy a share from you or sell a share to you, if there was a fortune in it. That's straight, mind you. I'm a plain Yorkshireman who's made a bit of brass, most of which you've lost for me, but if you came here with the bank notes you've skinned me of in your hands, I'd still see you out of the place as I'm going to in ten seconds, if you don't make yourself scarce."

De Brest picked up his hat. He reached the door before he ventured to speak. From that point of vantage he looked back Whatever flowers of speech he had prepared, however, he abandoned. Sir Matthew had risen to his feet and was approaching with the lunging walk of an old footballer. De Brest hurried out.

XXVI

THE sensation of the eagerly anticipated but informal meeting of the directors of Boothroyd, Limited, was, without a doubt, the unexpected intervention of the chairman of the company. He had been looked upon as so completely a figurehead that even his presence was a surprise to everyone. Mr. Wendell Cooke, senior partner in the celebrated firm of Wendell Cooke, Matthew & Gordon, the great solicitors, who had just finished reading from a roll of papers, looked across the long table with evident astonishment.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Dutley. What was that you were saying?"

"I was remarking," Dutley replied, "that I don't altogether approve of the statement."

Mr. Wendell Cooke was not the only person there who was astonished. Mr. Stephenson, who had scarcely spoken half a dozen words in his life to Dutley, and who looked upon him as the merely nominal holder of his position as chairman, and Mr. Woofington, who had accepted the general view that he was a brainless young ass who signed and said what he was told to, also received something of a shock. Colonel Armitage, a third director, summoned in a hurry, and who had been whispering with Sir Matthew at a corner of the table, leaned back and looked at the young man as though not quite certain whether to believe his ears or not.

"Sorry," Dutley repeated. "But if you come to think of it, it gives the whole show away, doesn't it? Too pessimistic. Too much like taking a licking lying down. Wants a bit of Yorkshire in it, I think."

Mr. Wendell Cooke glanced down the typewritten sheet which he held in his hand.

"In drawing this up," he said with dignity, "I conceived it to be the duty of the directors to place before the investing public the main facts concerning the approaching collapse of our business."

"Collapse my eye!" Dutley remarked cheerfully. "We shall be through all this trouble in a year's time."

The solicitor was speechless. Mr. Stephenson, who bitterly resented the whole situation—especially being dragged back to England in the middle of December—was mildly sarcastic.

"Is that, may I ask, the expression of a natural optimism, Lord Dutley, or have you any grounds for supposing that we shall be able to recover the knowledge which our chemists seem to have lost?"

"What I think," Dutley explained, "is this: Our formula has been stolen, we've made a lot of bad stuff, we're cutting the thing down now by curtailing manufacture, and at the end of the year we shall know just about what the loss has been. What I object to in the statement is that it takes a hopeless view of the situation. It seems to take it for granted that we're going on making muck all next year like we have done this. I don't believe it. I believe that, before many weeks or months have passed, either by purchase or through the police, or by other means, we shall have our formula back. By working overtime and setting on all hands we can employ, we shall be able to pick up our trade and right ourselves altogether within twelve months. Anyone who read Mr. Wendell Cooke's statement would say that Boothroyd's was a ruined firm. Not it! I should say it's a foggy day, and you've all got the pip, when you thought of sending that to the newspapers."

"Have you any foundation, Lord Dutley, for this rather refreshing optimism of yours?" Colonel Armitage asked.

"As much foundation as Mr. Wendell Cooke has for his blasted pessimism," Dutley rejoined. "That formula, I conclude, is still in the hands of the men who stole it, and my opinion is they're going to find it very difficult to get rid of. We're all taking it for granted," Dutley went on, "that Scotland Yard have made a complete muddle of this business. I'm not so sure. The trouble for us has been those two murders. Scotland Yard want the man who fired those shots, rather than our formula, and that's where we suffer. All the same, I can tell you this: They are watching every factory in Europe or the States where our formula would be of the slightest use, and with the least signs of expansion or change of manufacture, they'd be stirring. What I say is that our enterprising burglars have got a white elephant. I shouldn't be surprised if they weren't trying to plant it back again in the zoological gardens of Marlingthorpe for a consideration before long."

"I find Lord Dutley's faith in the powers of Scotland Yard a little touching," Stephenson observed. "How are they going to interfere in the private business of a firm which chooses to change its method of manufacture? We all know, of course, the rumor that's going about now—that Glenalton's have made wonderful discoveries through this new chemist, Hisedale, and that they're going into the art-silk business on a huge scale. Now, supposing it's our formula they've got hold of, Hisedale wouldn't keep the original. Who's going to tell that what he gives down to them wasn't his own invention?"

"Just so," Dutley drawled. "On the other hand, such a success on the part of—what did you say the man's name was? . . . Hisedale. Thanks—would immediately turn the limelight onto him. Scotland Yard would at once begin to inquire as to his movements on the night of the burglary, as to his associates, and a few other little matters. I read a good many detective stories, and I find this crime business rather interesting."

"Aren't we—er—rather wandering from the point?" Mr. Wendell Cooke suggested. "If my statement is not satisfactory to Lord Dutley, perhaps he can suggest an amended one."

"Oh, I couldn't write anything of the sort to save my life," Dutley protested. "What I should say, though, is, put a little more pep into the thing. Give them something to hope for. You publish this and I should think our shares would be down to forty in no time. Supposing they find that we directors haven't got rid of our shares, that we've even perhaps been buying a few, they may think that we were influenced by personal considerations."

The solicitor shook his head sadly.

"I'm afraid," he said, "that in their own justifiable interests and in the interests of their families, you will find that the directors have already disposed of a considerable portion of their holdings."

There was a dreary murmur of assent from around the table. Dutley polished his eyeglass carefully.

"Well," he continued, "I am a bit of a mug at business, of course, but I don't mind telling you that I haven't sold a single one of my five hundred thousand shares. On the contrary, I have bought between thirty and forty thousand within the last ten days, and I still have a buying order out."

This time no one any longer doubted but that Dutley's place was the madhouse. Sir Matthew shook his head pityingly.

"It's a pity you didn't ask the advice of those who know, Lord Dutley," he regretted. "It was a very foolish thing to do. You've just been holding the price up for others to get out."

Mr. Wendell Cooke coughed, but before he could break into speech, Mr. Bessiter, who was present for the first time by right of his position as broker to the company, but who up till now had remained wrapped in gloomy silence, rose to his feet and, with the palms of his hands upon the table, leaned forward.

"You'll forgive me," he begged. "This has been a confusing afternoon. I can't make up my mind whether I have properly understood what Lord Dutley said. . . . Did you say that you have not only not sold one of your shares, Dutley, but that you have bought between thirty and forty thousand during the last few days?"

"That's quite true, Mr. Bessiter," Dutley acknowledged, smiling at him pleasantly.

"But aren't we—aren't my firm—your brokers?" Mr. Bessiter demanded. "I've heard nothing of this."

"Certainly you are my brokers for ordinary business," was the courteous reply, "but as I happened to know that your firm were manipulating a very large bear account against Boothroyd's, I thought that it was better for me, in this instance, to put my business through other hands. My purchases, as a matter of fact, have been made through my bank."

There was a queer silence. As Dutley had remarked earlier in the afternoon, it was a foggy day outside, and little wisps of the yellow vapor had found their way into the room. The handful of men gathered round the table, with their varying expressions, formed a strange, almost Rembrandt-like study. Everyone was looking toward the slight, perfectly groomed figure of the smooth-faced, sunburnt young man who was standing up at the head of the table, swinging his eyeglass by its cord. He alone seemed unruffled, imperturbable. There was even a slight smile hovering at the corners of his lips. Sir Matthew's fine, worn features were lined with the agony of the past few months. Mr. Bessiter's handsome face was darkened by something like fury. Perhaps astonishment was the chief characteristic among the others, but the fog-dimmed, almost grotesque light thrown downward from the green-shaded lamps hanging from the ceiling seemed to intensify the emotions variously depicted. It was a business meeting only, beyond a doubt, but there was a tragic background to the whole thing. Then, too, there was this element of surprise—this suave young man, a revelation, making so equably his astounding statements. Somehow or other, he imparted a vague sense of confidence, a faint belief that behind the mask of his genial insouciance he knew more than he chose to tell. Mr. Bessiter's remark, which first broke the silence, was in the nature of a soliloquy.

"One knew, of course, that there was buying," he muttered, "and that it came from Barclay's Bank, but no one ever dreamed ——"

Dutley smiled down at him cheerfully. He stopped short.

"Since you are so much interested, Mr. Bessiter," he continued, "I may as well tell you that I have buying orders out for another hundred thousand pounds' worth as they come upon the market. The trouble is, however, I gather, to get hold of the shares. There appears," Dutley went on, looking calmly round on the little company, "to be rather a shortage. In fact I have been approached to know whether I would be content to let delivery stand over of some of the parcels."

"And what was your reply?" Mr. Bessiter inquired.

"I declined. My bank seemed to think that the matter was more or less unimportant, but, like all ignorant people, I had a fit of obstinacy. I declined. I said that the shares I bought for delivery on a certain date I wished to have upon that date."

Mr. Bessiter sat down heavily. Mr. Wendell Cooke took up the running. It was noticeable that he addressed his chairman in an entirely different tone.

"This discussion, curiously and gravely interesting though it has been," he said, "scarcely helps us toward the completion of the business on hand. . . . Do I understand, Lord Dutley, that you refuse to sign this statement?"

Dutley nodded good-naturedly. "That's right," he agreed. "I'm not signing that. Reads like a death warrant. It would bring tears to the eyes of thousands of people tomorrow, if that appeared. Give them a margin of hope. That's what I say."

"This is not intended to be a literary document," Mr. Wendell Cooke pointed out. "It is meant to be statement of fact."

"Quite so," Dutley assented, "but think. The burglary took place last July; we're now in December. I take it that the profits of the first six months of the year will pretty well wipe out the losses of the last six months. The worst that's going to happen is that there's going to be no dividend this year, unless we pay it out of reserve. By next year, the chances are we shall have the jolly old formula back again, and people will be all the more anxious for the stuff."

"Look here, young man," Sir Matthew intervened, breaking a long silence, "is there any sense in what you're talking? What do you know about it anyway? You were in Abyssinia when the theft took place. You don't understand what it means for us to try to work without it. You're playing the quixotic idiot about your shares, but you've no call to interfere in a statement you can't know anything about. You can't judge. You know nothing about the business. You've been content to be a figurehead. You never pretended to be anything else. I consider the statement which Mr. Cooke has drawn up for us to sign is a reasonable one. The outlook is worse than gloomy. It is damnable! If you won't sign it, will you retire from your position as chairman of the directors?"

"No, I'll be shot if I will," Dutley replied firmly. "Vote me out, if you like. I shan't go unless."

"Lord Dutley's present position," Mr. Cooke remarked drearily, "gives him complete control. At the present moment, I should say that he must own more than half the entire number of shares issued."

"So that's that!" Dutley said, smiling.

"I should like to remark," Mr. Wendell Cooke continued, "or rather to tell you, Lord Dutley, as solicitor to the company, that if no statement is forthcoming I do not envy you your position when you meet your shareholders on the first of February."

Dutley's smile broadened. "Have you ever, by chance, Mr. Cooke," he inquired, "met face to face an angry rhinoceros who is very hungry, who has lost his wife, and whom you have had the misfortune slightly to wound?"

"I have not," the solicitor admitted.

"Well, I have," Dutley confided, rising to his feet, "and I'm not going to be afraid of any shareholders. If you will come, or send a messenger, Mr. Cooke, round to my house in Curley Street at any time before eight o'clock this evening, I will give you five or six lines which I think, in our present condition of uncertainty, is all in the nature of a statement which we ought to issue for the moment. Good afternoon, gentlemen! One word of farewell," he added, leaning forward in his place. "You've heard about Glenalton's, and you're all fancying to yourselves very likely that Hisedale's already got the formula, and that they're getting ready to make the stuff. I'll bet you—any of you—a hundred to one: first, that no copy has been made of the formula, and secondly, that not a soul has seen it since a day or two after the burglary. . . . Anyone want a lift up West?"

No one moved. They were all too anxious to discuss together, in his absence, the question of their chairman's sanity.

XXVII

"IF ONLY," Sigismund De Brest almost moaned, as he drew his partner closer to him, "we could get away from this accursed party!"

(Continued on Page 104)

Shown on this page are examples of fine watches by well-known makers, with cases by Wadsworth. Also, distinctive Wadsworth Watch Bands in gold filled, priced at $5 to $12.50, and Wadsworth Belt Buckles in sterling silver at $3.25 to $7.50 for buckles alone, $6.25 to $15 for sets. See them at your jeweler's!

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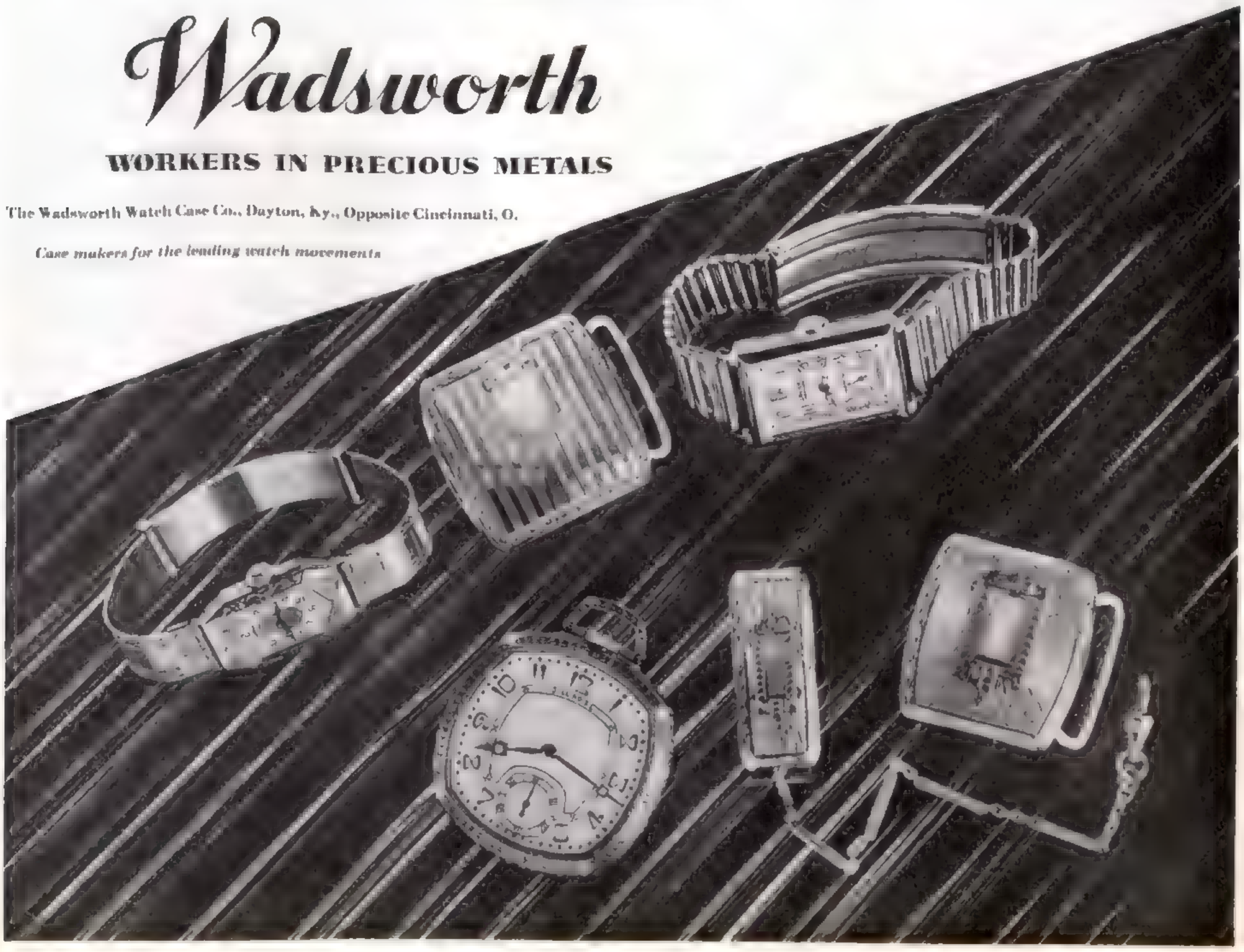

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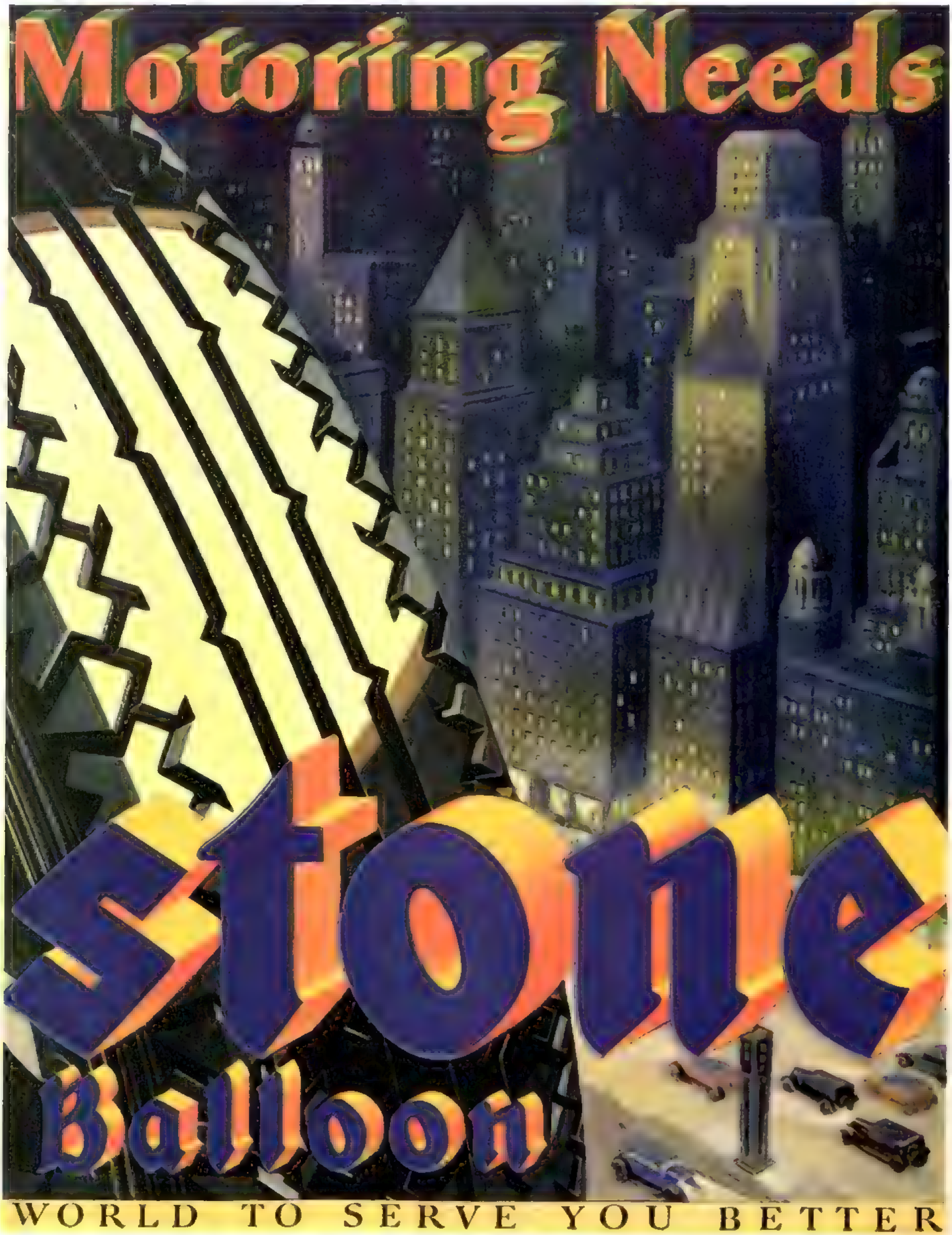


WORLD TO SERVE YOU BETTER

(Continued from Page 100)

"My dear," Lucille replied a little pettishly, "it cannot be done just yet. For some reason or other, home was like a seething volcano tonight. Father isn't fit to speak to, and he and Ronnie were talking furiously together for half an hour before we started. You're in it, too, somehow or other. When I said that you were going to be here, they did what they haven't done for weeks they decided to come themselves, and as you know, this is the first moment I have been able to get away from them. What have you been doing, Siggie?"

"Not a thing," he assured her. "It is that foolish young man Dutley who has made trouble for me. Tomorrow, the next day, all will be well again. Not so soon as then, perhaps—next week."

"Let's sit down," Lucille suggested. "You're dancing like some wooden thing in the Russian ballet."

"We will drink some champagne," he proposed.

"I know it is not for me to talk," Lucille admitted lazily, "but I do think that you drink all that is good for you, Siggie."

"You should see me at home—in my own castle," he said eagerly, "when the season of sport is on. I drink scarcely anything. I love better the outdoor life. You heard my aunt, Princess Elizabeth -what she had to say about that. It is this London life—the excitement. Lucille, I am tired of it. By the end of next week, if all goes well, I shall have made my second million. We will go to Cannes directly we are married, yes? I have particulars of a villa there I think I shall buy, and I will leave money-making alone for a time."

They sat at a small table, and after the first glass of champagne De Brest recovered himself to some extent. Ronnie found them out presently.

"Dull party," he remarked laconically. "The governor and mater have just cleared off."

"Thank Heaven!" De Brest murmured.

"They left Lucille in my sacred charge," Ronnie continued. "Now, I rather wanted to run into the club for half an hour."

"Don't be so blatant, my dear Ronnie," she drawled. "Where will you pick us up so that we can go home together—that's all I ask?"

"Jennifer's at three o'clock?"

"Don't be late," Lucille begged. "I expect I shall be bored to death with Siggie before then."

"I'll be there round about three," Ronnie promised.

"Your people have gone," De Brest pointed out, as soon as they were alone again. "Surely there is no need for you to stay any longer. This is boring you stiff."

"The trouble is," Lucille observed, "that I can't think of any other place that would bore me less."

"Come back with me for half an hour."

"Where to?"

"To my rooms. We can sit over the fire and talk of our plans."

She eyed him speculatively, a curiously inquiring light in her gaze, the faint curl of her beautiful lips mocking him.

"What an obvious person you are, Siggie," she complained. "I wouldn't mind going to your rooms in the least if I wanted to, only it would bore me. There would be no music, I'm out of cigarettes, and you might think it your duty to make clumsy love to me. I've been to Charles' house often, and sat and talked, but then, although I hate him now, he is really a dear. He kissed me in the car quite decently, but he barely touched my fingers in his house. I wonder whether you're like that, Siggie?"

There was an angry gleam in the young man's eyes.

"Don't talk to me any more about that young tailor's dummy," he begged. "I am tired of him. He is a cold-blooded killer of animals and collector of insects. About him I have something to say, yes, but not here. If you will not come to my rooms, let us go to Jennifer's."

"Will it be open?" Lucille asked.

"It will be open, but deserted. That is what I like. We will go into that little bar, into the alcove where there are easy-chairs, and we shall be alone. I will tell you how you can do me a great, great service."

"The trouble about you," she remarked, as they moved toward the door, "is that you always want someone to be doing something for you. Even Ronnie says that."

"Oh, but how can that be!" he expostulated. "I have given to your father's firm much of the business of my house. Soon I shall give more. When we are married they shall have everything."

Lucille made no reply. She did not speak again until they were in the car. She suffered him to hold her hand there, but evaded his caress.

"Are you very rich, Siggie?" she inquired.

He shook his head. "No," he confessed. "I am not very rich. I mix always with rich people in New York and Paris and Berlin, and I know that I have little."

"What do you call little?" she persisted.

He leaned back in the limousine and tapped the ends of his patent shoes with his Malacca cane.

"I keep a background of money always," he said, "with which I do not speculate. That is about a million pounds. That I keep invested in New York and Boston in bonds. It is a foolish thing to do, for I only get 5 per cent, but it gives me security. Then, of my other money, six hundred thousand pounds is very sound, indeed. In addition, I have four hundred thousand pounds with which I am speculating. With some portion of that, Lucille, I will admit that I have made a slight mistake. Still, even now, I am confident. I shall make that four hundred thousand a million. With that, I shall have two million, six hundred thousand pounds. Then I think I finish."

"What," Lucille asked, "is the interest at 5 per cent on say two million?"

He made imaginary figures in the air with the end of his stick.

"About a hundred thousand pounds a year," he decided.

They found Jennifer's very much as De Brest had predicted, and ensconced themselves in a corner of the deserted bar. For once in his life, however, De Brest was obviously ill at ease. Lucille studied him curiously, but made no effort to help him.

"Lucille," he asked at last, "would you very much like that jade necklace we saw the other day?"

"The one they wanted two thousand pounds for? I'd sell my soul for it."

"You shall have it on Saturday," De Brest promised, "if you will do something for me."

"Something very terrible?"

"Not very. You have the entrée to Dutley's house in Curley Street, haven't you?"

"Well, I had, I suppose," she admitted, "if I wanted to go there. That's rather a thing of the past, though, now, isn't it?"

"Not necessarily. His servants would never refuse to let you in."

"Do you want me to steal something of poor Charles'?"

"Not steal," he denied eagerly. "Borrow. It would do him no harm either. He will be better off."

"Something to do with his shares, I suppose."

De Brest was fluent enough now. "It is not so much a matter of money," he explained. "It is a matter of honor with me that I should be in a position to produce a certain number of Boothroyd shares within the next few days. Dutley knows that. He would have sold his shares readily, but he feared they would come into my hands. He is holding them up at his own loss solely to embarrass me. He is a very spiteful man—Lord Dutley."

"You should hear father talk about him," Lucille confided. "He seems to have given them all a shock down in the City this afternoon. He refused to sign a statement, or something, and then he electrified all the directors by announcing that he had not sold a single one of his shares, and that, on the contrary, he had been buying them."

"It is the act of a lunatic," De Brest declared vehemently. "He buys—they fall a little—he buys again—what is it for? He can never hope to keep the price up with his paltry means, and if he kept up the price, what is the good of it? The business is ruined. Everyone knows that. There will be no dividends. The truth will be known everywhere before long. The shares will fall from sixty to twenty or thirty. Dutley will be ruined. For what purpose?"

Lucille tapped a cigarette upon the table.

"Once or twice lately," she meditated, "I have wondered whether Charles was such a fool as he seemed."

"Then you can leave off wondering," De Brest remarked curtly. "He is one of the most complete fools I have ever met in my life. Fortunately, it is himself he is ruining. You are very lucky to have broken with him, Lucille. If you had married him, you would have had to live on your own little fortune."

Lucille shivered.

"Don't suggest anything so terrible," she begged. "I like the sound of your income better. A hundred thousand a year, wasn't it?"

"About that," he answered. "Enough for us both, I think, Lucille. Concerning that jade necklace?"

Lucille considered the matter.

"Of course, I could get into Charles' house all right on any excuse, but how on earth should I know what to look for, or where? Besides, he might come in and find me there. As things are now between us, that would be distinctly awkward."

"There is no chance of his finding you there," he assured her. "We all know that he is preparing for another expedition somewhere, and is scarcely ever in the house. The paper I want is a deposit note from the bank of his share certificates in Boothroyd's. That, and a couple of sheets of note paper with his address stamped on it, and the envelopes to match, are all I need. You bring them and we buy the jade necklace on Saturday morning before luncheon."

"Don't be silly," she scoffed. "Charles may or may not be the fool you think him, but he doesn't leave documents like that lying about for anyone to pick up. As a matter of fact, I can tell you exactly where he keeps all his bank papers, although it isn't very helpful. He has a small safe in his library. I know because I scolded him about it—told him it spoiled the atmosphere of the room."

"That is unfortunate," De Brest reflected. "It is very unfortunate, indeed."

He sipped his champagne cocktail, and he had the air of a worried and ill-used man.

"Everything is so difficult for me lately," he complained. "It is always the fools, too, who make the greatest trouble. This young man Dutley, now; who could reckon upon such a thing? He is one of those who know that his business is ruined. All the others sell their shares. He not only holds his but he buys more. He is utterly careless about nearly everything in life, yet he keeps documents of no real importance in a safe."

"Charles can be very irritating when he tries," Lucille murmured sympathetically.

He deliberated for several moments.

"Will you do this for me then?" he asked. "Will you discover the name of the maker of the safe, and, if possible, its number, and procure the note paper and envelopes?"

"I think I could promise that," she consented.

"Would you do it tomorrow? There is no time to waste—not an hour."

"He may be there himself tomorrow."

"It is unlikely," De Brest insisted. "I know that he spends very little time in Curley Street nowadays. Even if he were there, it might be possible."

The music from the little dance room became more compelling. He rose to his feet.

"It makes me happy, at any rate," he murmured, as he held out his hand to her, "to know that you are willing to help me. Shall we dance, yes?"

She accepted his hand and rose to her feet. Her eyes sought his critically. All the time she was asking herself the eternal question concerning him. Never was she wholly satisfied.

XXVIII

THE only letter which Dutley elected to open out of the thick budget which Burdett had brought from Curley Street to Greenwall Avenue was one addressed to him in Grace's handwriting from Smith's Hotel. He read the two or three lines scrawled across the sheet of note paper with amazement:

> You might have told me, Charles. I shall be back in Leeds before you get this. You're a dear, but you might have told me.
>
> GRACE.

He gazed, dumfounded, at the inclosure—a torn scrap of thick, parchmentlike paper. There was not the slightest manner of doubt as to what it was. It was Sir Matthew's share of the receipt. He placed it carefully in his pocketbook and, rising to his feet, moved toward the telephone. Suddenly he stopped short, listening intently to the stealthy, approaching footsteps up the flagged walk of the back garden. There was the trifling delay occasioned apparently by the opening of the door. Then the footsteps drew nearer. Outside in the passage, they hesitated. There was a familiar shuffle.

"Come in, Wolf!" Dutley called out.

The little man made a furtive entrance. Dutley, his eyes resting upon him curiously, waved him to a seat. Edward Wolf, by daylight, was hard to realize. His manner was more than ever secretive, the underlying fear in his eyes a more unpleasant thing. He was like a creature of the night, forced by some upheaval of nature to face the sunshine of day.

"Well, Wolf, any news?" Dutley asked him.

"There's always news where I go," was the half-whispered answer. "You ain't busy? I don't want to stay long here."

Dutley resumed his chair. The dingy sitting room seemed more unattractive than ever as a ray of weak, glimmering sunshine stole through the window.

"No, I'm not busy," he said. "Go ahead!"

"I don't know why I came," Wolf went on, folding and unfolding his hands. "I think I've took a fancy to you, sir. It isn't only your money. You've got to leave here, sir. You don't want to spend another night here. Last night I was with them that knows him," Wolf went on, jerking his head toward the window, "and I believe he's tumbled to you."

"I wonder," Dutley speculated.

"I don't say as they've tumbled to who you are, sir, or you'd have heard from them more particular before now, but they've got it that they're being watched from this house. Charles Dennis, you called yourself, working at a fruiterer's in Covent Garden. Someone's been to that fruiterer's and found out that there ain't such a person."

"That sounds bad," Dutley admitted.

"It sounds so bad, guv'nor, that you want to get away. Don't spend another night here. It wouldn't be any good. Anyone leaving here, back or front, would be spotted. You want to clear out, and to do it quick."

"I had come to the same conclusion myself," Dutley acknowledged. "How did you happen to discover this?"

"Not through going anywhere near him," the little man declared fervently. "I'm all the time flitting round. I've got nothing else to do in life. I just watches people for the pleasure of it. Sometimes I get paid; sometimes it leads to nothing. Never mind. I love watching. I don't make a bad living at it, either," he meditated. "Not so bad as things are."

"What do you do with your money?" Dutley inquired.

"I buy all the magazines with crime and detective stories in," Wolf confided, "and I subscribes to a library where I gets every crime novel. I know 'em all, and lord what

(Continued on Page 109)

Your own family doctor will tell you that harsh or inferior toilet paper may produce inflammation or even serious infection

15 painful troubles

either directly caused or aggravated by inferior Toilet Paper ' '

SURGEONS who specialize in troubles of this kind say that at least 15 painful diseases can be caused or aggravated by improper tissue.

In spite of these facts many toilet papers sold to housewives today are unfit for bathroom use. Some are glazed. Some coarse-grained. Some even chemically harmful—made from reclaimed waste material or cast-off newspapers.

No toilet tissue is safe, according to the highest medical opinion, unless it has these three qualities: Complete absorbency . . . special softness . . . chemical purity

ScotTissue and Waldorf are specially processed for safety. In a mill that has specialized in bathroom tissues for 35 years. In every particular they satisfy medical requirements.

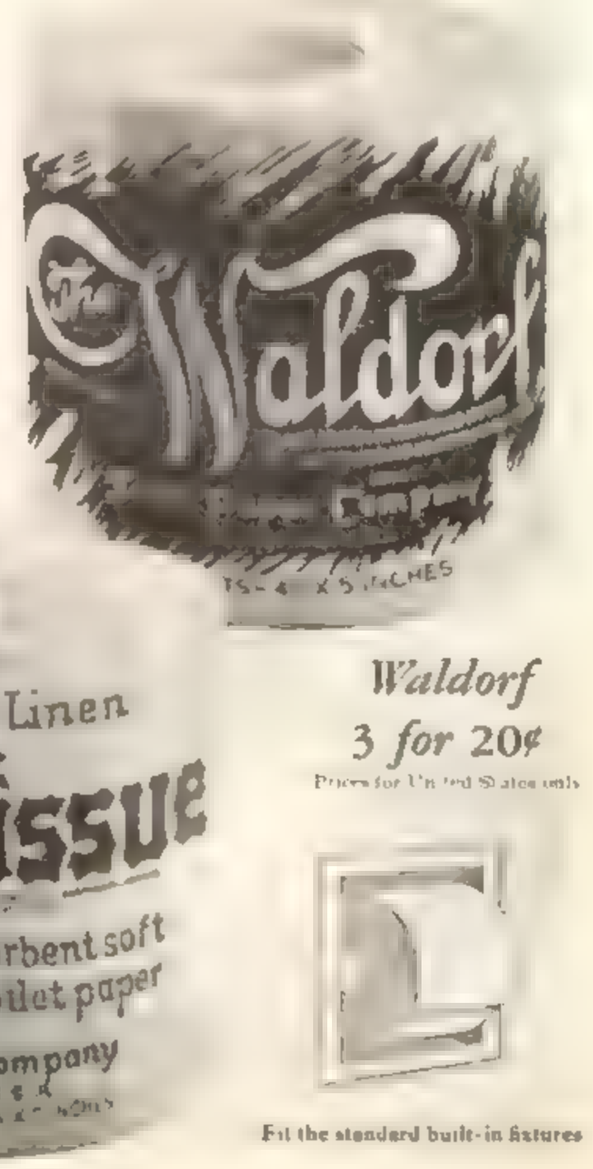
Feel a sheet. Note its astonishing softness. Almost clothlike in texture. Examine it closely. You see no harsh particles . . . no tiny splinters to injure the delicate skin.

You can prove the absorbency of ScotTissue or Waldorf by dropping a crumpled ball in water. It sinks to the bottom quickly. Ordinary toilet paper remains floating for several minutes.

The finest fresh materials—and nothing else—go into Scott tissues. They are neither acid nor alkaline in reaction. They are sanitary. Hygienically processed. And absolutely safe. Always ask for ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

Read the Warning of this Famous Specialist

Dr. J. L. Montague, the famous intestinal specialist of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, recently listed in an article 15 ano-rectal troubles either directly caused or aggravated by the use of harsh, chemically impure toilet paper . . . Among them are: Hemorrhoids, Eczema Ani; Anal Furuncles; Follicular Anal Abscesses; Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region; Prolapse, etc. . . . Dr. Montague is author of the widely quoted book, "Troubles We Don't Talk About" (Lippincott, Publishers).



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3 for 20¢
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Fit the standard built-in fixtures

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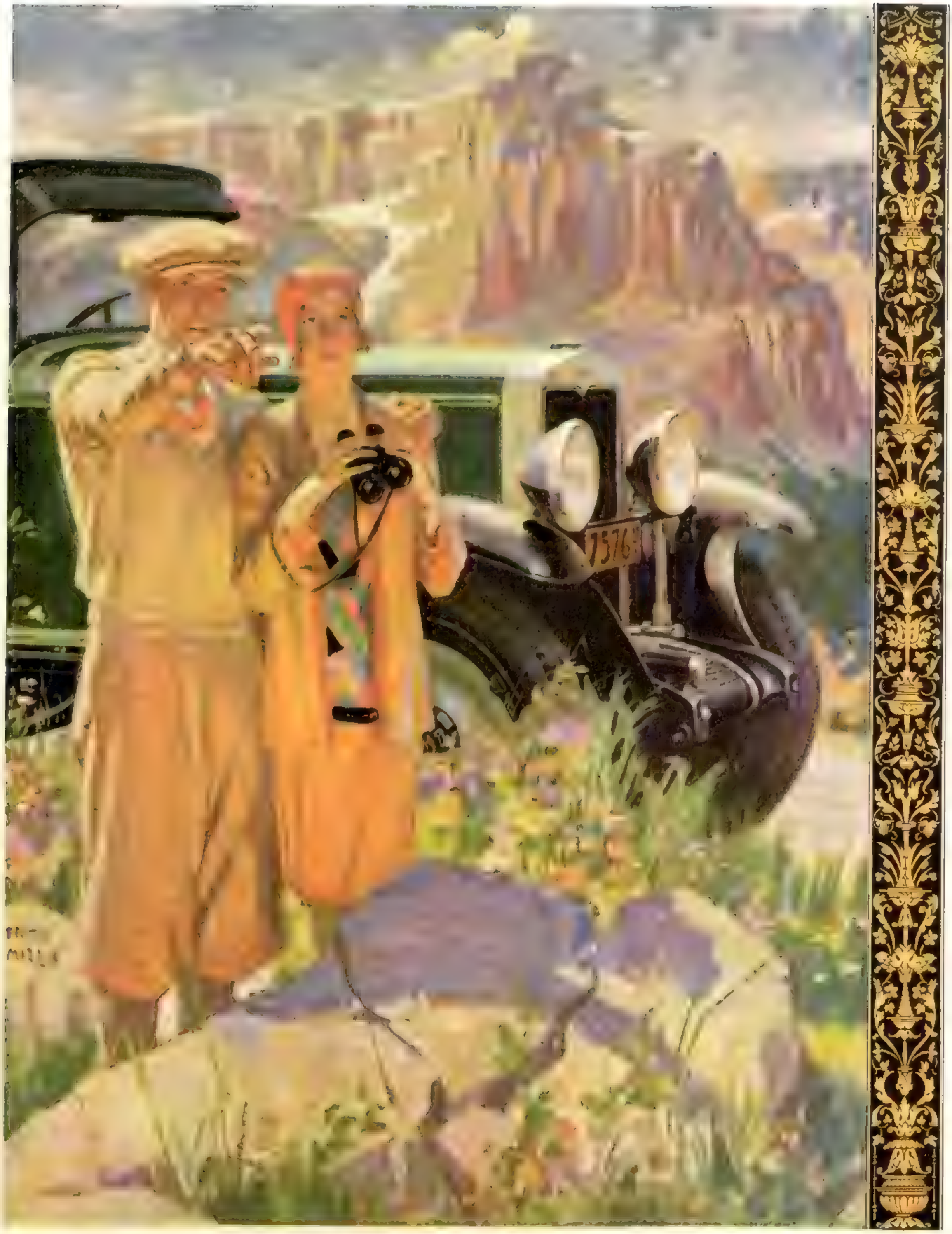

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CHEVROLET

Outstanding Beauty and Remarkable Six Cylinder Performance - - at prices within the reach of all

Everywhere, discriminating buyers are turning to the new Chevrolet Six in overwhelming numbers—for here is offered, *in the price range of the four*, the distinguished beauty and smooth, powerful performance that characterize the truly fine automobile.

In its trim, low-swung bodies is revealed the mastery in design and craftsmanship that has made the Fisher name renowned for excellence in body design and construction. Longer, lower and roomier and finished in smart new colors—they represent one of the greatest triumphs of Fisher's long and brilliant history.

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But most remarkable of all, this impressive combination of beauty, quality and six-cylinder performance is *actually available in the price range of the four*—a dollar value unapproached in any other automobile in the world!

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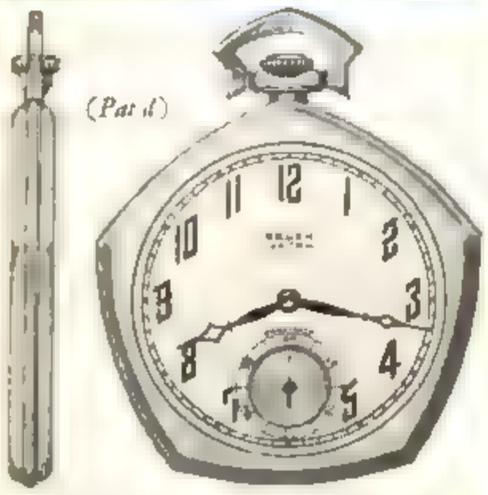
Compare the delivered price as well as the list price in considering automobile values. Chevrolet's delivered prices include only reasonable charges for delivery and financing.

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR



Gruen Pentagon VeriThin, 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, solid gold case** $100
Other pocket watches, $500 *to* $27.50

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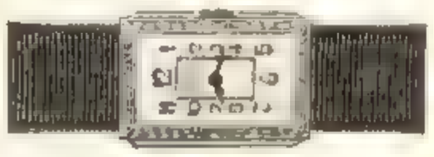
The distinctive Pentagon shape keeps the watch constantly upright in the pocket—*the best position for accuracy, just as the flat position is best for a ship's chronometer. An unusual watch, expressing the Guild ideal which aims to give you, in each price range, the greatest value for every dollar you invest*

Wheel train diagram showing how thinness is secured in Gruen pocket watches without loss of durability or accuracy. No longer is it necessary to have a watch of out-of-date thickness, because scientifically the short staff or axles in the Gruen VeriThins are actually stronger

Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold case, 17-jewel* PRECISION *movement,* $75
Diamond-set designs, $2500 *to* $60



Gruen Cartouche, 14-kt. solid gold Crown-Guard Case,* PRECISION *movement,* $65
Other wristlet designs, $250 *to* $35
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Gruen Strap Watch
PRECISION *movement,* $50
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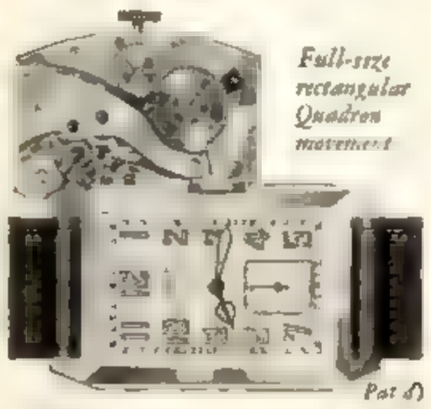

Full-size rectangular Quadron movement

Gruen Quadron, 14-kt. solid gold Crown-Guard Case, with 17-jewel* PRECISION *movement,* $75
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"Tomorrow" *insisted the guild watchmaker's son,* "we will see Portland Island!"

Two men face each other belligerently in the chart room of an Eighteenth Century ship

One, the captain, is a man schooled in age-old methods of navigation. The other is a passenger, son of John Harrison, master craftsman of the English watch guild.

"Our position is 13 degrees, 50 minutes west of Plymouth!" asserts the captain defiantly.

But the guildsman's son is no less obdurate.

"We are a full degree and a half farther than that," he insists. "Tomorrow we will see Portland Island!"

Against the captain's rough estimate of the ship's location, based only on the stars, John Harrison's son is matching the timekeeping accuracy of his father's masterwork—*the first practical chronometer*

The next day, true to prediction, Portland Island is seen!

For the first time in history it was possible to tell a ship's exact location at sea. All thanks to a guildsman's constant striving for timekeeping accuracy—his years of devotion to the high standards of guild craftsmanship.

Today, this same fine spirit lives again, in the modern Gruen Watch Makers Guild.

This select body of craftsmen has been organized to carry forward in our day the old guild traditions of fine workmanship.

Your Gruen jeweler can show you the Guild Watches pictured here, together with many others to suit the taste of every member of the family. Prices $3500 to $27.50. His window is marked by the Gruen Service emblem shown at the left

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Look for the mark PRECISION *on the dial*

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TIME HILL, CINCINNATI, U. S. A
Branches in various parts of the world
Engaged in the art of making fine watches for more than half a century

Gruen Guild Watches

(Continued from Page 104)

bloomers some of them authors make! I could put 'em right. Think they know the criminal world, some of them fellows! Why, if they knew it as I know it, their stories would make different reading. There's another thing I meant to tell you, guv'nor."

"Well?"

"That young Dutchman the swell as is in with him over yonder—he's got a game on tonight or tomorrow night. He sent for a thug—bit of a safe opener, the cove he sent for. He'd got a man with him, yesterday, too, an American I heard something about three years ago."

"What did you hear?"

"A bit too clever with the pen and ink," Wolf confided. "Sign your name so as you wouldn't know it from your own handwriting."

The smile flickered across Dutley's face

"You're very interesting this afternoon, Edward Wolf," he observed. "I'm not a curious man as a rule, but I should like to know how you get hold of all this information"

"I dare say you would," Mr. Wolf agreed, with a smirk of vanity. "It's taken me a good many years, but there I am now. I know which gangs are working, and with whom. I know where every sort of thug is looked for, and engaged. I know where the laggers lie hidden, and I know where the worst of them go when there's trouble. There's more than once I could have brought a murderer to justice. It wasn't my job and I've never done it. I say let the police do their own dirty work—but I know. I'll tell you something more while I'm here, guv'nor. There's trouble with that little gang you know of. They're pulling different ways, and one of them's going to get his if he ain't careful, just like that poor clerk did."

"You don't believe in that accident, then?"

"Accident! Not likely!" Edward Wolf scoffed. "A town traveler of his wouldn't have no accident, and I tell you, I'm not blaming him yonder either. Huneybell would have squealed in another day. That's all, guv'nor. I'll be getting along. I shall nip out of your back way and take a bus from Plaistow's corner. I don't like this avenue."

Dutley produced some notes. The other whistled softly as he stowed them away.

"You're worth working for, guv'nor," he confided.

"You're getting more and more useful to me," Dutley told him. "I'm interested in the man the gang are out with. If you hear anything more, get to me quickly."

Edward Wolf looked a little doubtful.

"I'll do what I can," he demurred, "but I ain't going to run no risks. I've given you the office, and that ought to be enough. I'll be on the job tonight, sir, but I'd rather you were anywhere else but here."

"Last night," Dutley assured him. "Will that do for you?"

"You'd be better away," Wolf persisted. "This place, with the low windows and rickety doors, is like a fly's parlor if he wanted to get at you."

Dutley looked around and out of the window. The fugitive gleam of sunshine had passed, and there was something a little sinister in the grotesque outline of the ill-built, incongruous building opposite.

"Tell you what I'll promise, Wolf," he said. "I shall stay here till one, in case I hear from you. After that, we'll lock up and clear out."

"You're dead right," Wolf approved. "You do it, mister. When I started to come up to see you this afternoon, the one thing in my mind was, 'Get him away from Greenwall Avenue.' It's a funny thing," he concluded, twirling his hat in his hand, "there ain't many people I take a fancy to, but I've got a kind of feeling about you. I expect I know why it is too. It ain't your money. You've got what I ain't got. I can see it at the back of your eyes sometimes when you're talking. You've got courage, mister—too much, I shouldn't wonder. Don't you let it muck things up for you."

Mr. Edward Wolf took his departure. Dutley rang the bell and Burdett made his prompt appearance.

"Burdett," his master said, "I think we're due for clearing out of here."

"I think we're overdue, sir," Burdett replied. "There's someone been fussing all round the place this afternoon. They've done something to the lock of the back gate, too—fixed it so that it didn't open. I've taken the whole thing off and thrown it away"

Dutley nodded. "I've made up my mind to go," he acknowledged. "They're on to us opposite, or they wouldn't have changed the place of the meeting the other night."

Burdett fidgeted about uneasily.

"What I'd like," he said earnestly, "is to see you march right out now. I took the liberty, sir, of walking round to the Highgate Arms half an hour ago, to see that the car was all right. I found William in a rare state. Both his front tires were down, and it looked as though someone had been meddling with the valves."

"The devil," Dutley murmured. "What happened?"

"I took off my coat and I helped him myself. He put new tires on, and we brought the car round, and there it stands at the corner. My Lord, you know what you once told me. You said I could smell an ambush, and I have done so more than once. There's a dirty lot prowling about that Highgate Arms. I had nothing to say to them, and I pretended not to notice. We may have done a bit of good up here, sir, or we may not, but there's no more chance for us, because we're spotted. They aren't far away, either, and they mean mischief."

Dutley signified his acquiescence with a nod.

"Burdett, I have seldom known you wrong, and we are for home. I don't want to go to Curley Street till tomorrow anyway, but I can find somewhere else, and you can let Wolf know. We'll be off!"

Dutley picked up the letters he had been writing and turned to join Burdett. Suddenly both men were aware of a strange phenomenon.

There had been no sound of the opening or closing of any door, no summons of the bell, no audible footfall. Nevertheless, the door of the tawdry little sitting room was slowly being pushed open. Dutley, with the spring of a cat, was across the room, grasped the inside knob and flung the door open with his left hand, his gun flashing out in his right. There was a stifled, gurgling cry of terror. It was Wolf once more who stood upon the threshold, white as a sheet, perspiration on his forehead and streaming down his face, his lips open, his limbs trembling.

XXIX

FOR the space of a few seconds Edward Wolf was without a doubt in imminent danger. It was Dutley who swung Burdett round just as he was in the act of striking the man.

"Can't you see he's only terrified?" Dutley exclaimed. "Let him get his breath. Is there anyone following you?"

There appeared to be no one. The back door was still open and the little strip of tiled pathway was empty.

"You're all right, Wolf," Dutley continued encouragingly. "What's got you scared like this? No one's going to hurt you here. Hold up, man! Here, Burdett, give us some brandy."

They poured stimulant from a bottle on the sideboard between his lips. He began to sob and speak broken words:

"It's Tyke Harman and two of his gang! They've got your chauffeur off the box! I expect they've—killed him by now!"

"Have they?" Dutley muttered. "Come on, Burdett!"

He was down the tiled walk in half a dozen strides, through the wooden gate from which Burdett had removed the twisted lock, and at the end of the cobbled lane in a matter of seconds. The car was standing by the side of the road, a man in plain clothes leaning from the driving seat toward the street. On the ground, Dutley's chauffeur, although a powerful fellow, was on his back, one man with his knee on his chest, another with his fist upraised. The sound of Dutley's flying footsteps made for a second a fixed tableau of the struggle. A second later there was a little stab of flame, the singing of a bullet, and the man who had been about to deliver the blow swung round and round, holding his fist with his other hand. His companion staggered to his feet. A bullet spat between his legs. The two made for the palings on the opposite side of the road. The man in the car leaped down and followed them. Dutley watched them, his revolver lowered. They clambered over the palings and dashed down under cover of a wall. It was a plot of land upon which streets were being laid out and many small houses were in course of erection.

"Are you hurt, William?" Dutley asked his chauffeur.

"Nothing to speak of, My Lord," the man answered, struggling to his feet. "Did they want the car, or what? They stabbed the tires in the Highgate Arms there."

"Can you drive?"

"I think so, My Lord. I can get as far as the next police station anyway"

Dutley's eyes were still fixed upon the field. "Get inside," he ordered. "I'm not sure those fellows have done with us yet."

"There were more of them up at the pub!" Burdett cried. "I don't like the look of that car, my lord."

It was a comparatively quiet thoroughfare, and apparently the only person who had seen anything of the struggle was a boy on a tricycle delivering bread, who was pedaling away as fast as he could. Another car had turned out from the pub and was coming down the hill at a great speed. Edward Wolf, shivering and trembling, had arrived on the pavement and was hanging on to Burdett. Dutley's voice rang out crisp and commanding.

"Into the car, both of you, with William!" he ordered. "Quick, or there'll be more trouble!"

They bundled in and Dutley sprang into the driving seat. The engine was still running. He released the clutch, slipped in the gear, and they glided off in a slow, tantalizing crawl. To the left, the three men, making a little circuit, were running up the rough field. Behind, he could see in the mirror a touring car approaching in which two men were seated, leaning forward, their faces practically concealed by Homburg hats drawn low over their heads. From second to third speed, from third to fourth. Dutley shivered with joy as he felt the motor answer to the accelerator. He straightened himself, pushing the accelerator farther down and farther down with the healthy throb of the engine. A hundred yards in front was the main thoroughfare. Electric cars were clanking along. Omnibuses and taxicabs were honking. A policeman—the first—hove into sight and looked sternly at Dutley, who swept by.

"All clear, My Lord!" Burdett shouted from behind. "They've given it up! Turned the car round and stopped for the other men. There's a police station a little way down on the left."

Dutley swung into the thoroughfare and turned southward. He drove on a hundred yards or so and stopped, but it was some distance past the police station.

"How are you feeling, William?" he asked.

"Much better, My Lord," the man answered.

Dutley, glancing up and down the teeming street, noticed another policeman looking curiously at the car.

"Come and drive then, if you can," he directed. "Never mind about the police station. We'll see to that later. Go on to the hotel." He gave the address of the hotel where Sir Matthew was staying.

The man climbed into the driving seat. Burdett took the place by his side. Dutley sat in the back of the limousine with Edward Wolf, and Edward Wolf was in a very bad way, indeed. Dark rims seemed to have

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formed under his eyes. The disease of fear was upon him.

"Tyke Harman!" he muttered to himself. "He saw me too! They all saw me. I always told you, guv'nor, I didn't want to have anything to do with you. I'm done now."

"Nonsense!" Dutley scoffed. "Don't be so scared, man. I'll look after you."

"There's nothing nobody can do," Edward Wolf persisted hopelessly. "It's no good, my getting away. I'm Edward Wolf wherever I go to, and I'll get mine in time. They're wrong, though, if they think I was spying on the gang. I never knew Tyke Harman was in it. If I had, I'm afraid I should have left you alone, mister. He's a killer, that man. You had a shot at him, didn't you? Missed him, eh?"

"No, I don't miss," Dutley answered, smiling. "I didn't want any police trouble. I'm not even going to put in a complaint. I don't want to go near a police court for the next few days. I shot at his ugly fist, and I don't think you'll find that his knuckles will hurt any man again for some time."

They pulled up under the portals of the hotel. Dutley stepped out.

"You'll take the car back, William," he directed, "and you will oblige me by saying nothing about our little adventure."

The man was plainly astonished. He was still a very unpresentable object: the peak of his cap broken, a smear of blood upon his face, his clothes caked with mud.

"You mean you aren't going to the police, My Lord?" he asked in bewilderment.

"Not at the moment, William. We know who those men were. Later on we may do something. Just at present I don't wish a word said."

The man touched his cap.

"It is for Your Lordship to say. They meant doing me in if you hadn't come along. That shot of yours—I beg your pardon, My Lord—it was a corker. I was done if you hadn't come."

"We'll have our own back on them," Dutley promised cheerfully. "Burdett, you'd better go back to Curley Street and bring me a change of linen and clothes here. I may as well have some decent things. I'm afraid the Greenwall Avenue stunt has come to an end."

"You wouldn't think of returning to Curley Street, My Lord?" Burdett suggested.

"Not tonight. You and I know all about traps for wild beasts. You leave the gate open, and you keep away. I'm keeping away from Curley Street. . . . Now, what about you, Edward Wolf? Would you like to be taken anywhere?"

"In this automobile?" the man gasped. "No! That would put the kibosh on it. I'm going to a shakedown I know, close here. I'll be on your job at Curley Street at eleven o'clock."

"Capital! All the difference is, then, here instead of Highgate. You'll find the telephone number in the book. I shan't stir out. Ring me up under the name of Charles Dennis."

The car rolled off. Mr. Edward Wolf disappeared in his own quiet and mysterious fashion. Dutley passed a suspicious hall porter and made his way to the reception office.

"I should like a room, with a bath, for the night," he announced.

The hotel clerk glanced at Dutley doubtfully.

"Have you any luggage, sir?"

"None at present. My servant will bring some later."

The man looked Dutley up and down. His disguise as a fruiterer's clerk had been more than adequate.

"Sorry, sir," he decided. "We're full up."

"Nonsense, you must have a room somewhere."

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"Look here," Dutley persisted, "it is necessary that I stop here tonight. My clothes are being sent here, and I'm expecting a telephone message. You know Sir Matthew Parkinson, don't you? I'm a friend of his."

The young man's smile as he glanced away over Dutley's shoulder was almost insulting.

"Indeed, sir," he said. "Well, here is Sir Matthew. If you are a friend of his, we shall be delighted to find you a room."

Sir Matthew strode into the office. He passed Dutley without recognizing him. The clerk's smile became even more offensive.

"You will pardon me, Sir Matthew," he begged, "but this—er—gentleman has arrived without any luggage and wants a room. He says he is a friend of yours."

Sir Matthew swung round. He stared at Dutley for a moment, and suddenly recognized him.

"Dutley, what on earth are you doing in that get-up?" he exclaimed.

"I've been in a scrap," Dutley explained. "Will you tell this unbelieving young gentleman that I am to have a room. My servant is bringing some clothes round presently."

"A room!" Sir Matthew repeated incredulously. "Do you mean you want to stay here?"

"You have guessed it," was the patient reply.

"But what about your own house in Curley Street?"

"I want a room and a bath here," Dutley almost groaned, "with a sitting room if possible."

Sir Matthew turned to the clerk.

"This is Lord Dutley," he announced. "Please see that he has everything he wants. I should give him the red suite next to mine."

"I—I beg your pardon, My Lord," the young man gasped. "I am sure I'm very sorry. I ——"

"That's all right," Dutley interrupted. "I look no end of a scalawag, I know. If you'll come upstairs with me, Sir Matthew," he added, turning around, "I think the time has very nearly arrived when we might have a bit of a chat."

"This way, My Lord," the clerk invited respectfully. "I will show you the rooms."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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TOWARD THE MILLENNIUM

(Continued from Page 21)

looked back as to a Golden Age to the ordered prosperity of that long-vanished Western Roman Empire which was now but a name haunting the memory of mankind, although the Eastern moiety of that empire yet survived, ruled over by Byzantine emperors whose names Frankish kings put upon their coins in a purely nominal allegiance. Only the starkest of masters could dominate that anarchy, could enforce obedience for the common good.

He had been stark. To all those vills his messengers had ridden, summoning each lord to come and swear personal allegiance to him as his man. It had been unpleasant for those who had delayed. They had arrived none the less, their hands bound behind them, under escort of warriors who knew only the king's command. They had been marched into the great hall of whatever of his own royal vills he happened to be visiting, released from their bonds. Then he, the king, had arisen in all his huge height and strength, had reminded that recalcitrant lord, scowlingly arrogant in his local tyranny, that Pope Stephen himself had crowned him *Rex Francorum*, entitled therefore to the oath and allegiance of every Frank, and that by his own arm could he well maintain his right. Few could resist that fierce blaze of his eyes above his great beaked nose. Almost all dropped at once to their knees, craving his mercy for their fault. For the man who hesitated or spoke a daringly insolent word—there had been a few such in the beginning—came instantly that lightning sweep of the sword which clove him dead to the earth.

Yes, he had been stark. None there was who could withstand him in his angers. None there was who dared to resist the comes whom the king appointed to rule in his name over each *pagus* of his realm. None was there who dared openly to resist or thwart the pairs of traveling overseers—the dreaded *missi dominici;* one a layman, one an ecclesiastic—whom he dispatched constantly from end to end of his kingdom to see that comes and bishop and abbot alike did their duty. Verily, he had ruled from the first as none had ruled.

He came into the soler where Queen Hildegarde sat at needlework with her maids. Through an open window was a view of the blue water of Lake Lemannus, mirroring the immense snow-capped mountains in the background. In wild rough country was this royal vill at Geneva which he had fixed for the summoning of the Mayfield of that year 773—that assembly of the entire Frankish host whose mingled clamor was an incessant sound in this high chamber. It had been like a fierce music in his ears in that next room where, with his most trusted counsellors—his heart's friend Hrudland, his uncle Bernhard, Eggihard the Seneschal, and other chief warriors—he had planned that bold divided march across the Alps which should rescue Pope Hadrian in Rome from the aggressive tyranny of his whilom father-in-law, King Didier of the Lombards. Not in vain should he Karl be titled Patrician of Rome even as his father had been. He was still happily excited with that intensely eager activity of mind, shaping far-flung schemes, coming to curt decision, as he entered the chamber where sat the beautiful Swabian wife who, if one reckoned Himiltrude the semilegally wedded predecessor of the repudiated Desiderata, was the third of his queens.

"It is decided, my love!" he cried to her. "We march tomorrow, and thou shalt be queen of the Lombards as well as of the Franks. I pledge thee my word!"

She turned up to him a face that was freshly tear-stained, looked to him in poignant speechlessness. The abnormality startled him unpleasantly. After his fashion, he loved her as he had never loved any of the many women whose facile caresses he had won or commanded. What was amiss? He glanced at the throng of noble girls seated on low stools around their mistress. An accustomed face was absent.

"Where is Hrodwitha?" he asked.

The queen made a sign to her ladies. They arose obediently, went out of the room. As they went, one of them—it was that pert little Fredegonde, a pretty wench—gave him a sidelong glance that was flatteringly unmistakable. Ha-ha! She wanted to be next, did she, the little wanton!

He twirled his long drooping mustaches, drew himself up in naïve self-approval to his full splendid stature. Natural was it that women should fall in love with him, the king, dazzling in his renown, magnificently handsome in the unmatched vigor of his thirty-one years.

They were alone, and the queen had risen to her feet. She looked at him piteously, and almost his conscience smote him. Beautiful was she, and tenderly loving beyond all women. She touched something obscure but very profound in him, an emotion almost religious, so sweet and good was she always, so quietly dignified, so faithful to him in every thought. Her tear-wet eyes were still steadily upon him.

"Wouldst thou have me, the queen, sit now with Hrodwitha, my lord?" she asked quietly, significantly.

(Continued on Page 112)

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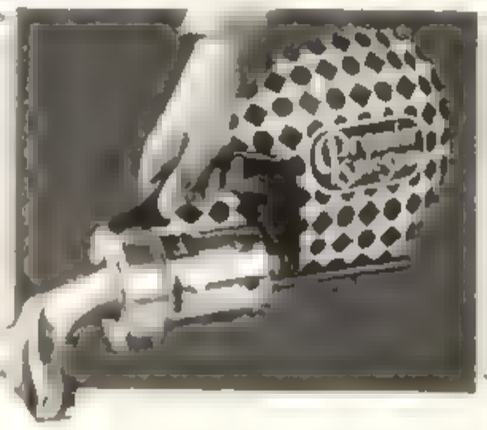

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(Continued from Page 110)

The question was a shock to him—a shock it was absurd to feel. He resented the implied reproach with which she proclaimed her knowledge. Did she think that he, the king, was going to sit, like a monk on a fast day, refusing to heed that enticingly diverse loveliness of womankind amid which it was his privilege to pick and choose? Always it had been a privilege of his predecessors, the Frankish kings, and was he less than they? He frowned in a surge of his quick anger. This presumption to jealousy must be stopped here and now.

"None shall give laws to me!" he said harshly. "I do what I will. Hrodwitha or another, I shall distinguish whom I please, as it is my right. I am the king!"

She continued to look at him as if searching his soul.

"And I am thy queen!" she said, a deep breath swelling the bosom of her girdled gown. She hesitated for a moment, seemed to sway on her feet. And then she threw herself wildly into the arms he instinctively put out to save her. "Oh, would that I were not queen!" she sobbed. "Would that thou wert not king, with women all about thee to tempt thee from my love! Would that we were both but poor peasants—thou and I working together in the fields, coming home to the little hut where I might work and cook for thee—the only woman to thee, as to me thou art the only man—for not as a king do I love thee, Karl, but as my man—my man my man!" She clung to him, shaking with her sobs. "Karl! Karl! I thought my heart would break! And she smiled at me insolently; her eyes taunting me that thou didst prefer her to me! Karl! Karl! And I love thee so! Just a woman am I, and not a queen! Karl! Karl!" She could say no more, could only weep.

He caressed her a little uncomfortably, despite the flattery to his vanity of that passionate wounded love. Natural was it that she should adore him, as a man as well as king.

He must humor her, pacify her, make her happy. His heart warmed to her that she loved him so much. What was Hrodwitha to him more than the plaything of a moment?

"My love," he said to her, as he fondled that head against his breast, "Hrodwitha shall be sent home this day. Does that make thee happy?" That pert little wench Fredegonde was suddenly vivid to a perverse interior vision. "Nothing to me is Hrodwitha, but thou art not only my queen, thou art my wife whom I love with all my heart, as I never loved woman!" Man or woman, skillfully could he bend all to his will, quell their little rebellions.

She looked up to him, her soul in her eyes.

"Karl! Karl! Why do I love thee so much? Why should a word of thine make me so happy? Love me, Karl; love me ever, as I love thee!"

A trumpet sounded outside. He disengaged himself. He must ride through the host, give his orders for the morrow. Hruodland was waiting for him with the horses. He led her back to her seat, left her with a last caress in which she clung to him. "Karl! Karl!"

A moment or two later, Hruodland at his side, he was cantering at the head of his comitatus through the vast camp swarming with the warriors who had answered his summons from the farthest recesses of his realm. "Let none presume to disobey the king's ban," ran his proclamation, and none had dared to disobey it. From forest Thuringia, from the Rhineland, from the flat lands about the Scheldt, from the far-off Loire and the plains of Francia, from Burgundia and the Rhône and that Province where yet the ruins of Roman edifices were thickly scattered, from vill and village and township they had come to his summons, the great lords and their retinue on horseback in coats of mail, the peasantry armed with a diversity of weapons down to flails and scythes, the contingent led by each comes, accompanied by its wagons containing tools and arms and three months' rations in an efficiently regulated supply-system that had no parallel among the armies of the world. Tumultuously they acclaimed him, swarming upon his path in a delirium of enthusiasm. Were they not about to follow the greatest of warriors in a holy war to rescue the vicar of Christ from the iniquities of the Langobards? Was not all the loot of Italy awaiting them at the other side of those terrible mountains over which, nevertheless, their leader would surely find a way?

Frank and Goth and Gallo-Roman, their shouts were deafening: "Karl! Karl! *Koning! Koning! Karl! Carolus Rex! Vivat! Vivat! Karl! Karl!*"

He reigned up his horse in the central cleared space of the camp, where the subordinate leaders of the host awaited him. A herald sounded a long horn. He raised his arm, shouted in a high clear voice that rang through the sudden silence of those massed thousands:

"Warriors! Let every man make himself ready ere nightfall! With tomorrow's dawn we march, by the help of God, to conquer the kingdom of the Langobards, enemies of the vicar of the apostle! Great will be your valor! Great your rewards! Remember that ye follow Karl the king!"

They roared their response, frenziedly waving a forest of weapons as far as the eye could see. He thrilled with the martial enthusiasm of that vast fierce host which was but an instrument to his will, extending his God-given power over yet other multitudes of men.

This was it to be a king! Even as he exulted in the thought, he had a queer little vision of the queen yet weeping for his merely human love. He turned to Hruodland, ever devotedly at his side, exchanged a happy smile with him. Hard blows would they deal together in the fight. That, after all, was the best thing in life—the stainless love of brothers in arms.

It was June, 774. He was at last in Pavia, capital of the vanquished Langobards. Much had happened since his host had marched with songs and wild music from Geneva, one half under his uncle Bernhard over the Great St. Bernard, the other half under his own command in that terrible climb amid snows and precipices over the Mont Cenis, to fall upon the barrier entrenchments of King Didier at Susa. Fearful had been those desperately repeated assaults upon the earthworks massed with yelling Langobards, darkening the air with arrows, wielding spear and sword and mace in ferocious hand-to-hand combat—again and again, dismounting from his horse, like a huge war god clad in iron, he had led those furious rushes, Hruodland ever at his side, smiting and shouting in the battle ecstasy, vying with each other in doughty deeds—until at last, alarmed by the news of Bernhard arriving far in their rear, the Lombards had fled in panic from their defenses, had been pursued in a merciless slaughter down the mountain valley. One after the other the great cities of the Lombard plain had surrendered at his approach. And then had begun that long slow terrible siege of Pavia, lasting month after month throughout autumn, winter, spring and early summer.

While yet it held out, starvation-gaunt foemen defiantly alert upon its colossal walls, he had journeyed to spend Easter in Rome, had been received as Patrician with the pomp and ceremonial of an ancient emperor, had fallen reverently on his knees to kiss that holy threshold of St. Peter, where the Pope stood with his cardinals and clergy in a respectful waiting since the dawn for this deliverer from the hated "most unspeakable" Lombards. Unforgettable through all his life would be that first visit to the former capital of the world—"The eighth of thy blessings," the pious monk Cathwulf had written to him, "is that thou hast seen the golden and imperial Rome"—that city of mighty monuments whose very air was holy to the believer as the apostle-sanctified antechamber to heaven.

Something new had been born in him in that still magnificent Eternal City where he felt but a rude untutored barbarian, nevertheless flatteringly acclaimed as the victorious champion of God—a vast and novel ambition that was like an expansion of all his being. More than the mere king of the Franks would he be. He would, in an irresistible alliance, be the omnipotent secular champion of that awesomely divine church which, though now beset by many temporal troubles, had in an evident possession of divine grace spiritually conquered and tamed those wild tribesmen who had once seemed about to annihilate her as they had shattered the Roman Empire of the West. He would restore that vanished empire to its former limits in an enlightened Christianity coextensive with his God-sanctioned royal power, a dual authority disciplining this anarchic ignorance-darkened barbarism back to a sanctified renewal of that ancient, ordered and cultured world whereof Rome, in all her ruins, had been so impressively a hitherto unimagined revelation. Confessing it to no earthly person, before the tomb of Saint Peter, he had vowed himself to this lifelong task.

That grandiose vision was yet vivid in him, held with the stark tenacity of his every purpose, as he sat in the magnificent gold-mosaic council hall of the palace in captured Pavia. It was crowded with excitedly exultant Frankish chieftains, with the chief nobles of Lombardy summoned to witness the degradation of their king, already tonsured for that monastery which was to be his exile. The previous day the vanquished Didier had cringingly led him to that dazzling treasure chamber where was stored the Lombard loot of Italy during two centuries, had tremblingly delivered it to this victorious whilom son-in-law who had so overwhelmingly avenged the outraged Saint Peter, magnanimous in that he deprived him not of life or eyes but only of his kingdom. Seated in huge-framed majesty upon that Lombard throne, he, Karl, the greater son of great Pepin, thrilled grimly with the completeness of his triumph. At his side, regally beautiful in her splendid robes, sat Hildegarde the queen. Proud this day she must be of her husband! Hruodland—the ever-faithful, ever-zealous Hruodland—stepped forth from the throng, brandished his sword, cried in a stentorian ringing voice: "Hail, Karl! King also of the Lombards, even as by the grace of God thou art King of the Franks!"

The council hall resounded with the unanimous reiteration of that shout, the Lombard nobles anxiously loud above the rest. One after the other those Langobards came up to his throne, knelt before him, humbly acknowledged him to be their lord. When the last had withdrawn again to the throng, a gorgeously attired herald blew a brazen fanfare, in due form sonorously announced that new title of Karl, King of the Franks and now of the Lombards also: "*Ave, Carolus! Gratia Dei, Rex Francorum et Langobardorum, atque Patricius Romanorum!*"

Deafeningly, the packed mass repeated it, acclaiming this young monarch who at thirty-two years of age was without a rival in the world—as king of the Franks ruling virtually all the lands north of the Alps, as king of the Lombards all of the great Lombard realm south of them, and as Patrician of the Romans was the acknowledged sovereign of practically the remainder of Italy. It was an intoxicating moment. He turned to Hildegarde, expectant of her proud and happy smile.

"So have I kept my word, wife," he said to her in a low voice. "Queen of the Lombards as of the Franks art thou now."

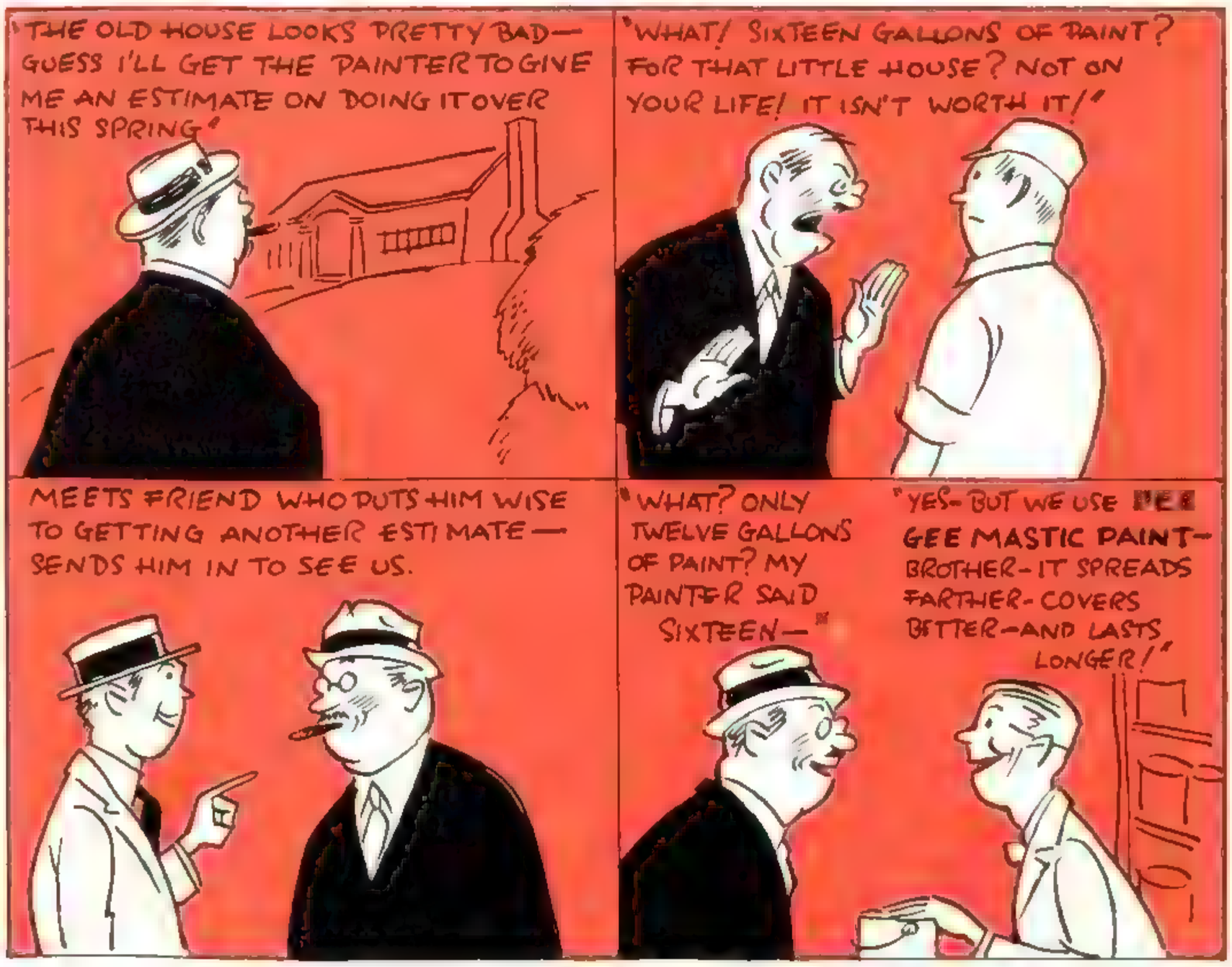
She looked at him, submissive but expressionless, inscrutable, as of late he often found her.

"Even so, my lord," she answered. "Yet a greater queen am I, even as thou didst give thy word." She sighed.

That cold indifference almost irritated him. He would not allow it to do so. She

(Continued on Page 115)

Mr. SAVER decides to give his house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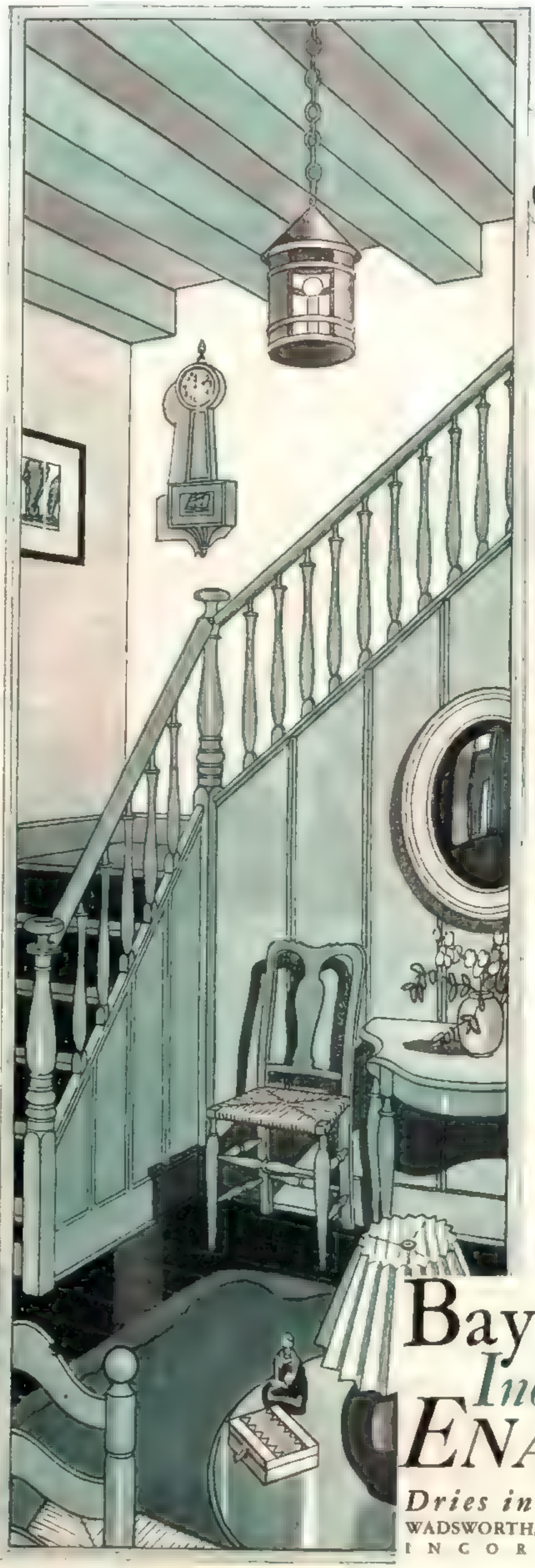

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(Continued from Page 112

was but a woman—as such, incapable of realizing the inner glory of his kingship, of realizing the splendidly vast beneficence his unchallenged mastery made possible. Only a man could be his heart's friend and comrade, understanding fully his mighty schemes. He glanced at Hruodland, ever loyal, ever joyously side by side with him in the fight, ever ready to sacrifice his life for him, the pattern of the simple-souled, lion-hearted warrior. Could even Hruodland understand? He felt a sudden chill of loneliness amid that deafening, unceasing enthusiasm.

He was in the heathen Saxonland he had sworn to Christianize. It was the year 776, the second of his serious campaigns into that wild country whose bloodstained wooden idols he everywhere uprooted and burned. Last year and this there had been ferocious fighting through the great forests, fearful losses in the Frankish host, fearful slaughter of those stubborn Saxons who neither gave nor asked mercy. Now at last he had hacked his way, relentlessly, swiftly, into the very heart of the land, had penned a great multitude of Saxons—warriors, women and children—against an unfordable river. They had surrendered, had brought to him handfuls of earth in symbolic surrender of their soil. He had given them an inexorable alternative—baptism or extermination.

They had chosen baptism. In great batches, haggard and shrinking in the fear of death, they came up now before the many priests who had accompanied the Frankish host.

He stood by, leaning on his lance, listening grimly to that summary catechism they tremblingly answered:

"*Forsachistu diobolæ?*" [Forsakest thou the devil?"]

"*Ec forsacho diobolæ.*" ["I forsake the devil."]

"*End allum diobolgeldæ?*" ["And all devil worship?"]

"*End ec forsacho allum diobolgeldæ.*" ["And I forsake all devil worship."]

"*Gelobistu in got alamehtigan fadær?*" ["Believest thou in God, the Father Almighty?"]

"*Ec gelobo in got alamehtigan fadær.*"

"*Gelobistu in crist godes suno?*" ["Believest thou in Christ, the Son of God?"]

"*Ec gelobo in crist godes suno.*"

"*Gelobistu in halogan gast?*" ["Believest thou in the Holy Ghost?"]

"*Ec gelobo in halogan gast.*"

Stammering in their terror, they recited the answers to which the priests prompted them. Then, in great batches where the children screamed and the women clung to their men, they were led down to the river and solemnly immersed, while the Frankish warriors fervently chanted the hymns started by the priests and monks grouped around the great crucifix he had set up. That was the way to Christianize these savages. If only he could catch their valiant, irreconcilable young leader Wittekind—

It was the fifteenth of August, 778. He rode with the main body of his host down a wild valley of the Pyrenees, returning from that abortive expedition in Spain, whither he had marched to aid certain Saracen emirs who had appealed to him for help against Abd-ar-Rahman of Cordova, and had treacherously belied all those fair words which had promised an end of the Moslem domination. Now, carrying in chains Ibn-al-Arabi, the chief of those who had deceived him, the army marched in an immensely long strung-out column down the precipitous track which once had been a more or less engineered Roman road. Terribly exhausting had been the climb up through the wild gorge of Roncesvalles, but they had reached and passed that highest point, called the Summus Pyreneus in the old Roman itinerary he used, were descending swiftly toward Frankland. On the heights above them could be seen small furtive parties of those savage Basque mountaineers, speaking a tongue that none could understand, lurking to cut off stragglers, to rush fiercely down at any opportunity for loot, from time immemorial the enemies of all men.

He glanced up at them with contempt

Impotent were they against so mighty a host. Far behind him, still climbing the gorge of Roncesvalles, was the huge baggage train of pack mules and clumsy wagons, escorted by a strong rear guard. For certainty of its safety, he had deputed Hruodland himself to command it—the joyous, ever-faithful Hruodland, whom, prior to this campaign, he had appointed to be Warden of the Breton Marches, in a duplication of himself to overawe those tribal Celts who had dared to raid Neustria. With Hruodland, he had detailed Eggihard, his seneschal, Anselm, Count of the Palace, and a picked band of the doughtiest noble warriors of his own comitatus. Invincible, surely, were such peerless foemen, commanded by such a paladin.

Downward marched that main body, ever downward along the track perilously unfenced above a bowlder-strewn, rushing torrent, turning sharply around the jutting buttresses of the towering crags where the eagles wheeled, descending until at last it reached a widening of the valley amid comparatively low hills. He called a halt. Here would they await the rear guard.

The last of the main body had arrived in the camp. Soon now must the rear guard follow. He had eaten and drunk, sat under a tree on a little grassy knoll, his bodyguard and pages grouped around him, waiting. At every moment he thought he heard the tramp of horses, the annunciatory blast of Hruodland's horn, Hruodland's voice joyously trolling out some lay of battle as he led that long file of men and vehicles he had brought safely over the pass. It was a trick of the ears. No riders emerged beyond that bend of the track on which his eyes were fixed. But there was no need for anxiety. They had been delayed by the difficulty of the ascent, the scarcely less difficult way down. The sun was sinking to the mountains, but there were yet several hours of daylight. What was that? Something leaped in him. Surely, that was—infinitely far off—the faint sound of Hruodland's horn! He gazed at those craggy mountains, high in the stainless blue sky, listened intently. No, there was nothing. Again a trick of the ears. He relaxed, bade his minstrel, a celebrated Gallo-Roman from Neustria, strike up a lay that would beguile this time of waiting. Nevertheless, in a vague, unconfessed uneasiness, he sent some mounted scouts to go speedily halfway back to the pass, report if there was sign or sound of that overdue rear guard.

The low sun touched the lofty summits to a glory of purple and gold as rapid hoof beats came down the track. His scouts reined up their foam-flecked panting horses, the leader sprang to the ground. "Neither sound nor sign of the lord Hruodland is there, great king!" he said. "And we could see clear to the pass itself! Only bands of these savages did we see, hurrying away by the mountain paths!"

He leaped to his feet. Hruodland! What had happened to Hruodland? He was gripped in an atrocious anxiety for that man who was more than brother. Decisively he shouted quickly urgent orders. The horns resounded. A couple of thousand horsemen rushed to their steeds, swung themselves into saddle, formed themselves into a long column. On his own great warhorse he led that wild ride up toward the pass, agonizedly praying God that he might yet be in time.

At the head of that furiously galloping cavalcade, he dashed over the summit of the pass still bathed in the orange radiance of sunset, raced down toward the gorge of Roncesvalles. He checked abruptly. A great barrier of bowlders blocked the narrow upward path. From beyond it came no answer to the fanfare of their horns. They scrambled around the obstacle to see, strewn in pools of blood, a litter of dead bodies, Frank and Basque. All down that obstructed track, filled with overturned broken-open wagons, were corpses upon corpses. They rode onward, came to a wider space where evidently the Frankish nobles had made a stand, where the dead lay in heaps ringed about a center. He sprang from his horse. There lay Hruodland, covered with wounds, the horn still in his hand as though he had blown one last blast even as he died.

Vengeance was impossible. Long ago those mountaineers had dispersed to their inaccessible fastnesses with the loot of this fabulously successful ambuscade.

Once more in the camp, now lit by cooking fires and flaring torches, he sat in the solitude of his tent, tears streaming down his cheeks. Hruodland was dead. Hruodland! He could not utter the devastating poignancy of that grief.

Outside, at a campfire, the Gallo-Roman minstrel began to improvise a song in honor of that *prox Rolandus* who had fallen fighting to the last in the treacherous ambuscade of Roncesvalles, who with his last breath had blown a blast heard miles away by his comrade, the king.

It was Christmas of the year 785. The court was at his vill of Attigni, on the edge of the Ardennes Forest, where he hunted boar and stag. Now he was feasting in the great hall. Fastrada, his wife—two years ago had Hildegarde died—sat haughty and beautiful beside him, making from time to time malicious comments on the semi-intoxicated, noisy revelers, men and women, down the long table, in that jealous ill nature which ever sought to poison his mind against those he loved best. He laughed joyously, ignored the barb in her witticisms. He was happy.

At his right hand sat Wittekind—that heathen Saxon prince who for so many years had been the idolized leader of his people in the annual rebellion against the hated proselytizing Frank. And now Wittekind had surrendered! Of his own will that Christmas day had he presented himself, with his blood-brother Abbio, at Attigni, had made submission, had himself demanded baptism into that holy religion so manifestly stronger than the ancient gods of Germany.

Karl, the king, had himself stood sponsor in that ceremony, had loaded with christening gifts this enemy prince who henceforth would surely be a friend. Blithe now was his heart that thus so honorably he had vanquished the most formidable foe he had met in a lifetime of wars. He lifted his golden cup of wine, pledged that attractively handsome guest, nobly modest about his exploits, who smiled at him in that new friendship of mutually admirative warriors. Surely now was ended—to the glory of God!—that terrible Saxon war which had lasted thirteen years since his first reconnoitering expedition in 772.

Down the table a formidable, jolly voice hailed him, pledging him also. It was Alcuin, that great Northumbrian scholar whom he had persuaded to his court to teach those chosen pupils, noble and plebeian in a selection determined only by merit, preparing for an official career in that palace school which was one of his dearest interests and where he himself would sit down humbly to be taught. A great trencherman was Alcuin, a jovial boon companion, for all his learning, amusingly apt at erudite riddles, vociferously laying down the law on all things human and divine while he ate and drank like twain. To him all freedom was permitted, for very dear was he to the king's heart. He raised his cup, shouted over the clamor of those who called the slaves to serve them with yet more meat, with yet more wine and ale.

"Hail, Karl! Wisest of kings! Rede me now this riddle! Wherein most dost thou resemble Solomon of Holy Writ?"

He cried back to him, in habitual easy comradeship with his intimates: "Rede it thyself, word spinner! No mind have I this Yule night for riddles out of Holy Writ!" (Continued on Page 117)

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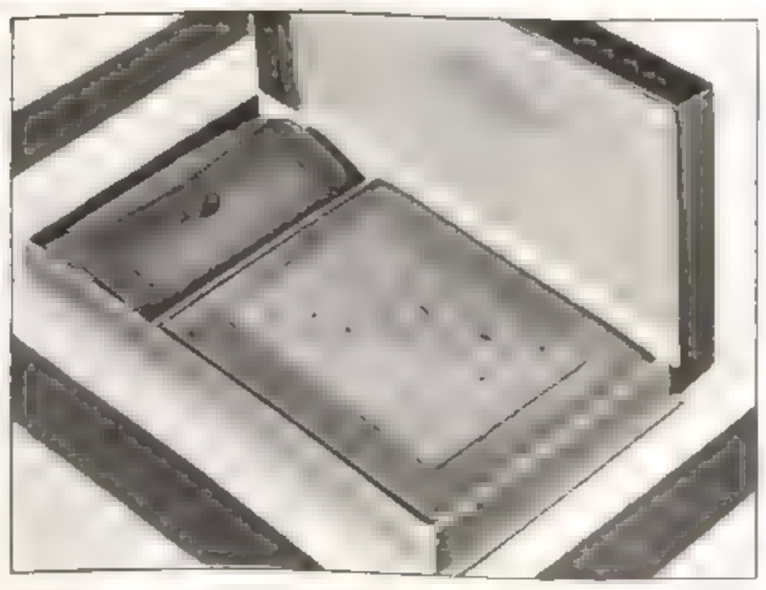

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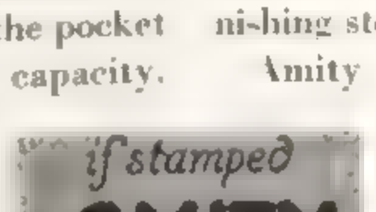

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Continued from Page 115

"Because, like him, verily thou art the father of thy people!"

There was a roar of laughter from the table. Fastrada's eyes glittered dangerously. She bit her curling red lip.

"In sooth, my lord, thou permittest too much insolence from this schoolmaster the more so in that all know he speaks truth!" she murmured.

He turned and laughed to her. These women! Ever jealous! Under that laugh he had a regretful memory of the gently docile Hildegarde. But he could master her also.

"Fair wife," he said, "of Solomon there is also a proverb: 'Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands.'"

He was almost boyishly pleased with himself for that apt quotation, bespeaking his quite unusual knowledge of Holy Writ. She glanced at him, a quick glint of alarm in her clever eyes, was silent. Thank heaven, he could still keep his womenfolk in order!

In wild riot the Lord of Misrule came prancing into the hall, followed by his grotesquely disguised train.

Wars, wars, wars. In the long vista of them he could hardly distinguish those campaigns year after year. War, interminable war, with those benighted stubborn Saxons who still—despite the loyal submission of Wittekind—revolted savagely at every opportunity, burning the churches, massacring the priests. War again in Spain, which left him with a Spanish March at the other side of the Pyrenees. War with the wild Avars in their great concentric-ringed defenses of which the outermost was a countryside across. Ever he was busily active, moving from vill to vill, legislating, administering, issuing stern behests to the monasteries that they reform their ways, issuing capitularies to his *missi dominici* prescribing exactly how they must not permit themselves to be deceived by counts who dealt not equitably the royal justice, insuring that in the scriptoria of the monasteries they used the new clear script for the copying of books, commanding that the services of the Church be properly performed, bringing singers from Rome that they might teach the choirmasters of Frankland the correct fashion of rendering sacred music, overseeing schools, overseeing to the minutest detail the management of his many royal domains, corresponding with distant princes, with prelates and scholars innumerable, and with the Pope of Rome. The day was never long enough for him. At night, often he could not sleep for that eager energy of his mind. His boyish son Pepin ruled on his behalf in Italy, his infant son Hlodwig ruled in Aquitaine, but over all the immense realm men did the bidding of Karl the king, commanding them in great things and in small, building up—slowly, slowly—that ideal theocratically governed new world of which he had dreamed, that world of which the king was the divinely sanctioned head.

It was July of the year 799. He was at Paderborn, that great vill in the heart of yet incompletely conquered Saxonland, where he had built a splendid palace and a yet more splendid church. Now, on a morning of brilliant sunshine, with his house band of chosen noble warriors, with all the great dignitaries of his kingdom grouped about him, he sat under the carved and painted portico of the "curtis." By his side sat the lovely Liutgarde, that fifth wife whom he had wedded when Fastrada had died five years before. She fidgeted with her royal robes, waited—like all that assembly—in a hushed excitement. At any moment now would arrive, terminating a long journey from Rome, that vicar of Christ on earth, Pope Leo III, to escort whom the king had sent his son King Pepin of Italy with a magnificent retinue.

In his golden seat he, the king, sat frowning in intent thought. No mere ceremonial visit of courtesy was this that the successor of Pope Hadrian was paying him. On Saint Mark's Day of that year ruffians hired by the nephews of his predecessor had rushed out upon the Pope as he led the great spring procession along the Via Lata in Rome, had torn him from his horse, had endeavored to blind him and tear out his tongue, had dragged him to close imprisonment in the monastery of Saint Erasmus. Escaped thence to Saint Peter's, he had been rescued by the armed forces of a pair of Karl's *missi dominici*, fortunately in the neighborhood. Now he was coming to invoke the protection of the great king *Patricius Romanorum*, and therefore prescriptive protector of the Roman Church—to appeal for his vengeance upon those enemies who now ruled anarchically in Rome. It was no trifling responsibility. Bitterly unpopular among his people was this politically astute, hard and cruel pontiff, chosen by the cardinals to further Pope Hadrian's ambitious dream of a temporal papal sovereignty extending over the whole of Italy. Moreover, his enemies vehemently and publicly had brought certain charges against him. The entire Christian world was shocked and dismayed. It seemed indeed that the stability of the Christian faith was at stake, its authority annihilated at the source. Appalling was the problem thrust upon him, the king, to solve. What human tribunal might presume to judge the vicar of the apostle, the head of that Church of God which judged all mankind, but could not itself be judged by man?

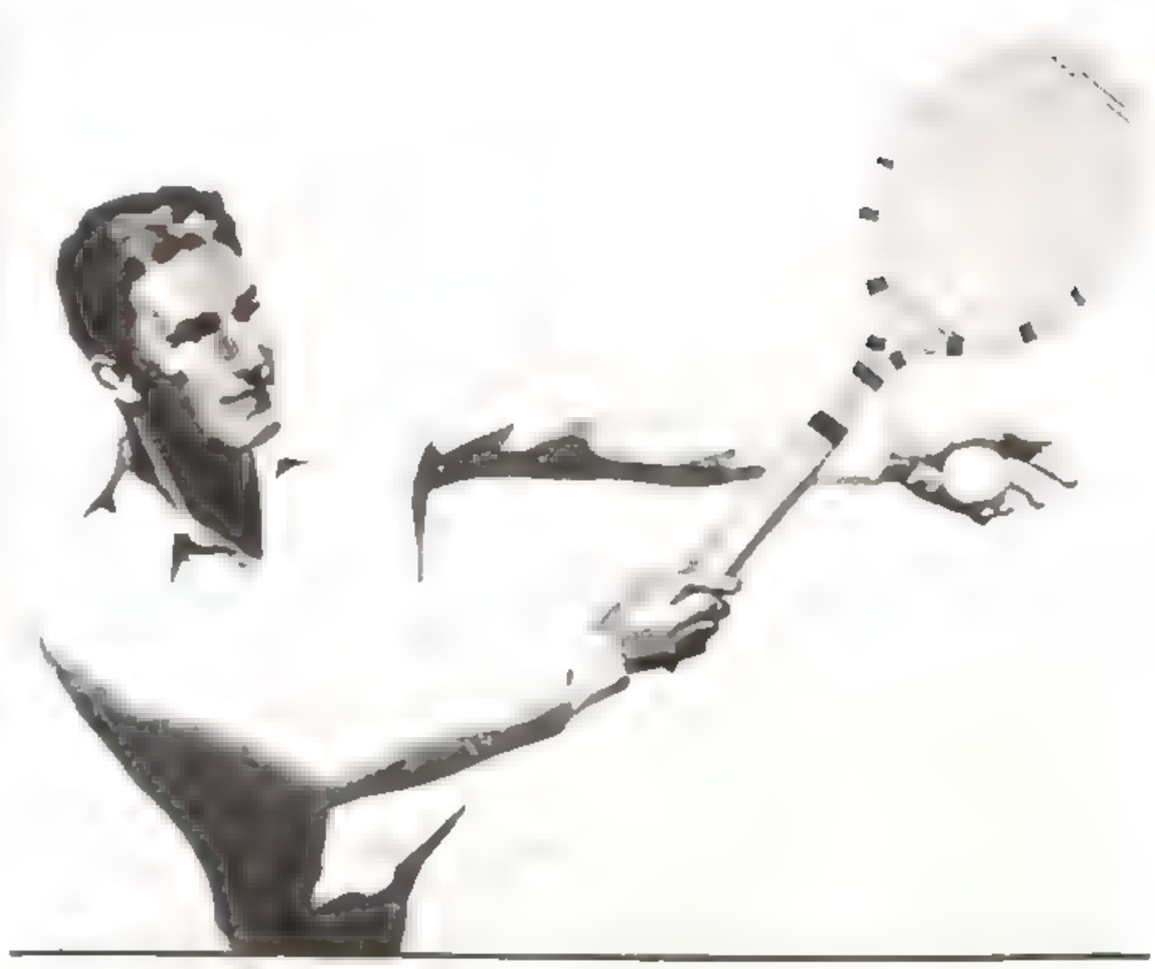
One power alone might claim competence to pronounce such a judgment on the *Romanus Pontifex*—that Augustus of the Roman Empire to whom, as a supreme incarnation of divine authority, the Popes of Rome traditionally owed adoration and allegiance. Nominally, at least, that universal authority still survived in the person of the emperors ruling from Byzantium over the remnant yet intact of the Eastern Empire. But at this crisis there was no Augustus. Irene, the mother of the last emperor, Constantine, had recently had her son's eyes put out, and now sat in flagrant scandal upon an imperial throne that could not be legally tenanted by a woman.

Grimly he, the king, brooded upon that still unsolved problem as he sat waiting for his sacred visitor. He drew from his robe a letter he had just received from his old friend and counselor Alcuin, now in retirement at Tours, reread those significant paragraphs he had already read again and again:

> Hitherto there have been three persons higher than all others in this world. One is the Apostolic Sublimity . . . and what has been done to him you have informed me.
>
> The second is the Imperial dignity and power of the Second Rome. How impiously the ruler of that Empire has been deposed, universal rumor tells us.
>
> The third is the royal dignity in which the decree of our Lord Jesus Christ has placed you as ruler of the Christian people, more excellent in power than the other aforesaid dignities, more illustrious in wisdom, more sublime in the dignity of your kingdom. Lo! Now on you alone the salvation of the churches of Christ falls and rests.

To what was Alcuin cryptically advising him? Never had a barbarian been an Augustus——

There was a blare of trumpets and then the sound of a hymn chanted by many voices. Into the immense courtyard came a long procession led by mail-clad horsemen, a procession of priests intoning the Gloria in Excelsis, who ranged themselves on either side. And then at last, reverently conducted by that youthful king of Italy, came on horseback the sublime pontiff himself, a shrewd-faced old man in the splendid papal robes and the triple tiara, an old man whose eyesockets yet showed traces



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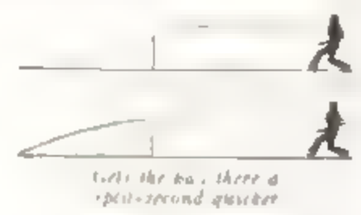

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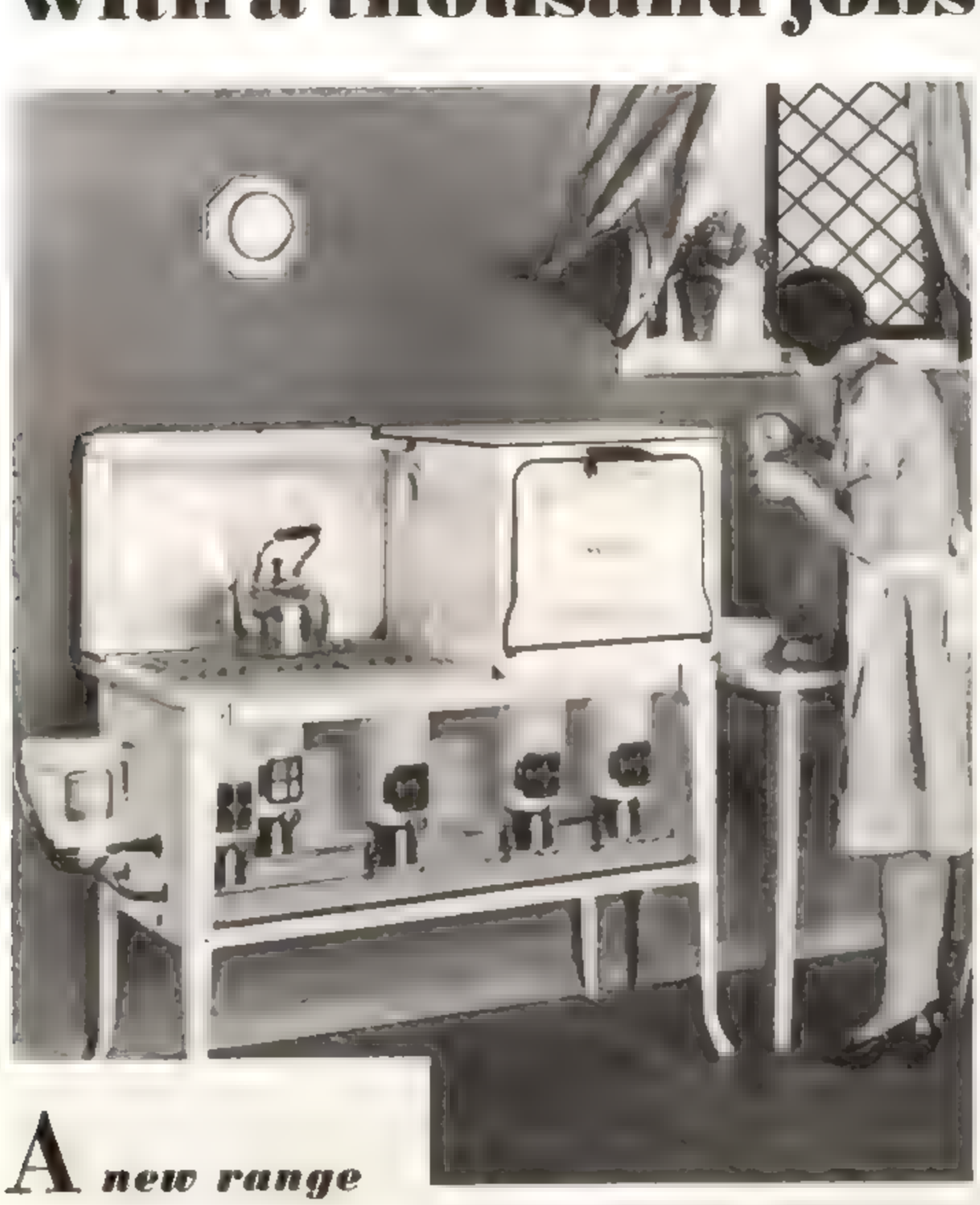

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of his injury. The warriors and the dignitaries, the queen herself, went devoutly down on their knees. He, the king, rose from his throne, stepped forward, with his own hands assisted the venerable vicar of the apostle to dismount. They embraced, kissed.

"My son! My son!" said the old man. "At last am I come to the protector of God's Holy Church!"

He led him reverently within the "curtis" while still the pious hymn was sung from a thousand throats. All honor would he show to this incarnation of the Church with which he had allied his kingly power; until, at least, he made up his mind what best were to be done for Christendom.

They had feasted, and now the Pope and he were alone in secret talk. The shrewd old man looked at him with his blinking, injured eyes.

"The empire is without an Augustus, my son," he murmured. "Verily, should he be an Augustus who restores the Church."

He, the king, answered nothing, sat pondering. What best might be done for Christendom, for that great menaced fabric he had built up? Already had he considered that possibility of himself becoming Augustus. By what right could he legitimately assume that title? To receive it from the Pope would be to invert the established order of things to make the Pope supreme over the Augustus. He unhesitatingly rejected the idea. Immemorially, the Pope had been subordinate to the emperor, theoretically yet more divine than the head of the Church. This would be to give the papacy vastly more than for generations it had worked for, and his practical mind drew a sharp distinction between the excellence of spiritual and of political supremacy.

Let the Church confine itself to its highly necessary duty of guiding souls to salvation in the next world; in the sordid affairs of this world it but corrupted itself. If it were essential that he should become Augustus, there might be other ways of arriving at that vacant dignity. He might even, yielding to the necessities of statecraft, wed Irene at Byzantium.

He smiled to this crafty old man he instinctively disliked.

"Holy Father," he said, "we will send thy Sublimity back to thy see under amply sufficient escort, and in due time will we ourselves visit Rome to investigate these grave matters and, if it be the will of God, to confound and punish these wicked accusers of whom thou makest complaint."

The old man smiled also, with gracious equanimity disguising his defeat.

It was Christmas Day of the year 800. He was in Saint Peter's in Rome. Purple curtains draping the spaces between the columns plunged the nave of the great basilica in gloom. In front of him, as he knelt with his sons Pepin and Karl, a temporary triumphal arch—supporting the immense festival chandelier blazing with three thousand lights—was a gateway to the mosaic-gleaming splendor of the eastern apse where Pope Leo and his attendant priests moved solemnly amid incense clouds and tinkling bells in the divine mystery of the mass. Intermediate between him and them, directly under the triumphal arch, was exhibited the magnificent golden jewel-incrusted shrine of the Apostle Peter, which he was permitted to approach more closely than the immense congregation of Franks and Romans packing the basilica almost to suffocation.

Sincerely pious though he was, he found his thoughts wandering while that elaborately slow ritual went on and on. Long delayed had been his visit to Rome—there had been much to do in Frankland; the vivaciously lovely Liutgarde had sickened and died at Tours that summer, and he had mourned her in a genuine grief that even the company of his old friend Alcuin could not assuage—but he had shrewdly brought it to successful issue. The accusers of the Pope had failed to produce before the synod of bishops the seventy-two witnesses required by canonical law, had been led away, each cursing the day when he had seen the other's face. Thus dexterously had been avoided that trial of the sublime pontiff which could only, whatever the result, have discredited the Church of God. But too seriously suspected had been the Pope for that quibble to be sufficient rehabilitation. Grimly, authoritatively, he had insisted that the vicar of Peter should clear himself of all imputed guilt by the solemn ceremony of purgation.

For three weeks the old man had stubbornly refused. It had been a contest of will against will, of secular authority against ecclesiastical pretensions to immunity from any earthly account. But he, Karl, had prevailed, as always throughout his life he had prevailed. Two days ago, on the twenty-third of December, Pope Leo had stood in the ambo of Saint Peter's, a copy of the four gospels clasped to his breast, and in a loud clear voice had sworn: "Of all those charges which the Romans, my unjust persecutors, have brought against me, I declare in the presence of God, and of Saint Peter, in whose Church I stand, that I am innocent, since I have neither done those things whereof I am accused nor procured the doing of them." He, Karl, had not been present at that ceremony, but he had smiled grimly when the report thereof had been brought to him by the Frankish representatives he had appointed. He had forced submission to his royal authority. As for the emperorship, he might or might not assume it in his own good time. He saw serious reasons against it; not least, the possible jealousies among the sons who would succeed him. At any rate he would not accept it from a papacy acquiring an utterly new temporal supremacy, pregnant with all manner of momentous consequence to his shrewd far-seeing mind, by the mere act of conferring that quasi-divine dignity.

The mass ended. The Pope advanced toward him, as if for benediction. He bent his head to receive it. Suddenly he felt something circular upon his head. The Pope had taken a golden crown from behind the shrine of Saint Peter, had placed it upon him unawares.

In a loud voice the vicar of the apostle cried the traditional imperial acclamation: "*Carolo piissimo Augusto a Deo coronato magno et pacifico Imperatori Vita et Victoria!*"

Instantly, from the massed congregation many of its Roman members, the shadowy Senate, the old-time *populus*, what remained of a Roman army, mysteriously warned to expect some great event - came that ritual shout, reiterated threefold.

The deed was done, irrevocable. He was Emperor, Augustus, by the gift of the Church! As he rose to his feet, was immediately wrapped with the traditional purple cloak of the ancient emperors by an alertly attendant dignitary, he glared angrily into the old pontiff's eyes. The vicar of Peter smiled graciously, benevolently, malicously. The Church had triumphed.

Fourteen years had he reigned prosperously as emperor since that epoch-making revolution when a barbarian had been proclaimed Augustus by the bishop of Rome. Unremittingly and beneficently busy had been that splendid eventide when, one by one, almost all his old friends had died, when all his sons save one alone had passed to premature graves. That one, Hlodwig, he had himself proclaimed and invested as Augustus, earnestly, prophetically, bidding that ultra-pious youth never to accept his title from the Church. "Never"—he had said it over and over again, almost in an obsession—"would he himself have entered St. Peter's that day, festival though it was, if he had known the intentions of the Pope." At the last he had become very tired—so tired.

He was waking from a dream—a strange event-filled dream where he had been a

Continued on Page 120

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ASK YOUR BANKER

Continued from Page 118

king, a mighty emperor, in a grandeur unparalleled, autocratically molding the world anew to an inspired and ardent vision—he, a young warrior who had fallen asleep in a green meadow by a river—this dazzling bright sunshine had awakened him. It was somehow imperative that he should cross that river at once. He was late for a tryst. He sprang up, waded into it. Who was that other young warrior coming toward him? Why, of course—it was Hruodland—Hruodland! his face transfigured with a rapturous joy. And there was a girl also—a girl who ran toward him, crying ecstatically his name. Was it—was it Hildegarde? Somehow he expected Hildegarde. No. He puzzled at her in an instant before recognition flooded upon him. It was that girl—he had totally forgotten her—whom he had snatched from an Aquitanian noble's house, with Hruodland. She and Hruodland now stretched their hands down to him, helped him up from that river.

So, at the third hour of the day, passed Karl, "Most noble Augustus, crowned of God, great and peace-bringing emperor, who ruled the Roman Empire and who, by the Grace of God, was king of the Franks and of the Lombards," creator of Europe from the shattered ruins of the ancient world. But from that coronation of the Emperor Charlemagne by the Pope was to spring that irreconcilable fundamental strife between Guelf and Ghibelline which, throughout the Middle Ages, tore Europe asunder

SOME THINGS WE ARE LEARNING

(Continued from Page 7)

wastes in time, material and human energy, that made it possible to bring in the eight-hour day.

The eight-hour-day law today only confirms what industry had already discovered. If it were otherwise, then the law would make for poverty instead of for wealth. A man cannot be paid a wage in excess of his production. In the old days, before we had management and power, a man had to work through a long day in order to get a bare living. Now the long day would retard both production and consumption. At the present time the fixing by law of a five-day week would be unwise because not all industry is ready for it, but a great part of industry is ready, and within a comparatively short time I believe the practice will be so general in industry that it can be made universal.

In the olden days those who thought that leisure was harmful usually had an interest in the products of industry. The mill owner seldom saw the benefit of leisure time for his employes unless he could work up his emotions. Now we can look at leisure as a cold business fact. There is a profound difference between leisure and idleness. We must not confound leisure with shiftlessness. Our people are perfectly capable of using to good advantage the time that they have off, after work. That has already been demonstrated. Perhaps they do not use their spare time to the best advantage. That is not for us to say, provided their work is better than it was when they did not have spare time.

Learning to Use Our Leisure

We are not of those who claim to be able to tell people how to use their time out of the shops. We have faith that the average man will find his own best way, even though that way may not exactly fit into the programs of the social reformers. We do know that many of the men have been building houses for themselves, and to meet their demand for good and cheap lumber we have established a lumberyard where they can buy wood from our own forests. The men help one another out in this building and thus are meeting for themselves one of the problems in the high cost of living.

I think that, given the chance, people will become more and more expert in the effective use of leisure. For few of us have had the chance to learn.

It is the influence of leisure on consumption that makes the short day and the short week so necessary. The people who consume the bulk of goods are the people who make them. That is a fact we must never forget—that is the secret of our prosperity. The hours of the labor day were increased in Germany under the delusion that thus the production might be increased. Production decreased. With the decrease of the length of the working day in the United States an increase of production has come, because better methods of disposing of men's time have been accompanied by better methods of disposing of their energy. And thus one good thing has brought on another.

Where people work longest and with least leisure, they buy the fewest goods. No towns were so poor as those of England where the people, from children up, worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day. They were poor because these overworked people soon wore out; they became less and less valuable as workers. Therefore, they earned less and less and could buy less and less. Needs are filled only as they are felt. They make themselves felt largely in leisure hours. The man who worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day desired only a corner to lie in and a hunk of food. He had no time to cultivate new needs. No industry could ever be built up by filling his needs, because he had none but the most primitive.

Lowering the Week-End Peaks

It is perfectly proper for the Government to step into an industrial situation with laws, provided those laws only establish what experience has already demonstrated to be the best practice. Eight-hour-day laws are now all right, because the eight-hour-day has been established. But a five-day-week law would bring disaster and so also would laws restricting the use of machinery.

Any law passed in the belief that it will make work or spread work over more than the usual number of men is an invitation to poverty. And poverty always accepts the invitation. A deal of poverty abroad may be traced to political make-work laws. The real duty of a statesman is to clear the way for what the Lord is going to do anyway.

The five-day week is only a development and it would seem that it might best be achieved by spreading the free days through the week instead of concentrating on Saturday. I have noted some of the benefits in so far as recreation is concerned, but the benefits to business through spreading the buying period over the week would be quite as large. Business suffers from the unnecessary concentration of buying on the last few days of the week. This forces larger facilities than would otherwise be necessary and also retards the quick movement of stocks. We have been trying through the years to take the larger seasonal curves out of business and to a great extent have succeeded in some industries. It is of equally high importance to take out the weekly curve and avoid loading the end of the week.

Public attention, when it is not on the dangers of machinery, seems to dwell on the dangers of corporate size. Every so often someone gets the notion of a corporation that can control anything and everything and will be a monopoly. The size of a corporation is limited by its market and its function. In a very simple product a corporation can own all the producing and selling machinery from the raw material to the finished product. As the product becomes more complex, such an organization

is not economical, for then a certain portion of the activities get away from central management.

I have often been represented as advocating the vertical trust—that is, the control of all materials and operations from the source to the ultimate consumer. That has never been my view. We like to do something of everything in order to keep a line on costs and prevent ourselves from being caught short on materials through other than our own fault. But to supply all our requirements would take a working force of about six million men, and that is too large a force easily to be managed.

We have many large plants, but not one of them makes our full requirements. The motor is the only part of our car which we insist on making in its entirety and we make all the motors we use. We have a large steel plant, but it produces at capacity only about 6 per cent of our steel requirements

To produce the peak of our necessary supplies of anything would require a very large factory, and it would be a wasteful factory; for it would need a larger capacity than it would often run at. An independent factory making only a single article or a small line of articles can shift its production among a number of customers and keep at capacity. That means it can achieve lower costs than the corporation which tries to do everything. And this is quite aside from the fact that it helps the country to distribute prosperity over a wide area. It is not in the public interest unduly to concentrate industry.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30

bankers. Three plain, purl three. Perhaps he was a snowbird."

"A snowbird?"

"A coke snuffer. Or maybe he was secretly addicted to hashish? Or was there a disfigured Malay servant in the background?"

"Why, grandma!"

"He once made a world cruise, you know. To be sure, I never heard of his bringing back anything but malaria. But he may very well have had an emerald from an idol's forehead. And no doubt the priests have got him at last. With a boomerang. That accounts for the concussion of the brain. Purl three, three plain. Look for a dark man in Eastern garb, with a blood-stained boomerang and an enormous emerald in his pocket. And now tell me what went on at the meeting of the King's Daughters"

The postman's whistle interrupted our talk; grandma bustled to the door, and returned, hastily tearing the wrapper from the latest murder mystery. She dropped her knitting and the Jabez Chutney Case. She barely nodded when I said good-by.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

The Girl Friend Goes Shopping

2:00 P.M. She stops in front of ultra-smart shoe store. Admires display of beautiful shoes in window. Enters.

2:10 P.M. Tries on a pair of twelve-dollar, rose-blush-color calfskin slippers with spike heels. Exclaims, "Simply beautiful."

2:20 P.M. Tries on a pair of fifteen-dollar satin slippers with rhinestone heels. Exclaims, "Simply exquisite."

2:30 P.M. Tries on a pair of ten-dollar honey-beige-color calfskin pumps. Exclaims, "Simply avid."

2:40 P.M. Tries on a pair of fourteen-dollar, white calfskin Deauvillette sandals. Exclaims, "Simply exotic."

2:50 P.M. Tries on a pair of eighteen-dollar, tan-pastel, lizard-embossed calfskin slippers with covered military heels. Exclaims, "Simply gorgeous."

3:00 P.M. Buys a pair of plain gray bedroom slippers. Leaves store, giving cashier two quarters, one dime, and three nickels as she goes out.

VINCENT CLARK ODELL.

The Bear Operator to His Love

DARLING, would you still love me
If I were a coal or ice man,
Even though I proved to be
Not an altogether nice man?

Even were my income shot
And we had to live on cheese,
Dandelions and Lord knows what,
Would my fond caress still please?

Do say economic pressure
Shall not leave me love-forsook,
Don't say passion's only measure
Is the bulging pocketbook!

Lloyd Mayer.

Boss: "You Ought to See What Wonderful Success My Wife Has Had With Her Reducing Diet, Miss Waite"

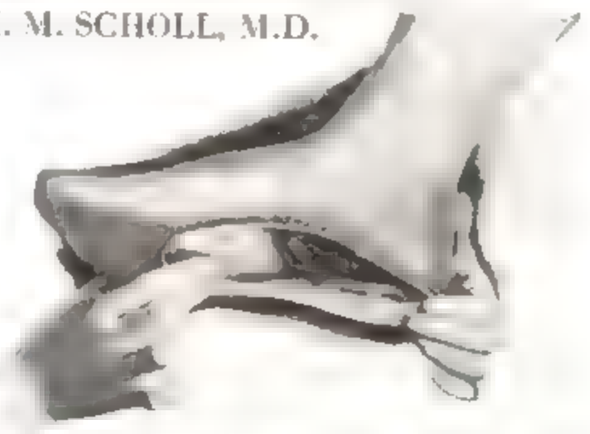
Foot Aches and Pains

a sure sign of weak arches

"SEVENTY per-cent of the people have fallen arches—many unknowingly. It may be to a slight degree, or it may be to an extreme degree. Once the bones in the feet become misplaced, they have no power in themselves to reassume normal position. But they may be restored to normal by the proper adjustable supporting device. The symptoms of weak arches and flat-foot are fatigue; tired, aching feet; pain in the arch, instep or heel; weak ankles; rheumatic-like pains in the legs and knees and hips, backaches, etc. Some of the visible evidences of a weakened arch are corns, callouses, crooked toes and swollen or turning ankles. Unfortunately, many people neglect their feet until driven by pain to seek relief. There is no foot suffering, however acute, that cannot be relieved, but timely aid would avoid much of the misery that millions now endure."

—By WM. M. SCHOLL, M.D.

NO matter how minor a foot trouble you may have—*take it seriously.* Do not neglect it. Proper care NOW will quickly remove it and spare you much misery in later years, which almost invariably is the lot of people who neglect their feet. Even if you have a severe, extremely painful foot ailment, you can get immediate relief and quick correction, by Dr. Scholl's Modern, Scientific Methods. There are 40 Specific Dr. Scholl Aids for the Feet—each one guaranteed to relieve pain and remove the cause. Shoe, Drug and Department Stores everywhere feature them. Many of these stores maintain a separate department devoted exclusively to rendering Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service. They employ an Expert especially trained in Dr. Scholl's scientific methods of analyzing foot troubles and fitting Dr. Scholl's Appliances and Remedies.



RELIEVES TIRED, ACHING FEET —WEAK ARCHES

Dr. Scholl's New Improved Arch Supports give instant relief to tired, aching feet, weak or broken down arches, foot and leg pains, cramped toes, corns, callouses, bunions, weak ankles, tender heels, etc. They gently raise the arch to normal by easy and comfortable stages. Thin, light and flexible. Worn in any shoe. Sold and expertly fitted at leading shoe and dept. stores, $3.50 to $15.00.

Write for free booklet

On request we will gladly mail you a copy of Dr. Wm. M. Scholl's helpful booklet, "The Feet and Their Care." Address The Scholl Mfg. Co., Inc., Chicago; for Canada, 112 Adelaide St., E., Toronto.

CALLOUSES

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Callouses stop pain instantly, remove shoe pressure. Soothing, healing, guaranteed safe and sure, 35c box.

SORE FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm soothes, cools, rests and heals tender, tired, aching, burning feet. Relieves all foot troubles. 35c jar.

CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns end pain in one minute, remove friction and pressure of shoes, safe, soothing, healing, 35c box.

PAINS HERE

Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Support relieves painful cramps, Morton's toe and callouses on the ball of the foot. Worn in any shoe.

TENDER FEET

Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder is remarkably soothing to tender, sore, tired feet. Makes shoes feel more comfortable. 35c can

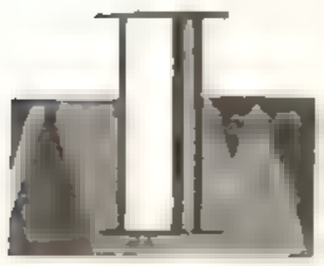
BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer instantly relieves bunion pain, reduces enlargement, preserves shape of shoe. 75c each.

Dr Scholl's

Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

A FUNDAMENTAL ECONOMIC FACT NO MOTOR-CAR BUYER CAN IGNORE



IN THE purchase of a motor-car—or any other commodity—the most vital and compelling factor, regardless of any other consideration, is *intrinsic value*.

No business institution can ignore this truth and survive. No motor-car buyer can afford to ignore it.

It is the only sure basis of sound, judicious buying.

The principle underlying this fundamental economic fact has long been a tradition and a faith with the Cadillac Motor Car Company.

The buying public understands and appreciates this. It realizes that the highest quality product—the product of greatest intrinsic value—is inevitably the most economical product.

That public has actually *itself* evaluated Cadillac and La Salle—and not the Cadillac Motor Car Company.

It knows full well the traditional excellence of Cadillac-La Salle craftsmanship.

It sees at work in Cadillac and La Salle the vast buying power of General Motors deliberately planned to permit value-giving in excess of any other standard.

And it may quite reasonably conclude that no other manufacturer can produce *as fine a car* as can the Cadillac Motor Car Company without exacting a price premium that would make the product prohibitive.

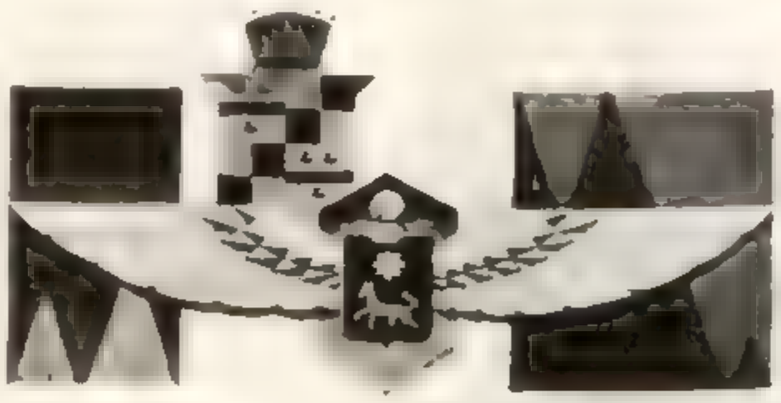
That the public has confirmed its judgment is attested by its loyal allegiance to Cadillac and La Salle and by the new hosts who are constantly flocking to Cadillac-La Salle ownership.

This is proved by the fact that in 1928 Cadillac-La Salle dollar volume exceeded the dollar volume of any manufacturer in the fine car field; and Cadillac-La Salle's business in Fleetwood custom-built models—the very ultimate in luxurious motoring—exceeded the custom-built business of all other American motor-car manufacturers combined.

In fact, the *whole and incontestable truth* of the matter is that today Cadillac and La Salle actually command preferred position and dollar volume dominance in the fine car field.

And the Cadillac Motor Car Company has achieved this preferred position in the quality field and this dollar volume dominance *solely because of intrinsic value*.

It is the enthusiastic satisfaction and loyalty of the Cadillac-La Salle public that has inspired and, in a very real and literal sense, created the characteristics that make Cadillac and La Salle the finest and smartest cars on the streets of the world.



It is this enthusiasm and this loyalty that have made it possible for the Cadillac Motor Car Company to be constantly raising quality, constantly increasing value, constantly giving more and more for the purchaser's dollar—

More in fine manufacturing; more in beauty, exemplified by Cadillac and La Salle's exquisite Fisher and Fleetwood bodies; more in brilliant performance, through the high refinement and efficiency of the superbly smooth Cadillac-La Salle 90-degree, V-type 8-cylinder power plant—

More, too, in progressive engineering as most recently evidenced by Cadillac-La Salle's three ultra-modern and exclusive safety features—the Synchro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission, Duplex-Mechanical System of Four-Wheel Brakes and Security-Plate Glass in all windows, doors and windshields.

It is perfectly obvious to all the world that this process has been continuously widening the value gulf between Cadillac-La Salle and cars aspiring to compete with them, until today it is revealed—*more emphatically than ever before*—that Cadillac and La Salle have no *real* rivalry.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Division of General Motors
DETROIT, MICHIGAN OSHAWA, CANADA

CADILLAC · LASALLE
FLEETWOOD

Cadillac engineers have found that only the 90 degree, V-type, 8-cylinder engine produces results that attain the Cadillac ideal and are worthy of the Cadillac name. Advancing their ideals still further, they have recently added three great safety and mind-ease features found on no other cars: Duplex-Mechanical Effortless Four-Wheel Brakes, Syncro-Mesh Silent-Shift Transmission and crystal-clear, non-shatterable Security-Plate Glass

LIVESTOCKS AND LAUGHINGSTOCKS

(Continued from Page 13)

Then he smiled, and laughed. He laid down his brush. "Listen and leave me tell you somepin."

He told. Olp listened. "So, you see," concluded Jodie, "I'm fixed good for the winter, all."

"One hunert and twelve," mused Ollie Olp, as though the number would elucidate the puzzle. "He's been selling them off. I thought he was loose of all of them. Well, seeing could be believing still!"

"Till next Thursday then," Jodie called gayly after him, "you will be both seeing and both believing."

The sheriff came upon the following Thursday, and he saw and believed. Jodie was in the chicken yard making fast a loosened strand of wire. He stood, hammer limp in hand, and said no word as the other approached; indeed he looked curiously limp altogether.

"He ain't fetched them then?" deduced the other.

"They're here," said Jodie in a pent voice. He turned toward one of the chicken houses, fumbled reluctantly at the latch, then turned toward the other. He opened the door.

"But what's a matter of them?" Sheriff Olp peered within. "I ain't ever seen stouter-looking chickens. Young hens ain't? And twelve. Well, for once that Stottlemaier has —— But, say, looky here! Was that twelve all he ——"

Jodie had opened slowly the other door. The sheriff looked within. He looked at Jodie. He looked within again, his intemperate eye slipping out of bounds as it raced the length of the clean, comfortable roosts. Upon them cleanly and comfortably perched one hundred young cockerels, their eyes warily sagacious, their healthy combs flapping red defiance.

The sheriff got him to a barrel and sat down carefully upon it. His eye, still slipping and sliding, gave him a ferocious expression, ungovernable. Jodie stood, his own eyes wide with the hurt, amazed look of one from whom something precious has been snatched.

"It's time for to git mad!" bellowed the sheriff.

"I have mad," said Jodie.

"Leave me see that paper!" howled the other and lit from the barrel.

He saw the paper. He said words in Jodie's small kitchen which set Cora and Dora to whimpering inconsolably behind the coal scuttle. Later he became chillingly analytical.

"He's sold him off the full-growned hens and got him a good heavy price for them. These here late hatchings he's onloaded onto you for to feed and fat ower the winter."

Jodie nodded.

"Here in March when chicken meat is dear expensive he'll pack himself back and sell off them swang roosters. And he'll have yet them young hens for to start himself in with."

Jodie sighed. "If roosters was only the sect to let down eggs!"

"The sex problem agin! It's everywheres," summarized the officer gloomily. "Here a body can't even sign up for chickens without gitting bit and stung by it. And, say! Has it come into your head what one hunert growing roosters is going to eat out of you ower the winter yet? The male appetite of one young rooster is somepin terrible for to look on—but one hunert yet! I gosh!"

Jodie sank drearily into a chair.

"Bit and stung, that's what you are. We got to admit to it. I know the law, for it ain't anything I live by but for the law and by the law and with the law. I know more law than any attorney lawyers in this town—why wouldn't I? They only talk the laws; it's me where puts them into practice. And I can tell you right now that there paper you up and signed yourself to has got you pinched tight to the chickens. You got to keep care of them and you got to deliver them yet, and it ain't no use squirming any which way."

"I ain't for squirming," said Jodie in a slow, strained voice, "but I have mad and I feel for getting madder."

The sheriff looked at him, and the venom which he felt toward one hundred young roosters was transferred for the moment to the still figure before him. Unwittingly he said the cruelest thing that he, as Jodie's best friend could have said.

"I don't know right what it is at you," said Ollie Olp bitterly, "that you make yourself always laughingstocks for the town. Now you will be a joke agin."

Aye, it was true; there was the rub; and it rubbed sorely during the following weeks. The town laughed heartily, and Jodie knew that it laughed. It laughed at the joke like a lusty, young, country-bred thing, and enjoyed it. Then, with a captivating disregard for the psychology involved, began to turn against the man who had provided the hilarity for them. Mr. Stottlemaier, due to arrive in March, was due to arrive also upon a swelling tide of disfavor.

Likewise, the town, having laughed its fill at Jodie, and being comfortably stuffed with superiority in consequence, began to spill its overflow of good feeling toward him. That winter he painted, plumbed, carpentered, trucked, gardened and otherwise was given opportunity to exercise the talents which his varied experience had developed. Jodie, in spite of the fell increase in his family, yet managed to keep them all fed, watered, warm and generally comfortable. Fairly comfortable, rather; he himself still heard, or thought he heard, the echo of that lusty laughter.

In January he made his lunar proposal to Miss Etta Getz.

Said Miss Getz, with a dry chuckle: "No, I can't say I have any matrimonical intentions for now or never."

She had never chuckled before. She was one of those who had not stopped laughing then! Miss Etta Getz, even, laughed at him. He did not say, as always: "But you're the missus for me, or none." He merely sat and looked at her, his mouth open and his eyes hurt, amazed, as though something precious had been snatched from him.

In further consequence Miss Getz was not able to proffer her customary reply: "You ain't the mister for me ——" She herself sat with her mouth open after Jodie had taken an abrupt departure; and in her eyes also was the hurt, amazed look of one from whom something precious had been snatched. After all, however, Miss Getz should have reflected that not many ladies during the level stretch of the thirties have the vertiginous experience of refusing a proposal of marriage during every alternate new moon.

But though Miss Getz did not come his way, other favors did. Four cows did. Early upon a rollicking day in February, Sheriff Olp escorted seven ladylike Alderneys into the pasture. Jodie understood; he had seen many animals immured for varying terms in the sheriff's lot. Jodie served the last of the warm mash—he had a fancy the fowls preferred it warm during the cold weather—and went to the fence.

"Attachment, not?"

Olp nodded. "Old Budasheim agin. It could be three weeks, maybe four, that I will have them on me." He approached Jodie; he winked. "Not that it kreistles me any; five dollars per the day the law allows me fur keeper's fees, and the feed for them exter."

"And the milk yet," added Jodie, his eyes unconsciously straying toward the lolling tongue of Moses, who stood appraising his new neighbors through the pickets.

"And that's where you come in," proffered Olp. "I can't go milking out no seven cows twicet a day. If you would now feel for taking four of them off me for the milk ——"

Jodie's tongue also lolled. Words were unnecessary.

"And here now I am making a thought." The little man's one stable eye cannily roved from Jodie's livestock to his own. "Why not put such a little gate at this fence and leave them chickens loose onto this pasture? I'll feed the cattle at them racks there, and what they spit out, them slinkin' roosters can git. Ain't that a thought now?"

It was indeed. "It will make their feed for them," Jodie said in solemn agitation.

"And I guess you won't have objections of that!" cried the other, suddenly irascible. "Yi, yi! To think of the size of feed you have throwed into them dum roosters, and now next month you will be handing them ower free for nothing to that sleazer!"

"But I ain't handing them ower free for nothing," said Jodie.

"But that paper ——"

"It reads in there I got to deliver them, but it ain't saying when I got to deliver them; and I ain't for delivering them till he pays for the feed, all."

Ollie Olp spat. "Dumb," he appraised with scorn. "Don't you right away know what he'll do you then? He'll sue fur it. It ain't nothing Stottlemaier likes as good as a lawsuit. And he'll git judgment on you too."

Jodie was silent.

"It ain't nothing to hinder him," reasoned the other. "This house stands on your name, ain't not? If your property here was mortgaged off to somebody ——"

Jodie shuddered. "It ain't," he said emphatically. "It ain't never been and it ain't never will be."

"Well, then!" warned the other.

"Well, then, I ain't delivering away them chickens till I git my pay for the feed, all."

"Ach, what does it make to go in circles?" The sheriff spun about in a circle of his own. "I won't do it to argy no more words with a dopple. I wash my hands from you!"

Nevertheless, he did argue words, many words, in Jodie's small kitchen before the month was over. Jodie listened with the brooding attentiveness of one who has lived his years alone.

March the tenth arrived and with it arrived Mr. Conrad Stottlemaier. More correctly, Mr. Stottlemaier, being one of those who set their houses in order, arrived in his own yard upon the twilight of the ninth; he arrived in Jodie's yard upon the twilight of the tenth. He had neatly timed his arrival when Jodie would be in his kitchen and the fowls upon their roosts. Upon his spring wagon was a pensive leaning tower of empty crates.

Jodie was not in his kitchen, but the fowls were upon their roosts. Mr. Stottlemaier, having peeped into the kitchen and found nothing, peeped into the chicken houses and found a great deal. One hundred full-grown roosters, somnolent at the close of a perfect day, opened wary, sagacious eyes upon him and flapped incipient red defiance.

"Ho, ho!" said Mr. Stottlemaier and, wary, sagacious and red himself, all but emitted a crow as he carefully closed the door.

The slight sound aroused Jodie, who was milking in the pasture. It also aroused—seriously aroused—the family, who were seated *en banc* watching him with intensive application. As one they turned their intensive application toward the intruder, with yelps that rang as one they split toward the chicken yard. With prolonged answering yelp the intruder split toward his pensive tower.

Jodie called off his family, called back the visitor and approached, foaming pails in hand

"I've come for my chickens," stated Mr. Stottlemaier.

"You ain't gitting them," stated Jodie.

"What's to hinder me?" bristled the other.

"Me and"—Jodie swung his pails toward the family, who were also bristling—"them."

Indeed, the half-hour interview which ensued might be termed a bristling one. Sheriff Olp, nevertheless, advanced intrepidly into the midst of the bristles.

"What's this to do?" he demanded. "I was hearing you by my house even."

"I'm a-suing this man!" bellowed Mr. Stottlemaier, lowering his head and pawing the earth.

"Well, don't excite the cows. . . . I was telling this stubborn head here you'd be suing him. What you suing him for—the chickens or ——"

"The chickens. What fur else?"

"—— or the price of the chickens?"

"Heh, what's that? Chickens—or price—ain't that the same?"

"It could be," said the sheriff, eying him steadily.

Ensued silence. Even the family stood motionless, tails rampant. Spoke Mr. Stottlemaier, grasping thoughtful wattles: "Price oncet. Well, to be sure, if I'd have dare to set my own price—and I did set it oncet in that agreement there—yes, and he signed to it that had ought to stand. But I wouldn't want nobody else mixing in prices."

"It would stand."

"I ain't suing for no chickens then," said Mr. Stottlemaier briskly. "I am suing yet for the price of the chickens. The price is two dollars per each as hereintofore agreed to and signed to. Two hunert and twenty-four dollars I'll be suing this slinker for."

His good humor was returning; he almost smiled upon the slinker.

"I guess that means to say you will be putting such an attachment then ——"

"I will be putting," stated the man of business, "an attachment onto all this property here behind ten A.M. of tomorrow morning." He waved an arm widely.

"Real or personal?"

"Both. All both. Everything." The arm swept again. "Including the livestocks," specified Mr. Stottlemaier, his eyes ranging from Jodie's plethoric pails to the seven Alderneys. "Including all the livestocks, each and every."

"I guess I'll go milk away my other two." Jodie's mild eyes rested inquiringly upon the sheriff.

"Go ahead on," encouraged the officer. "Him and me will tend to all the business from now and henceforwards."

They attended to all the business. Before noon the following day Sheriff Olp served Jodie with an impressive document.

"Writ of attachment a'ready," explained the official. "Now you got ten days in which to answer. At the expirations of them ten days he will have dare to get a judgment on you."

"Answer oncet? What would I say then?"

"Say nothing. Stop still and be quiet. Leave him take his judgment."

"You mean, the chickens?" faltered Jodie.

"Ach, would I got to explain it all out agin now? It's easy seen you ain't built for the form of no lawyer. He ain't suing for no chickens; he's suing for the price of the chickens. Ain't I telling you a'ready a body can't git nothing they ain't suing for? The minute he up and sued for the price of them chickens the title for them chickens passed automatic into you."

"Into me?" Jodie's hand felt limply over his person.

"He don't want them chickens—not at two dollars per, I guess he don't! He wants the two hunert twenty-four dollars for them; but till he gits it"—he drew forth from his pocket a fluttering green packet and extended it to Jodie—"till he gits it, he's got to fork ower keeper's fees fur the

(Continued on Page 129

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

Raising the Standard of Quality in Building Materials by the use of COP-R-LOY

Reg U S. Pat. Off

THE COPPER ALLOYED SHEET STEEL

ARCH LATH

The first step in planning a home is to insure that walls and ceilings represent today's highest progress in plastering bases. Arch Lath answers the need—better than ever now that it is made of COP-R-LOY.

This modern refined steel gives to Arch Lath the added feature of greatest durability. Arch Lath insures not only better plastering but also walls and ceilings that are a protection from fire and which will last as long as the building itself.

This means a combination of increased advantages in the use of Arch Lath—successful achievement of every desirable texture that will remain proof from stain, insure the maximum protection from warping and unsightly cracks. And Arch Lath saves plastering costs—not merely in material but in labor.

Residence Interior, St. Louis County Architect Marcell Boulicault

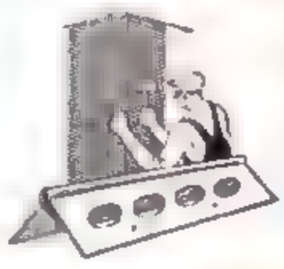
The use of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Sheet Steel, in Spanish Tile, Roofing Ternes, Conductor and Eaves Trough, Diamond Lath, Corner Bead, Picture Mold and other fire-proof sheet steel building essentials as well as in Arch Lath, means an attainment of a new and higher standard of quality important to all who have a hand in building.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY, Wheeling, W. Va.

Branches St. Louis, New York, Richmond, Buffalo, Chattanooga, Philadelphia, Minneapolis, Chicago, Des Moines, Kansas City, Columbus, Ohio

Spanish Metal Tile

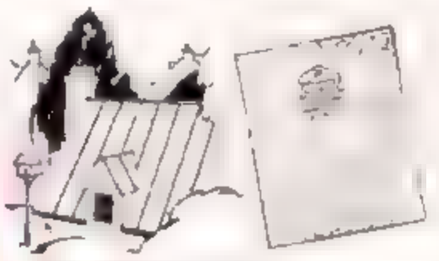
Wheeling Spanish Metal Tiles make a most charming roof that is light in weight, durable and low in cost. Fire-proof, lightning proof and leak-proof. Made of Cop-R-Loy, the Copper Alloyed Steel and Guaranteed Hand-Dipped in pure molten zinc. If you plan to build or remodel, you should know about the many advantages of this roof.



Wheeling Corner Bead

To properly reinforce and protect projecting corners, ask your architect, contractor or dealer to have the men who apply Arch Lath in your home use also Wheeling Corner Bead, made of Zinc Coated Cop-R-Loy. This will insure stronger corners in your home and greatly minimize the possibility of chipping and cracking of plaster.

Wheeling CORRUGATING COMPANY



Wheeling Roofing Ternes

Roofs of Tin are proof against fire and lightning. Tin makes a most practical roofing for homes and apartment buildings. Low in cost, reduces insurance rates. To insure greatest return on investment specify Wheeling Roofing Ternes made of Cop-R-Loy and coated to full weight with pure tin and lead.

Wheeling Conductor Pipe

For new building or replacement insist upon Wheeling Conductor Pipe, made of Zinc Coated Cop-R-Loy, the Copper Alloyed Steel. Ask your architect to specify Wheeling Conductor Pipe for longer and more satisfactory service at lower cost. Your dealer has it in stock or can obtain it for you.

HIGHER IN QUALITY: MORE ECONOMICAL TO BUY

THE LANE

Dear to the heart of a woman

JUNE! The month of joy . . . of weddings, wedding anniversaries, graduations, confirmations. And the month of gifts . . . carefully selected . . . rich in sentiment . . . worthy.

You too may be contemplating such a selection . . . for sweetheart or daughter, for wife, mother, or sister. Let it then be something she will truly cherish . . . something that will have a place all its own in her heart . . . a *chest.*

And that the generations following may too enjoy its beauty and its fragrance, let it be a LANE—built according to U. S. Government recommendations, to *do* what a chest *should* do!

The Hope Chest is an institution as ancient as Romance itself. Down through all the ages, it has been a possession enshrined by every young woman. To her it becomes as sacred as the thoughts and the things she bestows within.

It provides sanctuary for her gifts of silver, her snow-white linens and napery, her dainty beribboned and be-flowered silks . . . and perhaps letters and a picture . . . all safe here from dust and dampness, from inquisitive fingers and prying eyes.

Later, it provides a receptacle for the blankets, down comforters, fur-trimmed garments and woolens . . . safe

CHEST

from the ravage of moth worms, yet conveniently close at hand.

And finally, a family heirloom . . .

Such is the history of the Hope Chest. Verily, a place where "Homes begin and memories linger" . . . and an ideal gift for a woman.

* * *

But why should a Lane be the chest selected? Because it is specially constructed to protect its contents from *moth damage.* Impressively beautiful, of course . . . authentic in designs . . . rugged, enduring. And made with the richest of walnut and mahogany exteriors to match other fine furniture; also in the natural cedar finish.

The ideal gift for the girl graduate

But every Lane, whether with hardwood exteriors or in all-red cedar, is built with panels of aromatic red cedar heartwood, specially treated to retain its oil-content, and three-quarters of an inch thick in accordance with the recommendations of the Bureau of Entomology, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, *for a moth-killing cedar chest.* Every Lane is thus *certified.*

This ¾ inch construction, with its obviously heavier content of cedar oil, gives off a more powerful, fragrant and lasting aroma insufferable to the moth. And if a tiny moth egg, hidden in a garment placed in the chest, should *hatch* in the chest, its larva will do no harm. For the aroma instantly kills it.

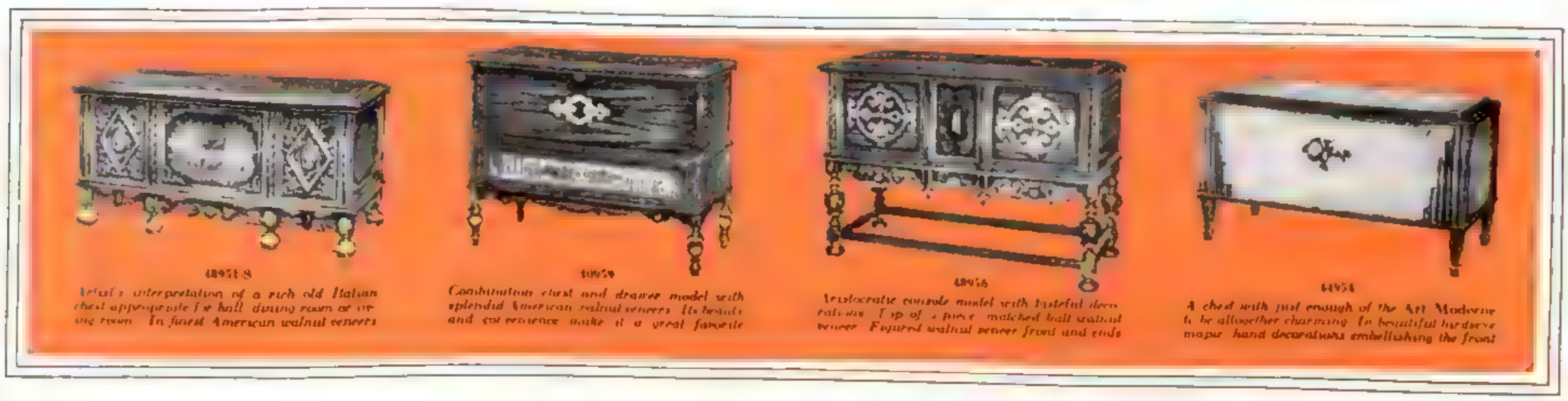
Moreover, such is the Lane construction that the aroma stays in the chest. It is leak-proof! The Lane patented *Aroma*-tite top, inseparably interlocked joints and special pore-sealing finishes prevent the usual leakage of aroma and loss of strength when the lid of the chest is closed.

Thus the Lane *does* what a chest *should* do. It protects its contents from a dreaded household pest, one garment saved from moth ruin easily paying for the chest that saved it. It enhances the charm of its surroundings. It is a wonderful convenience besides.

Your dealer is now showing a wide variety of the latest Lane models in modern and Period designs and at especially interesting prices. By all means see these chests. In buying any chest, look for the name Lane and the "certified" label under the lid. They are your assurance of a true moth-killing cedar chest. Select the "Hope Chest" at once!

Let us mail you a folder illustrating many lovely Lane models in addition to those shown here. Send your name and address now. The Lane Company, Inc., Altavista, Virginia, *World's Foremost Cedar Chest Makers.*

18799—shown opposite—an appealing window seat design of the Queen Anne period. The front is a beautiful combination of finely matched African and American walnut.



4951 8
Lane's interpretation of a rich old Italian chest appropriate for hall dining room or living room. In finest American walnut veneers

4959
Combination chest and drawer model with splendid American walnut veneers. Its beauty and convenience make it a great favorite

4956
Aristocratic console model with tasteful decorations. Top of a piece matched fruit walnut veneer. Figured walnut veneer front and ends

4954
A chest with just enough of the Art Moderne to be altogether charming. Its beautiful hardware maple hand decorations embellishing the front

LANE

Aroma-tite • Cedar Chests • *Certified*

Ride a Bike . . .

"C'm on ~ all out for a May day spin!"

"Gee, dad,— look at this book"

Full of the pep and pleasure of the greatest of all pastimes for youth, cycling — health-building exercise out-of-doors. Read how famous athletes and stars keep fit. It's free. Full of fascinating pictures and suggestions of what cycling can mean to you. Send for:

"Cycle-Logical Ways to Happier Days"

A postcard brings it to you free!

Just write "Scooter bike" or "Bicycle"— whichever you wish — together with your name and address on a postcard and mail it TODAY to

The Cycle Trades of America
Room A-205, Fisk Building, 250 West 57th Street, New York City. You will receive your copy by return mail.

May-day in the morning, sunshine in the sky,
See the merry boys and girls wave a gay "good-bye."
Bikes in shining order, luncheon in a kit,
What a happy, wholesome way a luring trail to hit.
Mother in the doorway, looking on with pride,
Little brother wishing he could with them ride.
Flowers and birds and laughter to cheer them on the way.
Say, you can't beat biking, on a morn in May.

Your Local DEALER will show latest models

Continued from Page 124

livestocks plus the feed for them. Five dollars per day for them ten days for keeper's fees, added to plus fifty cents per day for their feed. Fifty-five dollars a'ready," itemized the official with enormous satisfaction.

"This here out of Stottlemaier oncet?"

"Plus," assured the other, "a lot of squeals out of Stottlemaier. Gosh! I wisht you could have witnessed the squealing when me and the due process of laws squeezed it out of him!"

Jodie stared down upon the fluttering bills in his fluttering fingers. "But is it usual—I mean, how do I get to be the keeper for them?"

"You git to be the keeper," proclaimed the officer of the law, "because I appoint you the keeper yet. If it's usual for the defendant—well, a body don't have to make what is usual all the time, do they? It ain't a law no place says the defendant can't be it; so if I appoint you it, you're it and that's all the case. I'm legal and you're legal and I give you the fees and you're it. Ain't that enough?"

It was almost too much. After a moment Jodie extended the writ. "Do I get to keep this too?"

"Keep it by you," advised Olp airily, "and till ten days I will fetch you another one yet."

He was as good as his word. Upon the eleventh day thereafter he presented Jodie with another impressive document.

"Writ of execution yet," flourished the officer.

"Execution," faltered Jodie. His eye trembled toward an ax.

"Well, he got judgment on you this morning, ain't he? So he was entitled to his writ of execution." Again the officer mined wealth from his pocket. "He'd ought to be entitled to somepin, I should think; for look agin"—he counted into Jodie's hand bills and silver—"five days it makes till the sale, so five times five is twenty-five; and five times fifty for the feed, two-fifty: twenty-seven-fifty. And," he added, "more squeals throwed in exter and aboveboard."

"Fifty-five a'ready; and now this twenty-seven and a half! I never conceited," said Jodie earnestly, "it could be such bargains in money in this here world."

"Well, for all his squealin', Stottlemaier thinks he's gittin' somepin of a bargain too!" laughed the sheriff. "Yes, anyhow, Stottlemaier yet! For, you mind, he has got the notion he is feeding them seven Alderneys plus the hunert and twelve chickens for the fifty cents; and I says: 'Don't go furgitting neither them hunert and twelve dogs more nor less he's got around there, too,' I says; 'for, to be sure, now you attached all the property, real and personal, you attached them too. What do you want,' I says, 'for your fifty cents per day?' I says. 'If I done you right,' I says, 'I would tax you at the least a dollar a day for the wittles,' I says. And you can bet," winked Olp, "he took himself off plenty quick after that."

"It does look, though, like the law was onto my side, all," insisted Jodie.

"It ain't many would say that when everything they got was up for sale. Don't you git it into your head that till five days now you're up for sale? That's what that writ says. It gives him dare to sell you out for to git that two hunert twenty-four."

Jodie's eyes hitched slowly over the fell phrases of the document: "The judgment roll in the action . . . said judgment was docketed. . . . Costs and disbursements . . . affixed the seal of the Superior Court. . . ."

He raised solemn stare upon the sheriff. Chill was in his voice. "It reads so—sure," he fumbled. "It reads so—so sure."

"It's nothing more sure than due process of laws," cheerfully assured the other. "Well, it's gitting late on me and I got to post still these notices." He drew forth three documents from under his arm.

"Was I in them, too?" timidly inquired Jodie.

"You and all you got," stated the legal oracle. "Leave me see now. I'll paste you oncet onto the post office and oncet onto the courthouse, and this here one, I guess, onto the band stand in the square." The eerie notion of the band stand appealed to the officer's sense of humor. "There's a horse trought there; the horses can read it too!"

Jodie looked around at his attentive family. "I's and all we got—pasted onto the horse trought," he murmured.

"Ach, what's ower you?" The sheriff's eye suddenly slipped irascibly. "Can't you see no jokes? Every day still I explain you jokes and you up and go to work and set and look on me like a dum female cow where's lost a calf."

"I ain't seen no joke yet," confessed Jodie humbly. "But I guess"—his eyes ravaged the other's face—"I guess the town sees jokes maybe."

By the town he meant principally Miss Etta Getz. For the first time in many years he had not proffered his proposal during the auspicious lunar season. He shrank before the possibility of another dry chuckle.

"The town still? Say, you wait oncet till we git the town schussin' around the court steps. We will see then who will be laughingstocks!"

Jodie started. "The courthouse oncet? But I thought you said it was usual to hold the sale onto the premises."

"It's usual sometimes," amended Olp. "But, no, we want a big crowd for this here sale. And Stottlemaier, he agreed to me on that." The little man suddenly reeled with laughter. "You bet he agreed! He wants to see you and all your personal properties coming in percession through the town."

Jodie's eyes swept perplexedly from item to item of his personal property. "But to get them there ——"

"Ach, but that's too easy!" the other spun merrily down the driveway.

But it was not easy for Jodie; for it involved for him the problems of transportation for the livestock. The Horkheimer boy, in compliance with thrifty instruction from Stottlemaier, had carted away the crates in which the fowls five months before had made their debut; and Jodie had accordingly to set about making new containers and many of them. For, "I ain't leaving them go scrunched up together," he said stubbornly to Sheriff Olp, who violently protested the extraordinary pains he was taking. "I feel acquainted to these roosters now, and if they ain't going comfortable, they ain't going, and that is all the case."

"There you was! Off on your queer tacks agin!" grumbled Olp. "But what for a waste of nails! Them roosters ain't elephants or whatever."

"One hunert full-growned roosters as healthy as what they are," said Jodie with considerable pride, "has got a wonderful kick at their legs and even at their tails yet. It will be a work to get them into the crates; now, that I can tell you. I conceit"—his eyes roved anxiously—"that I will pen them up good and tight the night behind the sale, and then early in the morning a'ready I will get them into the crates whiles they are yet onto the slats setting. For if they would start to get loose on me—ach, elend! But it does seem like it couldn't be no slip, ain't?"

"It seems that way," said the sheriff shortly. Nevertheless, he flushed curiously and his eyes averted from Jodie's. "But a body can't ever tell!"

Sage remark! Canny prescience! Certainly Jodie could never in his most anxious nightmare of a moment have fancied the calamity which came to pass early upon the fateful morning. Fateful! Shortly after dawn Jodie opened the door of a chicken house. Not a fowl met his gaze! He sped to the other, with benumbed fingers picked at the latch; a single hen with a fanatical gleam of maternity in her eye stirred balefully upon a nest. Otherwise, gone, gone! Jodie dragged his heel about in erratic circle; as he did so various white bits fluttered within the orbit of his gaze. He got himself to the fence; he leaned upon it; he all but committed hara-kiri upon its pickets as he beheld one hundred and eleven stalwart fowls raucously scattering the turf of a two-acre pasture in frantic search of the early worm or, even as he looked, showing sudden passionate flight toward a heap of loose corn which, curiously enough, was strewn in the middle of the field.

Jodie burst in at the sheriff's door. Ollie Olp, muffled in a pancake, gulped inquiry.

"They're went!" panted Jodie. "And the gate's open. The gate to the pasture was open and the chicken door was shut! How in ——"

"Well, how in ——" echoed the sheriff, padding to the window.

"Help me ketch them!" implored Jodie. His hot eyes bounded upon Mrs. Olp's two hundred and sixty-eight personal pounds, sheered off and rested upon the sheriff.

"It ain't any use," the official, still with his back to Jodie, shook his head. "Here the sale's for nine o'clock and —— No, I can't help you none. And missus ain't the running kind."

"Can't we let the sale till another day then?" cried Jodie. "It can't be no sale ower chickens if it ain't no chicken for "

"Can't I ever learn you nothing? Do you guess the due process of laws is going to stop because of some swang roosters? Get them others ready and I'll send the deputy and the Horkheimer for to help you pack them there. Forgit them roosters."

With a hollow groan Jodie split toward his own domain. And he did not forget the roosters. At intervals in his other preparations he made frenetic though futile sallies into the pasture. When the sheriff passed a half hour before the sale Jodie was weltering and skeltering, dodging about among the cows, stooping and scooping after furious tails and frantic wings. Beneath an arm he hugged a single outraged cock. Feathers and emotions were rampant.

"Dopple! We'll sell you out and you'll miss the fun!" warned the sheriff.

"Fun!" stifled Jodie. "But I'll get there."

He did get there, though not for some half hour after his opponent had appeared, large and beflushed as the morning itself, upon the scene of action. The sheriff had spoken truth: There was no form of earthly enjoyment which Mr. Stottlemaier enjoyed more than legal controversy; and in this case where there was no slightest doubt of victory, it is not to be wondered that he was coruscating golden sparks in both directions as the sheriff made his way through the merry villagers, young, old and middle-aged, lame, deaf and paralytic, who thronged the steps of the courthouse.

"The reason I am never losing a case," the plaintiff was proclaiming from the steps, "is because I make it my business for to know the laws. To be sure and of course, it ain't everbody can understand the compilcated laws, but me, now —— Ah, sheriff! I should guess it was time you was getting here. Two minutes to go! And I'm a busy man ——"

"Two minutes to go!" echoed the sheriff.

"Yes, but where's the personal property? According to the law the personal property has got to be present a'ready at the place of sale, and I don't see none—no livestocks or nothing."

"Well, look oncet," the officer pointed.

Mr. Stottlemaier looked. The crowd looked. Down the street in fan formation came the livestock. The deputy led by leashes of various comfortable lengths Samuel, Adam, Sylvester, Annie and Eli. Behind him the Horkheimer boy led Moses, Alfred, Frank, Dora and Cora. Another youth, impressed into service because of the especial nature of his exhibit, led Julia; in his arms he bore a box with a feather pillow upon which reposed three of Julia's late offerings to the world.

(Continued on Page 133)

A CHAIR MADE TO A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION

BEFORE the Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Philadelphia moved into their new building, the executives called their Medical Department into consultation on the matter of chairs. These executives realized the close relation between a correct sitting posture and the office worker's health and efficiency.

The medical men having decided the exact posture which was most desirable, the next step was to construct a chair that would promote this posture. As pioneers in the field of comfortable and hygienic seating, the Sikes Company was awarded the commission of making the chairs.

As a result of some six months' collaboration between Sikes and the Fidelity Mutual physicians, the first Sikes Perfect Posture Chair was evolved.

Regardless of the number of clerks and stenographers you employ it will pay you to investigate the latest Sikes Perfect Posture Chair, No. X89½. Among other restful features it offers a wider seat, complete support for the lumbar region, and a back instantly adjustable in height to suit the occupant.

An office worker, seated in a Sikes Perfect Posture Chair, reaches the end of the day fresher in body, mind and nerves. There is a very real relation between correct posture and efficient office work. Let the nearest Sikes dealer (name on request) demonstrate

SIKES COMPANY
CHAIRMAKERS FOR 70 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

A complete line of matched office suites and commercial desks is manufactured by the Sikes-Cutler Desk Corporation at Buffalo, New York

What *does your watch tell besides* Time?

Legend reports that the original watch was composed of twelve armed sentries in ancient Rome. They kept watch until they were relieved by others . . . About Shakespeare's time someone invented a mechanical watch, a thing about the size of a hand grenade . . . When Abraham Lincoln was born you could buy a fine time-piece to wear in your vest pocket. And then, just a few years ago, an astonishing thing happened . . . watches came out of the dark into the light, out of the pocket and on to the wrist.

Platinum and Diamond Wrist Watch
by OLLENDORFF $3500.00

The World War did it, because men and women wanted Time where they could keep Watch. But something even more amazing has happened since . . . the watch that lived

in the dark had only to tell Time. but the watch riding close to your pulse must also keep pace with Fashion. *What does your Wrist Watch tell besides Time?*

HERE'S WHAT AN *OLLENDORFF* TELLS

As you glance at the time others glance at your watch. Just as a finger with a ring or a neck with a necklace is looked at more often than one without . . . and invites admiration *or* criticism . . . so the wrist with a watch tells *your* story as well as the hour.

Something is as visible there as the well-tailored look or the custom-shod touch . . . and that something has created a great success for *Ollendorff*. the name of Wrist Watches which tell more than the time for people of taste everywhere.

An Ollendorff on your wrist tells that you are not the slave of time but the master of it, that you take your time with beauty and fill your days with more than hours.

Today there are men and women of taste in all ranks of society. The trend of their taste in wrist watches as in cars runs to fine design, naturally accompanied by mechanism of similar quality. This Spring of 1929, may we invite your pleasurable attention to *Wrist Watches by Ollendorff?* What could be nicer for the Graduation Gift. or the Wedding Gift for June Brides and Bridegrooms and all members of the Bridal Party? Responsible jewelers everywhere are especially interested in showing *Ollendorffs* this season. Your visit is expected.

OGDEN: *A 17-jewel movement in a 14K gold case,* **$75.00.** **ISSOTA:** *Same movement in a 14K gold-filled case* **$55.00**

HONORA: *A 15-jewel movement in a 14K gold case* **$50.00**
LUELLA: *Same movement in a 14K gold-filled case* **$37.50**

CELTIC: *A 17-jewel movement in a 14K gold case* **$100.00**

PRINCESS: *A 17-jewel movement in a 14K gold case, set with 4 diamonds* . . **$85.00**

Made in 15 and 17-jewels only

Other Ollendorff Creations from $3,500 to $25

A NAME WELL KNOWN TO JEWELERS SINCE BEFORE MOST OF US WERE BORN

SINCE the time of Ulysses S. Grant the name Ollendorff has meant value to experts, to dealers. It has been full of character and meaning to them since 1868.

Locate the Ollendorff dealer in your community. He has reason to be looked on as a responsible authority on stylized wrist watches. Pull back your sleeve and let him show you *an Ollendorff upon your wrist.* And he will show you too the Ollendorff Service Certificate. signed by the maker and countersigned by your jeweler, a *guarantee* of permanent, satisfactory time-keeping wherever you live.

Time has been called an Enemy and a Thief. but Time *via* Ollendorff is an attracter of admiring glances, telling the time and how much more as well!

I. OLLENDORFF CO., INC., NEW YORK CITY
20 West 47th Street
717 Liberty Avenue, Pittsburgh Chaux de Fonds

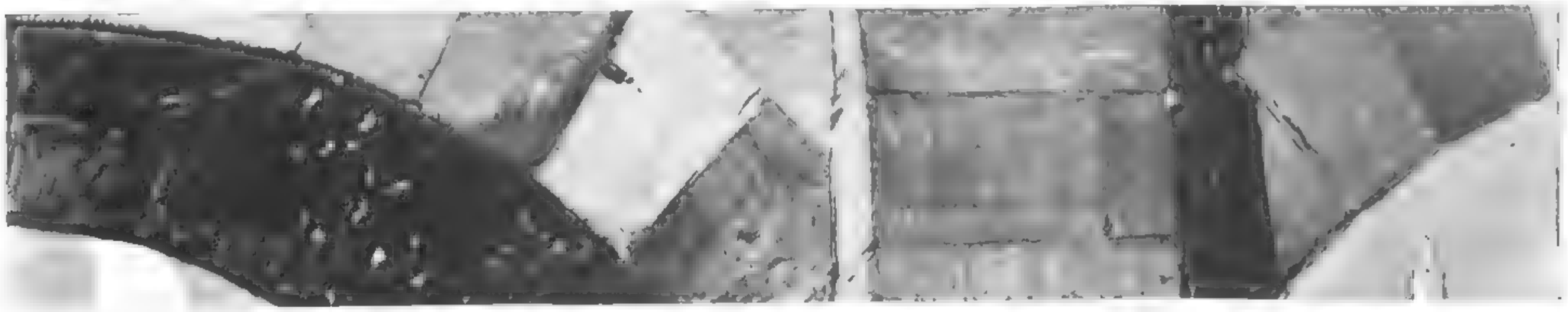
"FINE WATCHES SINCE 1868"

Ollendorff
WATCHES

"TIME FOR A LIFETIME"

© I. O. Co., Inc., 1929

ECONOMICAL . . . . SILENT . . . . POWERFUL



PROPELLED BY EXIDE BATTERIES

The electric street truck pictured above illustrates but one of many fields where Exide Battery power is depended upon. For your automobile there is an Exide Battery that will serve you as faithfully as the rugged battery that propels this truck. Millions of car owners prefer the Exide because of its dependability and exceptionally long life. In the Exide built for your car every part is constructed with equal care from materials that have been rigorously tested, to meet the exacting standards of this company. Exide Batteries to fit every car are supplied by Exide Service Stations everywhere.

The Electric Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Canada.

(Continued from Page 129)

"Fetch them up here," called out the sheriff. "All the livestocks to the front here. Everybody wants dare to see what they're bidding on."

The crowd swept back literally. Between the parting waves of a red sea of laughter, the cavalcade made its way up the steps to the porch of the courthouse.

Mr. Stottlemaier also swept back, but not because of laughter. "What do you mean by a dum foolishness like this anyhow? If you think you're makin' a joke ——" He hastily flitted down a couple of steps as the judicial Moses sampled a cuff of his trousers. "Where's them chickens? Where's them cows? Where's the defendant at this suit?"

"It ain't any cows in this here action," explained the sheriff. "Them cows are attached to me, temporary." Mr. Stottlemaier sagged down another step. "And the chickens, and the defendant—well, the chickens, now —— Ach, there comes a sample of 'em anyway!"

Down the middle of the street sped a white-faced, earnest Jodie, an incensed cock under one arm, an irate setting hen under the other. Again gales swept the perspiring shrieking crowd; they parted and Jodie passed through as on dry land.

He stopped perforce at the foot of the steps, spent and panting, a couple of feathers in his hair rising and falling with his labored breath.

"Where's the rest of them chickens?" bellowed the plaintiff. "If you think you're going to try tricks with me ——"

"Them chickens chanced up with a accident," explained the officer with solemnity. He detailed at length the accident. "Them chickens got out," he concluded piously, "by what the law calls a act of God yet."

"Hooray for the act!" shouted one.

"Hooray for the chickens!" shouted others.

"Go ketch 'em, Stottlemaier!"

"Yes, leave him ketch his roosters!"

"Go on with this here sale!" shouted Stottlemaier. "And tell them dopples down there to shut up and keep quiet. Pound for order, sheriff, and perceed with this sale."

"I got"—Mr. Stottlemaier turned impressively so that all might have the benefit of his words—"an attachment on everything this defendant, Mr. Jodadiah Zwalley, owns, both real and personal, including the livestocks. Now, leave us have no more foolishness; since he ain't perducing the livestocks fur to satisfy my judgment, we will sell off the real property. Perceed with the real property, sheriff."

He folded his arms, large, beflushed, roseate as the dawn.

"The real property, then"—the official fumbled in his pocket—"which consists of a house and lot. . . . Wait oncet till I git the description of them house and lot. Och, yes, here it is a'ready." He raised his eyes from the descriptive document in his hand. "But first—I conduct always my sales fair and square to all buyers—I conceit you'd ought to have the benefits of knowing there is a mortgage onto this house and lot I am about to ——"

"Mortgage!" The single howl rang so loud that Julia's offspring for the first time split open astonished eyes upon the world. "What fur dopplig talk is this? What fur mortgage?"

"The mortgage for two thousand dollars, to be sure."

"Two thousand?" gasped the plaintiff. "But that's all it's worth!"

"I agree to you on that," said the sheriff. "I says to him, now ——"

"Leave us git to the bottoms of this!" cried Stottlemaier. "Who owns that mortgage?"

"Me," said the sheriff.

"You? You oncet?" Mr. Stottlemaier's wattles shook, then steadied ominously. "It's some connivance here; it's some dum connivance. You, a officer of the law—it's sumpin criminal here. I put an attachment onto this man's property fur to satisfy a judgment, and sheriff here—a officer of the law yet!—he goes and slaps onto it a mortgage for all it's worth. I'll see into this! I'll look into ——"

"See you look into it straight then," advised the sheriff, "for now you got the front end to the hindmost. I put the mortgage onto that place four, five weeks behind your attachment. I put it whiles you was in your oil wells yet."

"Yes, and what did you done it for?" shouted Stottlemaier. "And what was he a-wanting fur to git a mortgage for? Answer me up now! I ain't satisfied ——"

The sheriff faced the audience. "I guess he wanted to git it," he said slowly, "for the reason that it eats a man out of house and home for to keep a hunert growing roosters ower the winter."

Faith, hope and beads of sweat drained from Mr. Stottlemaier's visage. Cheers, laughter and shouts of approval burst from the crowd. Mr. Stottlemaier achieved a couple of steps upward; it was necessary in order that he might convey an inquiry to the sheriff's ear.

"What," pleaded Mr. Stottlemaier weakly, "has he got then for to satisfy my judgment?"

"These here livestocks," said the officer briskly, and turned with businesslike intention toward his deputy. "Fetch out that first item there."

The deputy led forth the prophet Samuel—Samuel, with the ears of a shepherd, the tail of a cocker, the rump of a setter and the colors of all the dogs of all the world. "Now, ladies and gents, your careful and kind attention. We are about to start the sale. You see in front of you the livestocks of the defendant, each and every animal of which is to be sold for to satisfy ——"

"Stop!" thundered the plaintiff. Indeed if Mr. Stottlemaier resembled any sort of dawn at the moment, it was a dawn mottled and streaked, and one betokening storm. "This sale is off! I'll just take—I'll just take my chickens."

The official held him with a glittering, scornful eye. "Ain't you," he inquired, "the feller where claims to know all the laws? How are you going to take property you ain't suing fur? You ain't suing fur no chickens; you're a-suing for the price of the chickens. You set the price yourself; and if you think these buyers here are going to give you your price, why, I'll set another day for the sale and the defendant here will ketch 'em up and ——"

"Set it then!" snarled the plaintiff.

"I set it for a week from today," said the sheriff solemnly, "and I do so here and now publicly proclaim it. And"—he turned to the plaintiff—"I'll trouble you now for keeper's fees plus feed exter for that said week: Thirty-eight fifty." Mr. Stottlemaier sagged down a step. "Payable in advance," urged the official, "according to due process of laws." Mr. Stottlemaier sagged down another step, struck a pillar and remained there. "Silence down there! Silence oncet! This here plaintiff is trying to say sumpin."

But the plaintiff was whispering rather "Leave him keep the dang chickens then; and I hope he chokes on them!"

Mr. Zwalley did not choke on the chickens, though he almost choked on Miss Etta Getz.

That same evening Miss Getz picked orderly virginal steps to Mr. Zwalley's bachelor domain. She was a spare, clean-looking person; and in the spare, clean-looking kitchen she seemed singularly in place.

"I wasn't knowing until today," said Miss Etta with her dry directness, "that you was losing this place off a mortgage. I come to say you can live by my place if you feel for it." It was here that Jodie choked. Miss Getz waited. She colored faintly. "You and your family."

"But I ain't losing it!" said Jodie. "I have got the most part of that money in the bank still."

"Oh!" said Miss Getz queerly. She waited. Again Jodie, his eyes wide upon her, did not speak.

Miss Getz did a terrifying thing; she suddenly buried her face in her hands. "I don't care if you have got money in bank or ain't you. I can't—I can't go through another new moon like this last one."

For the final time in his life Jodie heard his voice say: "You're the missus for me, or none."

And for the first time Miss Getz said, "And you're the mister for me. Ach, Jodie!"

A Herd of Angora Goats on a Ranch in Western Montana

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Prying an old-fashioned milk-bottle cap out of the bottle isn't merely messy and wasteful—often it is actually dangerous, because if the opening instrument itself is not absolutely sterile, it may instantly contaminate the whole bottle of milk!

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Dri-guard Soles will give your feet a Vacation, too!

Hot weather is hard on feet—and on shoes. Blistering pavements scorch right through. Arches ache—perspiration irritates the skin. Toes become chafed, sore—the feet can't breathe—they never get a chance to cool off.

Dri-Guard Soles are different—and better. They actually insulate the feet from intense heat. The air circulates freely through them—keeping the stockings dry, the feet healthy and comfortable.

They're very flexible, too—bending with every movement of the feet. And they stay flexible under all conditions because they're waterproof! Your feet stay *dry*, always!

Take your shoes to your repairman. Tell him to rebuild them with Dri-Guard Soles. The Dri-Guard trade mark is your assurance that these soles are made from the choicest cuts of first selection, oak-tanned steer hides, waterproofed by the exclusive Haffner process. They will wear and wear and wear.

THE HAFFNER BROTHERS COMPANY

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THIRSTY CITIES

Continued from Page 19

Perhaps the most striking of the proposed routes is the Bridge Canyon, north of the Blythe route. It would be 870 miles long, have 170 miles of tunnels—one seventy-one miles long, and another eighty—and would require thirteen miles of inverted siphons across the Colorado River at Topock, Arizona.

The river siphon would be necessitated because the intake of the aqueduct at Bridge Canyon, in Arizona, would be on the east side of the Colorado River, 110 miles upstream from Boulder Dam. A dam 825 feet high would be required at the intake—a new "highest dam in the world," topping Boulder Dam itself by 275 feet.

An interesting feature of this route is that in spite of all these engineering nightmares, it would be an all-gravity route.

The fourth route has its intake at Picacho dam site, up the Colorado a few miles from Yuma, Arizona. It would be tunneled under the Picacho Mountains and, turning northerly, would follow the upper edge of the Imperial Valley, passing within a few miles of the Salton Sea, famous sink hole in the earth. After leaving the valley, it would cut into the Blythe route and, along lines already surveyed, reach Los Angeles.

Another suggestion for a far-southerly route contemplates a dike across the north end of the Salton Sea, which is 240 feet below sea level. This would create a natural reservoir for control purposes, and would, the proponents urge, "keep a dead sea alive," since the higher fresh waters behind the dike would seep into the dead waters of the sea, diluting them. This suggestion, however, is merely one of many volunteered by various engineers, laymen and others who have leaped to the aid of their country in the struggle to solve the gigantic problem of getting more water for the coastal plain.

Many complex factors attend the determination of a route: Length of the construction period; cost when completed, or as possibly modified by omission of units not required at full capacity at the start; the time factor introduced in the construction of the longest or most difficult tunnel; number of lifts and lengths and sizes of force mains; the effective head available for return power, to be figured against the cost of power at Boulder Dam switchboard; and annual maintenance and pumping costs.

From the western terminus, the location of which has not been definitely determined, numerous aqueducts will take off for the various cities. The longest, about 100 miles in length, will serve San Diego. Another, a few miles shorter, will serve Long Beach. But for the overshadowing vastness of the great river aqueduct itself, these smaller lines would be considered major undertakings, since their cost will run into millions.

Cities of the Plain

The coastal plain, to which we have referred, includes a strip of land bordering the Pacific from Los Angeles to the Mexican border, a distance of 150 miles, and twenty to sixty miles wide. It includes portions of the counties of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, Orange and San Diego.

The corporate entity under which the cities of this plain purpose to avail themselves, by bond issues or otherwise, of the waters of the Colorado, is known as the Metropolitan Water District. The following cities voted last November to join the district: Los Angeles, Anaheim, Glendale, Pasadena, San Marino, Santa Monica, San Bernardino, Santa Ana, Colton, Beverly Hills and Burbank. This represents more than 65 per cent of the population to be served.

Cities expected ultimately to become members are: Glendora and Orange, which failed at the November elections to poll the required majority of favorable votes, and Arcadia, Compton, Covina, Culver City, Inglewood, Signal Hill, Whittier, Fullerton, Redlands, Ontario, Riverside, San Fernando, Azusa, Long Beach, Monrovia, Sierra Madre, Pomona, and, far down in the southwestern corner of the United States, San Diego.

The cosmopolitan who misses some cities and areas from this list is reminded that Los Angeles covers a multitude of communities commonly thought of as separate municipal areas—Hollywood, Wilmington, San Pedro and Venice, for instance.

The water-district enabling act provides that water users not in municipalities may organize and join the district. This provision is for the benefit of several large unincorporated residential areas, some of which, such as Belvedere, have populations in excess of 40,000. Revenues from water sales are expected to cover district costs when the plan is in full operation. Pending that time, taxes up to five cents per $100 of assessed valuation may be levied. The intricate problem of dividing the water from the aqueduct is met in a provision allocating it on the basis of the ratio the assessed valuation of each unit bears to the assessed valuation of the district.

More People to Pay Less

A board of directors, with at least one representative from each city, will be the governing power. Delegates will have one vote for each $10,000,000 or major fraction thereof of assessed valuations in their districts; "provided, that no municipality shall have votes exceeding in number 50 per cent of the number of votes of all the members." This provision prevents the larger units from dominating the smaller ones.

As bonds are voted, cities may pay their proportion either by direct tax or out of revenues from water sales. Bonds. Respiratory legislation seems here provided for the continuation for some years to come of a municipal war whoop that has been heard many times in the past three decades up and down the coastal plain, and that war whoop is:

"Vote the bonds!"

Band wagons, big red banners, parades, pamphlets and big black newspaper advertisements, "paid for by men interested in the development of this city"; committees, sweating but smiling as they get out the vote—there'll be a hot time in many a Southern California municipality on several nights yet to come.

And—take the word of a Californian—they will "Vote the bonds!" They nearly always "Vote the bonds."

Cost? "The per-capita cost of the Owens River Valley aqueduct was—how much do you think?" parries the eager Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueductorian.

"Oh, I dunno."

Slowly, and with feeling: "One hundred and fifty dollars per capita!"

"Gee whiz!"

"That's what it cost! And that was back in 1907 when we had less than 175,000 people."

"Gee!"

"Now, then, the Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct, the way our population stands now—around 2,100,000—will cost only $100 per capita, fifty dollars less per capita than the other one."

"I see."

"But, look here! The Owens River Valley aqueduct made possible such an increase in population that the per-capita cost was immediately absorbed and finally didn't amount to hardly anything. The Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct will probably do the same thing! Why, man, people are pouring into Los Angeles at the rate of 70,000 a year right now. The population in the metropolitan area here has practically doubled in the last five years."

In the meantime, pending delays on state compacts for division of the Colorado River's waters among the lower-basin states, Los Angeles and her sister cities are taking precautions to forestall the impending shortage of local waters. They are not forgetting that the main immediate source of water is from underground stores.

Financed with a $35,000,000 bond issue, a flood-control district has been formed. When a run-off does come in Southern California, it comes! It comes so fast that from 10 to 30 per cent of it scoots down the slopes and into the ocean. The flood-control district, by putting dams in every canyon and wash where there is a possibility of catching water, purposes to halt the flood waters and force them into the underground reservoirs where they will do the most good. A large number of these catchment dams are already in service, and more are to be put in shortly. Riverside, San Bernardino and Orange counties, watered by the Santa Ana River, are planning a flood-control system costing many millions of dollars.

The coastal belt's falling water plane—a phenomenon which has been touched upon—will to some extent be overtaken in its downward drop by these measures, the engineers hope.

At least, the depletion of the underground reservoirs will continue at a greatly reduced rate when the flood-control dams—of which there will be dozens—are all on duty.

Just how serious is the falling of the water level is indicated by studies made of the 700 or more wells on the coastal plain. The Neff well, at Anaheim, Orange County, for instance, has dropped two and a half feet yearly for twenty-eight years. Another well which, when it was put down in the late 90's, rose sixty feet above the surface, is now fifty feet below the surface—a total drop of 110 feet. As this well is near Long Beach, the extraordinary drop is attributed to the draft of that city on the underground water supply. Indeed, it is the draft of all the cities that is causing the general depletion.

Water in wells of a beach-town water company was fifteen feet from the surface when the wells were put down in 1912. Last year the level had dropped to forty and fifty feet, and the water was beginning to turn brackish—the underground encroachment of the Pacific Ocean itself.

Back to Nature

The shrinking of the coastal-plain artesian belt illustrates the whole situation graphically. In 1888, we learn from official figures, the total artesian area was 315 square miles. In 1904 it had shrunk to 206 square miles, and at the beginning of 1925 it had nearly disappeared; the total area being but fifty-five square miles.

From five to seven years, it is estimated, will be required to build the Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct—about the same period as is estimated for the construction of Boulder Dam. But what of the time—far down the pages of Time—when even the waters of the Colorado, the stores of the water cup, flood-control dams, and the underground supplies are not sufficient for the coastal plain?

"Why try to contemplate the infinite number of factors that may intervene between now and a period that is at least half a century away?" asked an engineer whose years and experience have taught him to view the future with leisurely courage.

"When these urban sections become even more highly developed—and if aviation does not alter mankind's system of living in communities—the people of the Southern California coastal plain can still get more water by going up and down the Colorado River and buying water rights from owners

(Continued on Page 136)

No Scrubbing
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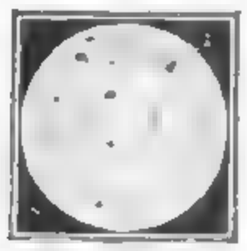
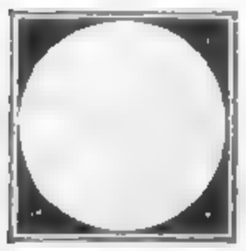


Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

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For sheer beauty, many people prefer Barreled Sunlight to any other finish. It has a rich "depth" peculiar to itself.

Extremely easy to apply—flowing freely and evenly, without "laps" or brush marks. Unusual too in its opacity, or "hiding power."

Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat Finishes. All-sized cans and drums. Readily tinted. Where more than one coat is required, use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat as the first coat. See coupon.

Also ask your dealer or painter about the new exterior paint, Outside Barreled Sunlight. Brilliantly, intensely white; velvet-smooth; richly lustrous. Lending new distinction to white-painted homes everywhere.

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You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight any shade you wish. It is an "all-oil" product and blends readily with oil colors, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints. Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors. Quantities of five gallons or more tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

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—Apologies to James Whitcomb Riley

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For All Cars—
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LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MANUFACTURER OF AUTOMOTIVE CABLE IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 134)

of farm lands. This will mean the abandonment of hundreds, perhaps thousands, of acres of lands, it is true, but the law of supply and demand, of necessity against necessity, is immutable. The greatest economic use always governs.

"Still another means of forcing the supply over a greater range of use—and a plan that will undoubtedly come in time—is the clarifying of water that has been used for domestic purposes and using it again for irrigation. This double use will have a vastly beneficial effect on the growth and expansion of the populated areas of the coastal plain."

Another source of extra water for the lower reaches of the Colorado River for years to come will be the unused portions of the waters allotted to the upper-basin states under the various state compacts. It is not known when, if ever, the upper-basin states will use all of their 7,500,000 acre-foot allotment. But even when they do use it—when they put every drop of it into service—a fact of Nature will operate: Much of this water will find its way back into the Colorado River. Southern California will get some of this used water after it has traveled through devious underground channels and down hundreds of miles of open river bed to Boulder Dam.

The total amount of water from any and all feasible sources, however, being inadequate for all the lands susceptible of development in Southern California, one does not have to be an expert to see that ultimately there must come friction between the urban and agricultural centers over the division of waters. That such friction exists even now is denied by some engineers and admitted by others. An effort is being made to obviate any such conflict with an advance agreement allotting definitely, and now, the amounts of water to be granted in perpetuity to these two classes of users. The rich and fertile Imperial Valley, particularly, feels the need of and is insisting upon such an understanding.

For House or Farm

"We are fortunate in one respect," says an interested bystander, "and that is that in Southern California an acre of agricultural land requires—on an average taken over wide areas for comparison—exactly the same amount of water as is required for an acre occupied by houses. This was discovered by Mulholland in the early days when Los Angeles was changing from truck gardens to residential sections. He found that so long as no territory was added, the city's water requirements remained unchanged. So, in the matter of amounts required for given areas, farm lands and city lands start even.

"But as to which produces the most wealth or is of more value to society—an acre-foot of water on a given area of farm land or the same amount of water on an equivalent area occupied by residences, who can unscramble such thoroughly scrambled economic eggs?"

Fortunately for the peace of mind of those responsible for getting additional water, this problem is one to be passed on to future generations. Based on the present population growth, it will be about 1980, it is estimated, before the full 1500 second-feet from the Los Angeles-Colorado River aqueduct will be demanded by the cities of the coastal plain.

"By that time," said my optimistic informant, "inventive genius may have found a way to make fresh water from sea water. If so—well, we are on the Pacific Ocean."

Just to be doing something, a young mathematician figured out how much energy would be required to transform 1500 second-feet of sea water into fresh water. He found it would take as much energy as would be required, if applied through pumps, to lift the same amount of water 1300 miles into the air. So that possibility seems a long way off.

"And by 1980," my informant continued, "improved plumbing equipment and distribution systems may reduce losses tremendously, which will be the equivalent of increasing the water supply. We civilized people are very wasteful, you know; so how far might the water supply of a city be extended if its people were really thrifty in the use of water?"

It has been found that as population increases in cities, the per-capita use of water generally decreases—a law which ultimately, in view of certain westward immigrations, should give Los Angeles a lot of satisfaction. The present per-capita consumption in Los Angeles is about 112 gallons a day, exclusive of water used for irrigation.

The Struggle for Civilization

It is too early to make any estimate of the probable cost of water from the proposed aqueduct. William Mulholland expects it to be not more than the cost in the San Francisco Bay district, which averages around thirty cents per 1000 gallons. He believes it may even be less than twenty-four cents.

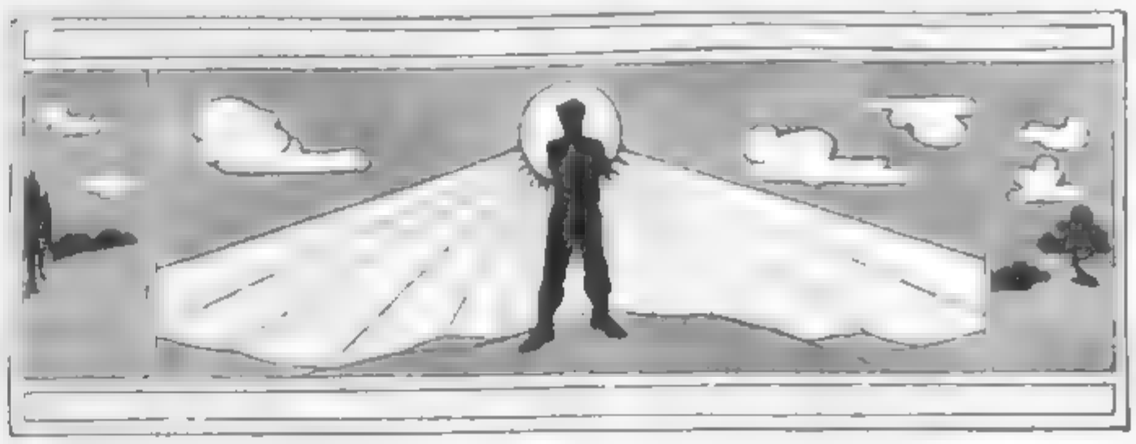
One subject of discussion—and an argument against the project in private-ownership circles—is the probable effect of the pumping cost on the cost of the water to the consumer. This factor is largely dependent on whether estimates on the cost of power at Boulder Dam switchboard hold up in practice.

The estimated cost of this power is three-tenths of a cent per kilowatt hour. At this figure the consumer will pay a maximum of only about two cents per 100 cubic feet of water. This, Los Angeles water-bureau engineers say, is a relatively negligible cost.

Whether the methods contemplated are the best possible is for the voters, the taxpayers and the water users of Southern California, with the aid of numerous political partisans both for and against public ownership, to decide for themselves. Scores of large cities will watch the solution of the problem with great interest; for what one city may do, another, heartened thereby, may do under similar difficulties.

And as for the limited local water supply, we must remind ourselves—as numerous Southern Californians will point out—that every community in the world is limited in some way by some factor. There is always some fighting to do to perfect a city's opportunities and resources. Indeed, the whole world—at least the meager fourth of it allotted to mankind's uses—is hedged about with limitations.

It is overcoming these limitations, meeting them heroically and with courage, that constitutes the magnificent pageant of social existence which we call, more or less glibly, "the struggle for civilization."



THE MOTH

(Continued from Page 9

"Do you? You can't, possibly! You make other girls look like cheap crockery."

She said, "I couldn't be my grandfather's granddaughter and not have some idea what it's all about. Why, when he was young ——"

"He'll never be anything else," said Christopher quickly.

She took it as a personal tribute. "That's awfully sweet of you—but I mean, when he was really young he must have been the best-looking thing in his crowd. Those black eyes of his—can't you tell he was a devil?"

"Is!" said young Stagg stubbornly "There's not a man I know who has the fire and steel in him that your grandfather has."

She nodded gently. "He's awfully well preserved."

"Don't!" he implored with a groan. "How can you?"

With a vague, delightful air of motherly amusement in his vagaries, she put up a hand and patted his cheek.

"Don't be silly! Do you know how old grandfather is? He's seventy-three. That's pretty old to be still going down to business the way he does, every morning of his life."

"What is 'business'?" asked young Stagg slowly, apprehensively. He added with a short laugh: "Whatever it is, I have a good hunch it puts you right out of my reach."

"I thought you knew," said Sidney, sweetly surprised. "Hasn't grandfather told you? What on earth," she said amazedly, "do you two talk about all the time you're sitting around and walking around together?"

"Well," said Christopher—"well, I've told him all about my play."

She said reverently, "I think you're the smartest thing—to have a play on ——"

"Ha!" said Christopher, pleased but honest. "It may be off by this time. You know how those things are."

"I hope it'll run a year!"

"While you're hoping," he told her, "you might include stock and movie rights; then there might be some chance." Abruptly, he left the subject of chances. "This one may be just a fluke," he said. "It may be a flop and I may never sell another."

"Aren't you going to write one while you're in Europe? Isn't that what you're going for?"

He said simply, "I thought I was going because I wanted to see Montmartre, and the cathedral at Chartres, and a lot of things like that; and this being the first time I ever had money enough to get three miles away from the Atlantic seacoast, I got on a boat and started. Now I know it was because you were going to be on the boat."

"You mean, you'd seen the passenger list?"

"No," he said, "that wasn't what I meant."

"Oh," said she—"oh! Well, I thought men always talked business the minute they got off together, but so long as grandfather hasn't told you, the business," she said, "is White's Castilian. Surely you must have heard of it?"

"Use none other!" said young Keane, and reached for a cigarette.

"Of course it is pretty well-known," said the Castilian heiress modestly.

Young Stagg said: "It keeps the fine pale skin of movie stars virgin to the camera's jealous eye; society women from Newport and all points of the compass use it. They have themselves photographed stepping into and out of the bath with a cake in each hand; 'I owe my gardenia complexion to Castilian.' The modern woman cannot afford to be without a gardenia complexion."

She stopped him with appreciative mirth. "Better not let mother hear that line. She'd grab you for our advertising department. Then you'd never write another play."

He said, "I'll bet your mother's a good business man."

"She is," said Sidney proudly "Grandfather says she got it from my grandmother."

"Not from him?" asked young Stagg curiously.

"Oh, he's all right. It isn't what he wanted to do."

"No? Why didn't he do what he wanted to do?"

"Because—well, when he was young he wanted to go on the stage, and if you'd known my grandmother you simply couldn't have imagined her married to an actor Gosh, not a chance!" said the rose mouth wisely.

"He told me she died last year," said young Stagg, in the hushed tone even a last year's death invokes from youth and quick blood. "He told me she was a very beautiful woman."

"She was considered the most beautiful girl in St. Louis," said Sidney, equally muted. Adding innocently: "They say I'm like her."

Young Stagg uttered a sound between a laugh and a groan. He caught the slight form in the blue taffeta frock and the soft fur coat close—very close—and put his cheek down on her hair; so sudden, all of it, she had no time for resistance, had she been so inclined. Which, it presently appeared, she was not. Because when he tipped back her head and, looking deep into her eyes, kissed her, she did not turn away her mouth. Her pretty, heart-shaped mouth was waiting.

He said, "I didn't mean this to happen to me for years!"—holding her close.

"Love?" she said in a faint, sweet, laughing whisper. "There's nothing much you can do about love, is there?"

"You're so wise," he told her, "and so simple, and so young, and so old, and so cool, and so burning, and I can never live without you, now I've known you."

She murmured, "Who said you'd have to? I knew the first night out ——"

He drew back to stare at her, starkly incredulous. "You didn't! How could you?"

"I did. I always know what I want the minute I see it."

"Suppose," he teased with an unsteady grin, "I hadn't wanted you."

She said in her soft flutelike voice, "I'd have got you just the same."

"Adorable, funny monkey!" he said. He cupped her chin in his hand. "We're crazy! I'm crazy! They'd never let me have you in this world!"

"Who's 'they'?"

"Your mother, your grandfather, the family, the business."

"Mother," she admitted gravely, "will put up an awful howl. But that's all the good it'll do. Grandfather is still the head of the family, and he's still the head of the business, and I don't know if you've noticed," she pointed out, curling herself inside his arm with a long frank sigh of satisfaction, "but I can do pretty much what I please with my grandfather."

"He adores you, of course," said young Stagg huskily.

"He's an old lamb," said the shepherdess.

"All the more reason he'll want to see you safe with some big stock-and-bonds boy."

"All the more reason he'll want me to be happy!"

"Would you be happy with me?"

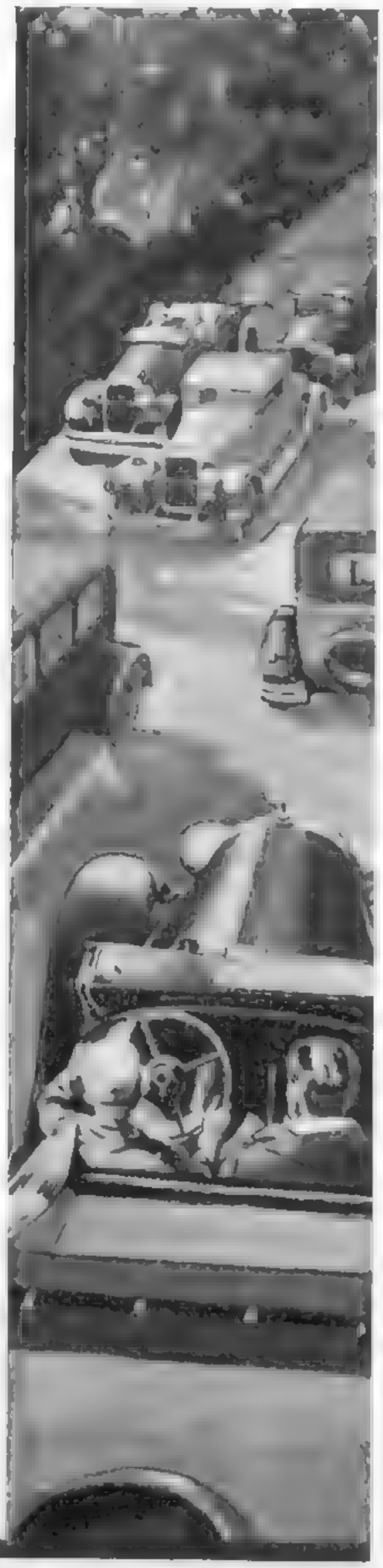
She made an indescribable sound of assent. She sang a flutish word or two, just loud enough for him to hear: "Ah mus' have that man!"

She put her face down on his shoulder and whispered into the rough frieze of his coat, over and over, shyly, caressingly, possessively, as if she would never loose her hold or lift her eyes: "I love you—I love you—I love you."

(Continued on Page 141)

When Traffic is Heavy

Control is 98% Steering



In and out, starting and stopping — threading through traffic and turning corners — steering becomes an easy, effortless habit when your car is equipped with "steering by Gemmer."

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10,000 PUNISHING MILES SILVER FLEET DEMONSTRATES

Goodrich Silvertowns Still Look Like New as Silver Fleet Approaches Pacific Coast on Nation-Wide Run

NO FUN HERE! So heavy was the deep, hot alkali dust on this Texas road that cars had to travel at half-mile intervals At the end of a day of such driving, sharp-edged particles of the fine dust were found everywhere, even between tires and tubes But the sturdy Silvertowns came through!

Just see the miles pile up! The grinding, punishing miles! The miles of mud . . . of sand . . . of gravel and alkali and deep-biting rocks. Miles to try the sturdiness of tires as tires have never been tried before . . . Miles from which the 60 sturdy tires of the Silver Fleet have emerged triumphant. Bearing hardly a mark to show the punishment they have received during the long, long grind.

As this is written, the Fleet has put behind the rain and mud of Gulf State back roads. It has toured the length and breadth of Texas. It has dipped into Mexico, swept up into Arkansas . . . then back and westward across New Mexico and Arizona . . .

And now . . . swinging up the slopes that are the last barrier before it looks down on Los Angeles . . . it pauses to take stock.

What has the trip shown? What is the word the Fleet sends back to motorists . . . to you?

First of all . . . in 10,000 miles only four punctures among sixty tires. Not a single blow-out . . . not a solitary major difficulty . . . in a total of 600,000 tire-miles!

Secondly . . . treads still unbelievably sharp . . . wear, as determined by instruments precise to the hundredth of an inch, so slight that it would indicate but half the mileage . . .

And side walls still incredibly free from signs of wear. So amazingly new looking that watchers can hardly believe speedometer figures.

And remember what the Fleet is . . .

Stock tires, straight from warehouse stores. Stock cars, identical with those you and your friends drive . . .

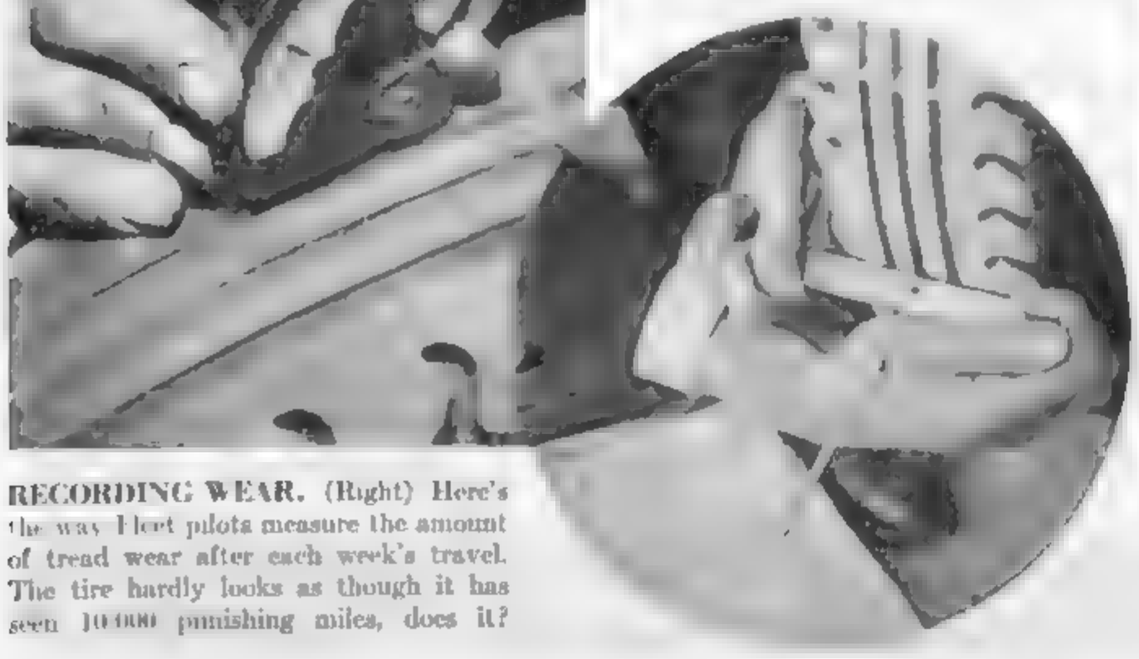
Your car is represented in the Silver Fleet. Duplicated . . . perhaps not in make, but certainly in price-class, in type, in weight, in power and size and tire requirements.

So the record of the Silvertowns that equip the Silver Fleet is as true a picture as can be given of Silvertown performance on your car. An open story of what you may expect. A demonstration of what you buy when you insist on Silvertowns

It's a trustworthy guide to follow. The record these tires have made demonstrates the value built into every Goodrich Tire. The trip could be undertaken only because every Goodrich Tire including those your dealer has in stock

NO, NOT IN THE DITCH. Just a couple of the cars of the Fleet on a road in the Ozarks. Hard, rocky roads that writhed and twisted around the mountain sides. A dramatic picture, this, for it shows the type of roads the Fleet has conquered and the condition of the tires After thousands of miles of going through every kind of road and weather you can imagine

TESTING RESILIENCY. (Left) Here's a close-up of a durometer test, by which the resiliency is measured That's where Silvertowns get their fame for superlative comfort and riding ease . . . from the cushioning effect of their sturdy but resilient treads and side walls



RECORDING WEAR. (Right) Here's the way Fleet pilots measure the amount of tread wear after each week's travel. The tire hardly looks as though it has seen 10,000 punishing miles, does it?

"CAMBER OK!" Here are two pilots, checking up on the camber of the front wheels. Front wheels, you know, slope in slightly and too large or too small an angle may have tremendous effect on the wear the tires give. Pilots make these tests not only as part of the care they give their own tires, but to show motorists what precautions to take to get the utmost in mileage

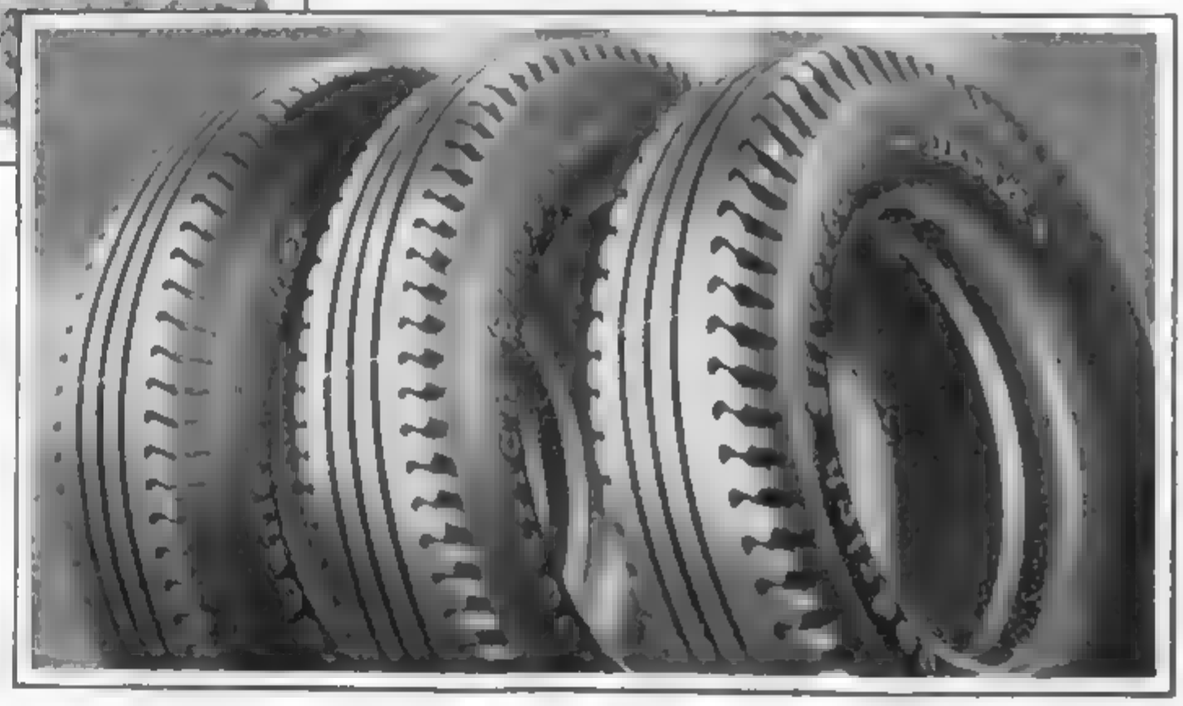
IN 4 DRAMATIC MONTHS TIRE DURABILITY TO MILLIONS

HERE COMES THE FLEET! Here they are, four cars of the Silver Fleet snapped as they rounded a hill-road bend. You won't find this road on any of the major trans-continental routes . . . yet it is a marvelous highway compared with some the Fleet has covered

ALONG THE BORDER LINE. See that marker? That's where the United States stops and Mexico begins. Pilots are looking over the landmark just after an international ceremony.

BELOW YOU SEE the Fleet Commander talking over the Fleet's route through the desert. See that cactus? It's growing in hot, blistering soil that bakes the life right out of ordinary tires

BELOW, THREE GOODRICH TIRES to meet your mileage requirements. Silvertown DeLuxe, for the motorist who demands superlative style and service. The famous Silvertown, the standard quality tire of the nation. Goodrich Cavalier, a new, low-priced, high-quality tire for hard drivers. See these tires at the nearest Goodrich dealer's. He has the size to fit your car.



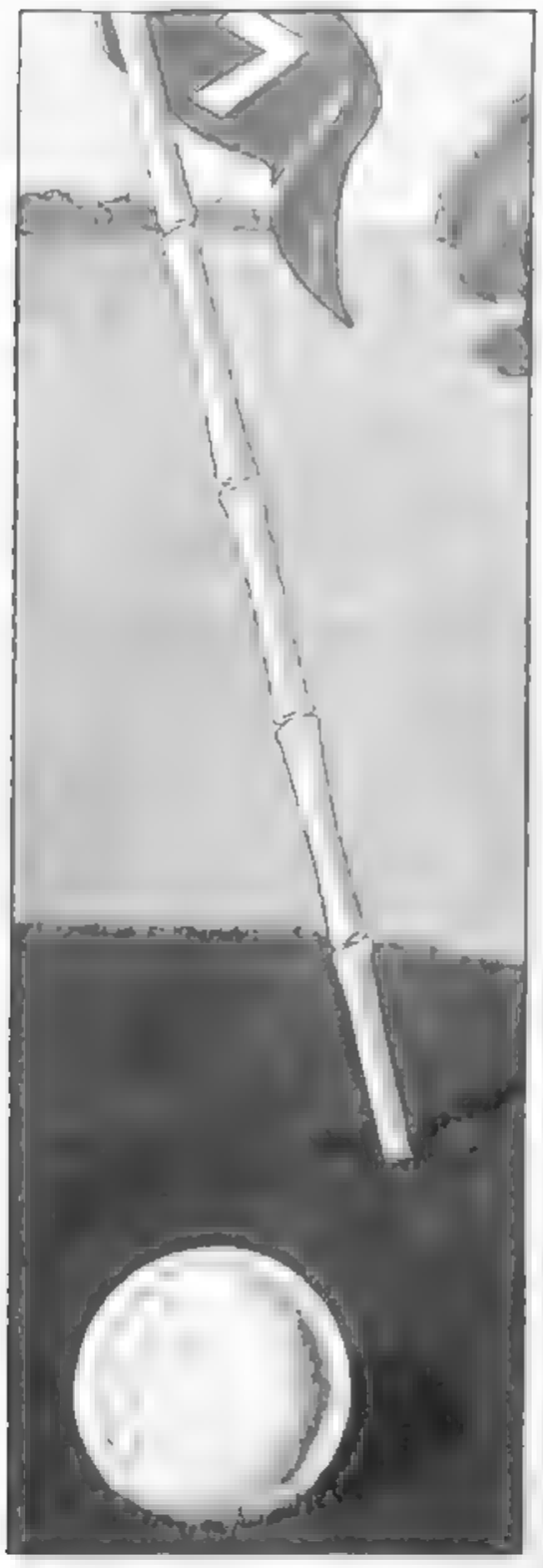
can be counted on to give just as good service as those on the Silver Fleet.

It is worth your while, then, to see such tires in the store of your Goodrich dealer. Worth while to get from him the detailed story of what the Fleet has done . . . and why its tires are standing up so remarkably.

Sooner or later . . . if it has not already done so . . . the Fleet will roll into your section of the country. Then you will see, first hand, the tires that have so startled the tire-using public.

But why wait longer to enjoy what they offer? See your nearest Goodrich dealer . . . today. The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Est. 1870, Akron, Ohio. Pacific Goodrich Rubber Co., Los Angeles, Cal. In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario.

Goodrich Silvertowns



Business Can learn something from golf

YOU can learn it any day on any course . . . this lesson golf can teach business. Watch a physically weaker man consistently outplay his powerful, rangy opponent. Watch him shoot straight down the fairway while his physically favored friend loses strokes and balls in the rough. The difference . . . perfectly timed, perfectly controlled muscular power.

Competitive manufacturing plants, too, large and small, play on one course. The larger plants are apparent favorites in equipment . . . in chances for continued leadership. Yet often the small competitor wins . . . and usually for the same reason . . . productive power is fully utilized by precise control.

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Thirteen Times the Manpower of Industry Hidden Away in Electric Motors

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(Continued from Page 137)

"Then they can't stop us," said Christopher Stagg, moved to the center of his being. "I'll write more plays."

"Well, you'll write something," sighed Sidney.

He said, "Can I talk to the family tonight?"

"Heavens, no!" she said. "I'll break it to mother myself, after she's had her coffee tomorrow morning—that's always the best time to tell her anything that's going to upset her."

"I adore you," said Christopher suddenly. "You don't know how wolfishly and humbly and insanely I adore you for being yourself. Your honesty, Sidney ——"

"That's one thing I am," she said calmly. She put a hand up to his head and tugged sharply at his red hair with a sweet savagery which he found more amazing even than her honesty.

"Mine!" she crooned.

"Yours," said Christopher, worshiping.

He took her down shortly after that, to the suite which she and her mother and her grandfather occupied, kissed her little hand for good night, and with difficulty achieved a parting.

"Can you believe this is true?" he said at the last.

"I knew it," said Sidney, as she had said to him once already, "the first night out."

Christopher couldn't bear the thought of going to his cabin, of lying between four walls. He needed the dark and the wind and the rushing hills of black water. He went out on deck, and almost at once came sharply upon old Keane, with a cap pulled down over his eyes, with the collar of his greatcoat turned up about his ears, leaning on the rail, staring down. For only a moment Christopher hesitated—something in the isolation of that slender old figure startled and shocked him—then, as if Christopher had called, old Keane swung round, his dark eyes narrowing in their fine network of wrinkles, his thin mouth tipping up at the corners like an elderly faun's.

"Well, well!" he said. "Maria catch you at it?"

Christopher grinned, enormously relieved. He crossed to the rail and leaned his own elbows on it companionably.

He said, "I haven't seen Mrs. Smith, sir. Sidney and I have been sitting on the top deck."

"'Sidney and I!'" said old Keane. Not elderly reproachful, merely amiably amused. "I knew Sidney's grandmother six months, before I sent her, in a bouquet of stephanotis and Jacqueminots, some verses, requesting the ineffable privilege of calling her by her first name. Her name," he mused, "was Marian. And I had a devil of a time getting rimes."

Christopher inquired with deep interest, "How did you do it?"

"We-ell," said old Keane, smiling slyly at the star-frosted sky, "I think it went something like this: 'Sweet Marian, I've nothing to marry on.'"

"That's absolutely swell!" said Christopher.

"Not bad—not bad!" said old Keane modestly. "Anyhow, it did the work; at the end of six months I called her by name, at the end of two years we were married.... Marry in haste," he said airily, "and—and you'll never have leisure."

"Two years isn't too hasty," said Christopher, "d'you think?"

"Coming or going?" said old Keane. "Anyhow, I have not," he said stubbornly, "since then had any leisure to speak of. First time in twenty years I've been to Paris. If I'd listened to Maria I wouldn't be going there now. If I'd listened to that doctor; if I'd listened to the whole pack of care-taking, sob-heaving, death-and-destruction-prophesying jackasses ——"

He imitated his daughter's contralto anxiety: "'Father, you're just taking your life in your hands!' . . . Well, whose life is it? Whose hands are they? What does she think I came into the world for—to live with a hot-water bottle under one arm and a glass of hot milk under the other? Women, my boy," he said, puffing slightly—"women are the very devil for messing up a man's life! Keep away from 'em! You may be a little lonely at times, but at least you'll never be hamstrung."

An awkward turn for the conversation to take. Christopher blurted out abruptly, "I'm afraid I can't quite see that, Mr. Keane."

"Oh, good Lord," said old Keane humorously, "don't tell me I've been deceived in you! I took it I'd found a kindred spirit."

"You have, sir—you have! I'd be only too honored, but ——"

"You're promised to some pretty little fool at home? Wait, young feller, me lad—just you wait! Promises and pie crust! . . . There are girls in France; there are girls in Italy. By some freak of nature," said old Keane, "wherever there are boys, there are girls! And you tell me you won't be going home for three months. Eden, as it happens, took only seven days ——"

Christopher said, "I meant to stay till my money gave out."

Said old Keane: "A brilliant idea. That's the right spirit. That's just what I like in you, Stagg! By gad, you're a man after my own heart!" . . . He stopped suddenly, he cocked a distrustful eye. "Meant—you say 'meant'? What sad sea change have you suffered?"

"Your granddaughter," said Christopher simply and proudly.

"Sidney!" cried old Keane. "Man, are you crazy?"

"Just about," said Christopher.

"Odd, I hadn't noticed it," said old Keane. He rubbed his chin. He looked at Christopher searchingly. "She's a pretty child, but"—he scowled and put the tips of his fingers to his eyelids with an impatient gesture—"I thought it was merely a shipboard fancy." He dropped his hands and laughed abruptly. "Have you observed Maria?" he inquired.

"Oh, quite," said Christopher, slightly embarrassed.

"H'm-mph! Then I suppose there's nothing I can say," said old Keane—"nothing, that is," he amended, "which might serve as a red lantern at the side of the road. Proceed at Your Own Peril—all that sort of thing. If Maria," said old Keane disgustedly, "is not a red lantern, what is she?"

"Of course," said Christopher with an engaging awkwardness, "I don't know Mrs. Smith very well."

"You will, my boy—you will!" said her father; adding a single brief "Ha!" of bottomless amusement.

"I hope to," said Christopher humbly and proudly.

"By gad," said old Keane, "I can see you do! The arena is spread with fresh sawdust; I hear the lions roaring behind closed doors."

"I hope," said Christopher; he flushed—with all the passion and the sensitiveness and the vulnerability of his red-haired nature and his clean thin skin, he flushed burningly—"I hope," he said, "you will believe, sir. I love your granddaughter with all my heart. I want, with your consent, to make her my wife." Meeting old Keane's eyes with magnificent steadiness, he added grimly: "With or without."

There was, quite naturally, after that, a pause. Water went by under the ship; stars went by, more slowly, over it. Wind went by between the worlds. Christopher lifted his hot face to it, old Keane pulled his coat collar higher. The collar adjusted, he drew off his glove and gave Christopher his hand.

"Spoken like a gentleman!" he said. "And may God have mercy on your soul!"

Then they both laughed heartily and nervously.

"Sidney is tackling Maria tonight, I suppose," said old Keane.

"Tomorrow morning," said Christopher. "She said it would be better."

"She's a canny brat!" said old Keane affectionately.

"She's wonderful!" said Christopher. "Really, she is, sir!"

"Has she told you she's considered like her grandmother?" inquired old Keane with a slight grimace.

"She's very proud of that," said Christopher.

"A very beautiful woman," said old Keane. He sighed. Suddenly he shivered. "Getting a bit chill, I think."

Christopher replied, "I was just about to speak of it."

Back in the unglamorous room from which vast swooping stairs led down to less public places, old Keane once more gave Christopher his hand.

"You may count on me," he said, "for tomorrow's slaughter."

"Thank you—thank you no end, sir!" said Christopher ardently.

"'No end'!" said old Keane; he shook his silver thatch and smiled curiously. "You have," he said, "a nice taste in phrases. . . . Good night, Icarus!"

Which classical allusion lingered in Christopher's mind not very long, seeming apt and graceful, but no more. "You may count on me," old Keane had said. That was chiefly important, and in the slaughter, figuratively speaking, of Maria, old Keane was as good as his word.

At noon, Sidney, coming up on deck with slightly reddened eyes and a delicately jutting chin, confided to Christopher, waiting in torment: "I've had a perfectly disgusting row with mother. Grandfather's talking to her now. She doesn't dare excite him because of what the doctor told us. I will say," said Sidney, with an Apriline flicker, "he's working that beautifully."

"Do you have to be tortured," cried Christopher hotly, "for me?"

"You know what families are," said Sidney.

"Thank God, I'm an orphan!" said Christopher.

Sidney said, "Never mind, darling; I'll take care of you."

Christopher thought he had never encountered anything so purely celestial. He could have kissed her little feet. For that matter, neither of them would have found it an inappropriate gesture. He did not see her that afternoon, and her grandfather only for a moment—a brief turn on deck after luncheon.

"Blood on the moon, my dear fellow!" chortled old Keane. "Excursions and alarums, battle, murder and all but sudden death!"

"I'm sorry!" said Christopher miserably. "If I could talk to Mrs. Smith myself, perhaps —— I don't like to have you taking punishment for me."

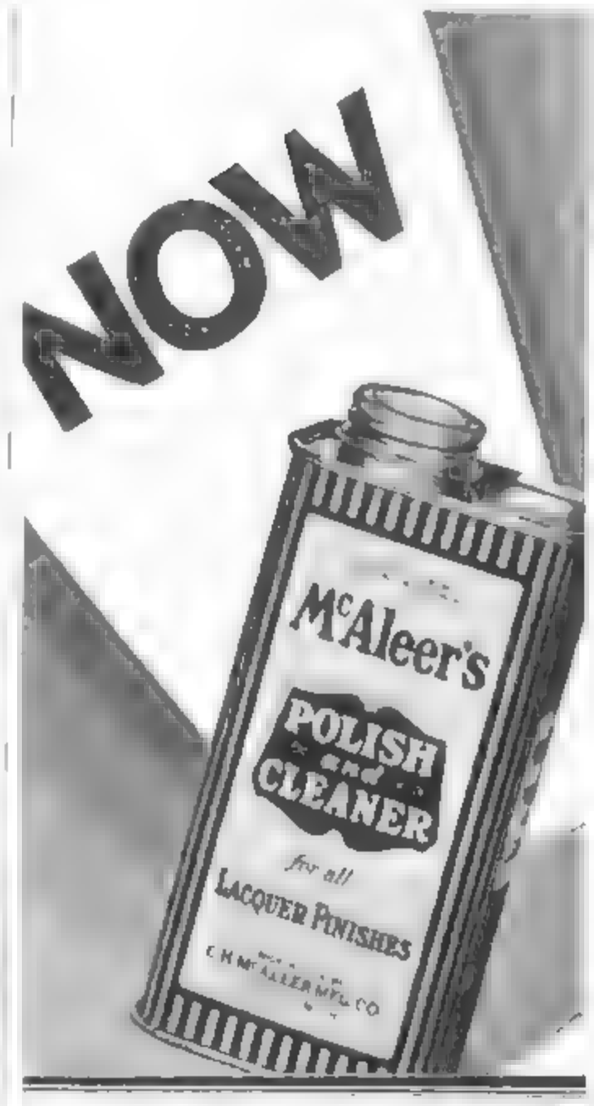
"I'm not taking it, I'm giving it," said old Keane. He blew a smoke ring. Somewhat shakily, but yet a ring. "Matter of fact," he said, "in a way I enjoy this. Some time since I've had a good row. They're not allowed to cross me. 'No excitement!' That's that fool Dorrity! . . . Now, it's almost more than Maria can bear. I look," said old Keane blandly, "to see the woman burst at any moment." Unpardonably, he emitted a thin snort of laughter. "I hope Maria's heart's all right," he said, "and her blood pressure and all the rest of it. She's certainly taking chances with herself." He slapped Christopher on the shoulder. "Come to my suite at about eight tonight," he said. "It'll all be over by then. Maria'll have learned her lesson!"

"Let me know if it isn't convenient," said Christopher.

"Faint heart?" inquired old Keane, with a mocking grin.

Christopher said, "I'll be there, sir," with a defiant grin of his own. And at eight to a split second he entered old Keane's highly modernistic and expensive suite, where purple palms dropping improbable fruit sprawled over mauve-and-blue walls; where the ceiling hung, papered in silver of a most decadent dullness; where it did not seem possible that dark hills of water and deep valleys of sky could be just outside.

Maria, wearing as she would—a yellow-green crêpe with a string of fish-eyed



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crystals about her neck, sat—as she would—in a blue-green-satin chair and bowed coldly when Christopher came in—without speaking. Sidney was in mist, in moonbeams, in starshine, in witch fire; with her hair drawn silkenly away from her young brow; with her small pink mouth, curving like a heart—a hungry heart.

"Hello," she said, "Christopher." Five faint but lilting notes.

"Hello, Sidney," said Christopher.

"Sit down, Kit!" said old Keane, superbly casual.

Christopher took a mauve chair with silver angles—there being nothing simpler available—and old Keane reached for his cigarette case.

"Well, dear fellow," said old Keane, "the Star Chamber session is about over and it has been unanimously decided ——" He offered Christopher the case.

"Father!" said Maria sharply. She tapped with the shell-rimmed spectacles, which she held by their hooks in one hand, upon the arm of her chair. "I should like a word with Mr. Stagg."

"Any number of words, Maria," agreed her father pleasantly, yet significantly. "In fact, I daresay he's expecting a word or two from you. Something by way of welcome."

"I doubt very much," said his daughter coldly, "if Mr. Stagg expects any such thing. Mr. Stagg must know ——"

"Call him Christopher," said old Keane. "Simpler and more intimate."

"Please, grandfather!" said Sidney. She wagged a small secret finger to tell him to be still.

"I am quite well aware, Sidney," said Sidney's mother instantly, "that you and your grandfather are conspiring against me. I am thoroughly accustomed to that!"

"Doesn't seem to teach you. Funny!" said old Keane. He looked a trifle tired with his daughter baiting. It began to appear that Maria's student days were perhaps not quite over. Christopher got to his feet abruptly and stood before his hostess with his red head up, his shoulders squared.

"Christopher!" cried Sidney warningly.

"I can speak for myself, Sidney," said Christopher. To the woman in the yellow-green gown and the blue-green chair and the fish-eye crystals he said with dignity, "Sidney preferred to speak to you first, Mrs. Smith, or I should have been here before. I know I may seem presumptuous, but Sidney has told you —— After all," he broke off hotly, "that's what matters, isn't it? You want her to be happy!" The room was full of swirling, unseen currents of hostility and resistance.

"I want her to be taken care of," said Mrs. Smith, tight-lipped.

"Won't be necessary," said old Keane with his sudden chuckle.

"Father, what do you mean?" Fish-eyes clashed between nervous fingers, suddenly discarding shell-rimmed spectacles. "If Mr. Stagg were in a position to support Sidney—one moment, Mr. Stagg!—to support her in ——"

"The manner—heaven help her," said old Keane—"to which she has been accustomed?"

"Exactly," said Mrs. Smith. . . . "I should not say a word."

"Even under those delightful circumstances," said her father, "I can't quite picture you." He sketched a slight arc in the air with his cigarette; said in the gentlest tones imaginable, but with the corners of his mouth twitching, with his eyes wrinkling, "Maria, I'm getting tired of this. No argument is amusing for more than twelve hours. I see there's only one thing left for me to do. I'm going to change my will."

Sooner a sizzling bomb in the green-yellow lap!

"Now, father," gasped Maria, stricken, "don't excite yourself! Remember ——"

"I'm as cool as a cucumber," said old Keane—and looked it. "But I do dislike an argument. I have no time to waste in having enemies. . . . As my old friend Heinrich Miller used to say ——" He explained, in a companionable aside, to Christopher: "Amazing fellow, Heinie. Came to New York in the 90's—or it may have been eighty six or seven. . . . There is, I suppose, a notary public on board?" he concluded suddenly to the room at large.

"Father!" said Mrs. Smith, almost abjectly imploring.

"Grandfather, don't tease her," said Sidney sweetly.

"My dears—both of my dears," said old Keane with a courtly smile—"I was never more serious in my life. Here is Kit Stagg, in whom I have the highest confidence, for whom I entertain the warmest friendship in short, Sidney, my child, you'd be lucky to get him!—and yet your mother refuses her consent."

"I have not absolutely refused," said Mrs. Smith. She dropped the crystals and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"If I cannot be sure of your judgment, Maria," said her father severely, "if you are no better judge of men than this, I cannot bring myself to leave the business in your hands."

It was then that Christopher came face to face with a comparatively naked soul; when, dropping her hands and her handkerchief in her lap, Mrs. Smith turned her face to her father's mocking eyes. Her own eyes burned with an unmistakable hunger, her mouth shook with a passionate anguish; wifehood and motherhood and man-and-woman love could have twisted Mrs. Smith's features no more cruelly, drawn the blood from her skin no more bleakly, than that vision of the business lost to her.

"That's the woman's life!" thought Christopher, dumfounded. "She's real, she's got a soul. That's where it is, and he knows it!"

But before Christopher could protest—and he was on the edge of it—"I may have been mistaken about Mr. Stagg," said Mrs. Smith weakly.

"Kiss her, my boy!" cried old Keane instantly, with a villainous wink at Christopher. "She means that for 'Bless you!'"

Mrs. Smith started and shrank, but Christopher, lifting her hand, left a respectful kiss upon her fingers.

"I can only promise you ——" he began.

"Promise nothing!" said old Keane royally. He strolled over in a lordly way and took Christopher by the arm; he patted his daughter's crinkles and coils of graying brown hair; he smiled at Sidney, rising in moon mist and starshine, and waved her back into her seat again.

"Not so fast, Juggins!" he said. "Kit and I will now proceed to the smoking room and settle our nerves."

"I hope you'll remember, father," began Mrs. Smith incautiously, "what Doctor Dorrity told you."

"I have not yet definitely decided," said old Keane to Christopher thoughtfully, "that little matter of the will. Of course, Maria, here is a very capable woman. Still, nothing like having a man at the helm!"

There was no more said about what Mr. Keane was to remember, and before long, with Sidney's eyes burning holes in his heart, Christopher found himself in a red-leathered, stuffy smoking room, lifting a glass to a remarkable toast.

"'A cup to the dead already,'" said old Keane gravely; "'Hurrah for the next that dies!'"

"Sir?" said Christopher, half grinning, wholly incredulous of his ears.

"You heard me," said old Keane. "But 'surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird.' . . . I hope," said old Keane, "that you who are about to die, salute me! But I doubt it. You are at this moment saying to yourself: 'How long's he going to keep me here?' You are not listening to me. You are, in your mind's eye, Horatio, going down on your knees to kiss her little slipper."

"I am, sir," said Christopher doggedly, "doing just that. But I am also listening to you with deep respect." He added, pleasingly unsteadied: "And gratitude."

(Continued on Page 145)

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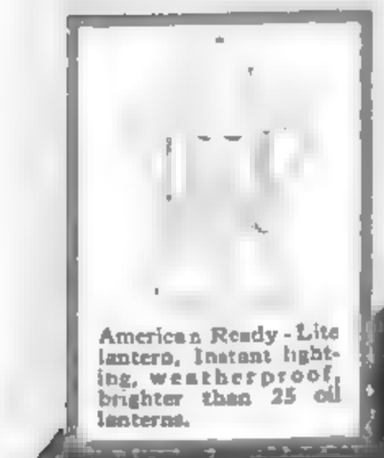

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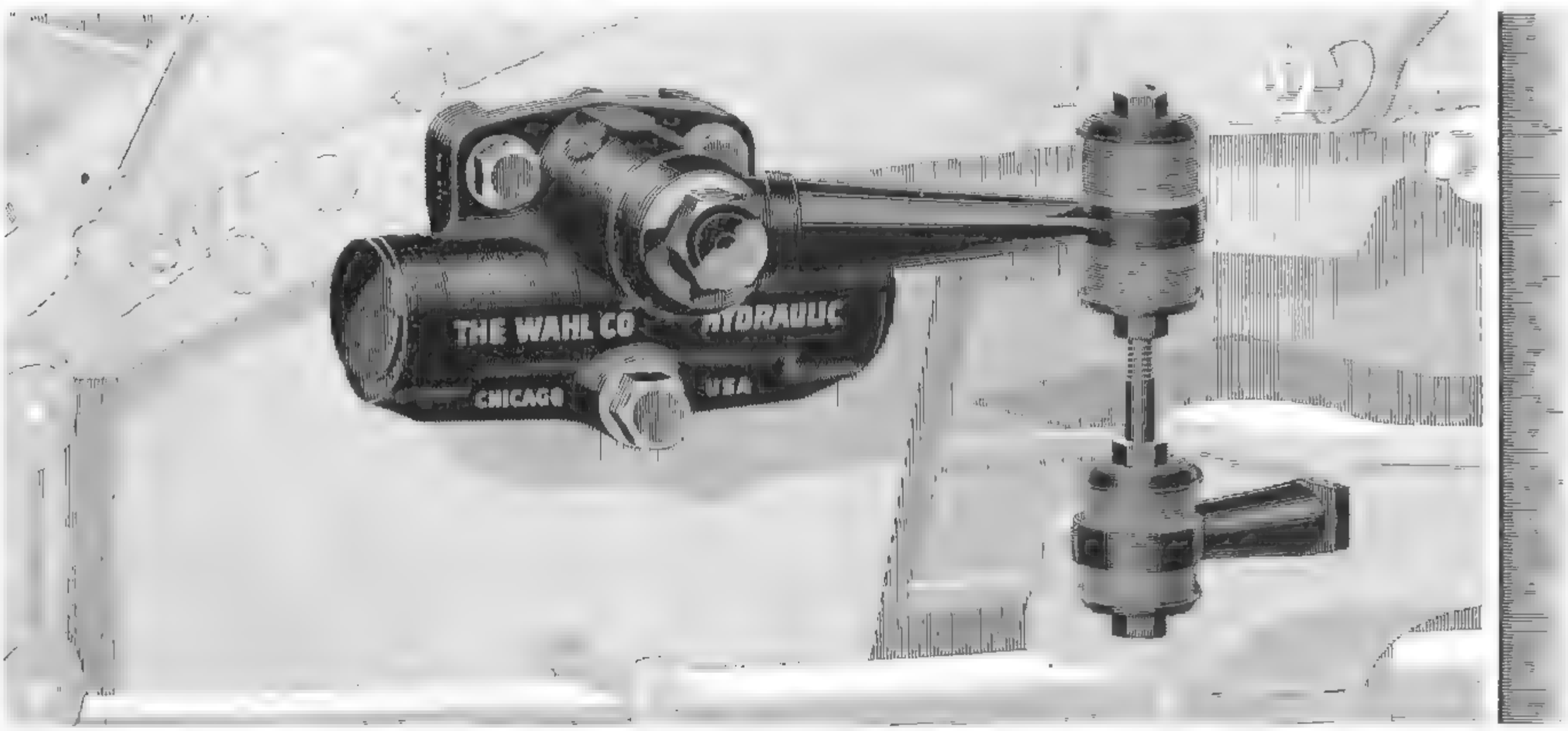

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Also manufacturers of Wahl Two-Way Spring Brakes and Wahl "Red Cap" Step-Plate Luggage-Carriers

(Continued from Page 142)

"I hope I may have done you no harm," said his benefactor.

"Ah, how could you?" said Christopher. His own nerves none too steady, he drank deeply.

"You are thinking," said old Keane, "that her hair is silken to your hand." He turned his glass about and about, smiling very slightly. Christopher did not answer.

"You are thinking," said old Keane, "that apple blossoms, if she laid her cheek upon them, would seem coarse."

"Sir, how do you know?" said Christopher.

Said old Keane, "She is very like her grandmother. She has the same strange questioning smile. As a matter of fact," he explained, signaling the waiter, "there is no question. She knows."

"Knows what?" asked Christopher uneasily. He knew what it was Doctor Dorrity had said. Sidney had told him. But there did not seem to be any tactful and courteous way in which to suggest to old Keane that Dorrity might be right; so Christopher merely shifted unhappily in his chair and insisted: "Knows what, sir?"

"Knows what she wants," said old Keane. To the waiter he said: "Two of the same." To Christopher, observing his knit brows and hesitant mouth, he said with malicious anxiety: "More than you can carry?"

"Why, no," said Christopher.

"Not worrying over me, I hope," said old Keane.

"Certainly not!" lied Christopher.

Old Keane offered Christopher a cigarette; took one himself. With the one glass his thin cheeks flushed dryly. When he had emptied the second his tired eyes began to shine. It was as if a frail flame leaped up at the least breath of a bellows.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you need not fear for me. I was born in a day when caution was not a gentleman's game—a day when beauty had not vanished from the earth. I have been exposed to fires," he mused, "which no longer burn."

Christopher, deeply uneasy, murmured that fire was eternal, or some such fallacy.

Old Keane sat for some moments, his deep eyes fixed on space. When at last he turned them on Christopher, he wore a look of humorous commiseration. Above the rim of his glass he smiled slowly. "Still am I the torch," he said, "'but where's the moth that still dares die?' That's the spirit of beauty, dear fellow. My old friend Arthur Symons turned that deathless line."

Christopher sat silent. Stirred beyond speech.

"Once," said old Keane, staring off across the smoking room, "I had the honor of sitting beside Lily Langtry at a dinner party; it was at the height of her fame as a beauty."

"Good Lord!" said Christopher reverently.

Said old Keane: "Her skin was not so perfect as the skin of the girl I married. Mary Anderson," he said—"there was a Juliet! Long white throat ——"

"You don't mean you knew her!" said Christopher.

"She had not," said old Keane meditatively, "Marian's mouth." He blew a wavering smoke ring, he lifted his glass in none too certain fingers. "The day on which I met Marian," he said, "I had had a fine quarrel with my father. I had just about persuaded him to let me try my luck in the theater."

"You did!" cried Christopher, amazed.

"That I did not!" said old Keane. "Haven't I told you that was the day I met her?" He said, with a long chuckling sigh, "She was so simple and so canny, so sweet and so strong, she broke me in her two little hands and dropped me into one of her father's soap kettles."

Christopher eyed his companion nervously. Old Keane caught the look and defied it

"Man," he said gravely, "it saddens me to see a fine chap like you sticking his head in a noose—even a rosy wreath of a noose!" said old Keane.

"You don't mean that, sir," said Christopher. He could feel Sidney's hands in his red hair, he could feel Sidney's hot small face pressed down over his heart. "I love you," she had whispered to him, "I love you—I love you"—as if she would never let him go.

Old Keane was saying, with a ribald and terrible bitterness, "It's a matriarchy! They're women with a family and a business. They feed their husbands and their lovers and their sons to it. Their lips call you, and their eyes, and their flower faces, but when they have you they turn you into soup."

"They'll be expecting us, don't you think, sir?" said Christopher desperately. Unquestionably, old Keane's flush was feverish. Beyond a doubt he spoke his disinhibited soul.

"Expecting us!" he cried delightedly. "My boy, they know they've got us!"

"Well, shan't we go back to them?" said Christopher.

"If we don't," said old Keane, "never you fear; they'll send for us. I've had fifty years of it. I know." He said, grinding out the ash of his cigarette on a tray, with thin withered fingers: "She was so beautiful, men turned to look at her on the street. And when I turned to look at her, she was more beautiful yet. We do that for women when we love them."

Sidney's face in the dark of the upper deck, like a pale rose, like a pearl, like the dream of a kiss, because she knew he loved her?

"I can't quite see that, sir," said Christopher stubbornly. "What can we give them to compare with their gift of themselves?"

A steward touched his elbow. "Meester Stagg, sir?"

"What is it?" said Christopher, but without old Keane's chuckle he knew.

"Madame Smith, sir," said the steward, "and her daughter would like that you join them in their suite when you are ready."

Christopher tipped the man and sent him away.

"My poor fellow," said old Keane, "my gallant comrade, in spite of all I have said to you and a great deal which I must now leave to your imagination, shall we join the ladies?"

"I know what you mean, sir," said Christopher bluntly. He leaned on the little table and looked straight into his companion's eyes.

"You do, do you?" said old Keane curiously. "You know that as Maria is the daughter of Marian, so Sidney is the daughter of Maria, and that all three are the daughters of White's Castilian."

"I'll take my chances, sir," said Christopher, getting on his feet and bowing slightly.

"Gad!" said old Keane with a certain amazed respect. "And you still think it's worth it?"

"I do," said Christopher.

"So did I," said old Keane, marveling. "So did I."

He took Christopher's arm. "I feel a bit shaky on my pins tonight," he admitted. "Slight touch of vertigo. Nothing important. Just as well not mention it to Maria."

"Rather not!" agreed Christopher.

"I get so tired," complained old Keane, staggering slightly, although the ship rode steady as a church—"I get so tired of petticoat government! For fifty years I haven't been able to call my soul my own; matter of fact, I haven't been truthfully able to call it a soul! It's too much to pay." He groaned dryly. "You can take my word for it, Kit—it's too much to pay!"

As for what happened next day, at half after four of a pellucid afternoon, while the ship lay just off the Cherbourg pier, with Paris only an hour or so away—the reporters made an excellent story of that.

SOAP KING STRICKEN AS LINER ENTERS HARBOR

How old Keane would have laughed at the title.

Yet it was indeed upon that glassy sea that he cast down his golden crown—as he himself would have said.

He had not appeared at breakfast that morning. At luncheon, over Maria's muffled protests, he had eaten almost nothing. Drunk a glass of sauterne and a cup of black coffee.

"I could have told you last night," Maria had said to him.

"Could and did," said old Keane. "Stretch your memory!"

In honor of the imminence of Paris, he had attired himself like a bridegroom leaving his chamber. Gray flannels, gray striped tie, the ultimate syllable in Panamas.

"Darling," Sidney said to him, perched upon the foot of his steamer chair once luncheon was over, "you are a very snappy sight."

"Think we'd better let the French know I'm coming," suggested old Keane with his faunish grin.

The next time he saw his grandchild the ship was lying just off the pier, as has been said, and with most of the ship's passengers crowding the lee rails as if to get themselves ashore the sooner by staring and crying to one another to come and see; old Keane chose the moment to stretch his legs, to stride his unsteady way about the deserted deck.

Not quite deserted, however, for in a sheltered angle of two walls, somewhere well along the windward side, he came suddenly upon Sidney and Christopher; also withdrawing from a too-much-present world.

Christopher's back was toward old Keane. His gray tweed shoulders were slightly stooped, his red head was bare and two slim arms were linked—very tightly linked—about his neck. Over Christopher's shoulder the little face, uptilted; heart-shaped mouth just parted in a sigh; eyes shut, waiting like a pale rose, like a pearl, like the dream of a kiss—the undying dream.

"Marian!" cried old Keane. Not very loud—no lover's call is. He got his hand up to his collar, tugged at it feebly, once, before he went down, with no more need of air. His smart Panama skipped rakishly along the deck before a little breeze; eventually went overboard. Maria, weeping heavily above his silver head, when it had been fittingly laid upon a pillow, his hands crossed without their cigarette, pronounced her verdict.

"The doctor told him," she sobbed, "he'd go some day, just like that, if he wasn't careful. I tried to make him be careful."

But Christopher, standing at the foot of the bed, Sidney's tear-stained face against his heart, spoke for his brother at arms, briefly and huskily.

"He'd have wanted to go just like that!" said Christopher.

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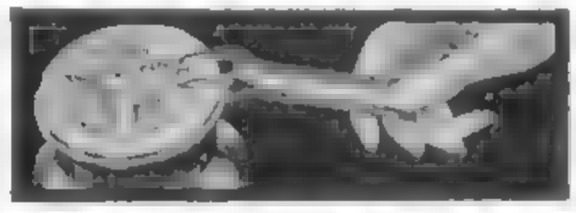

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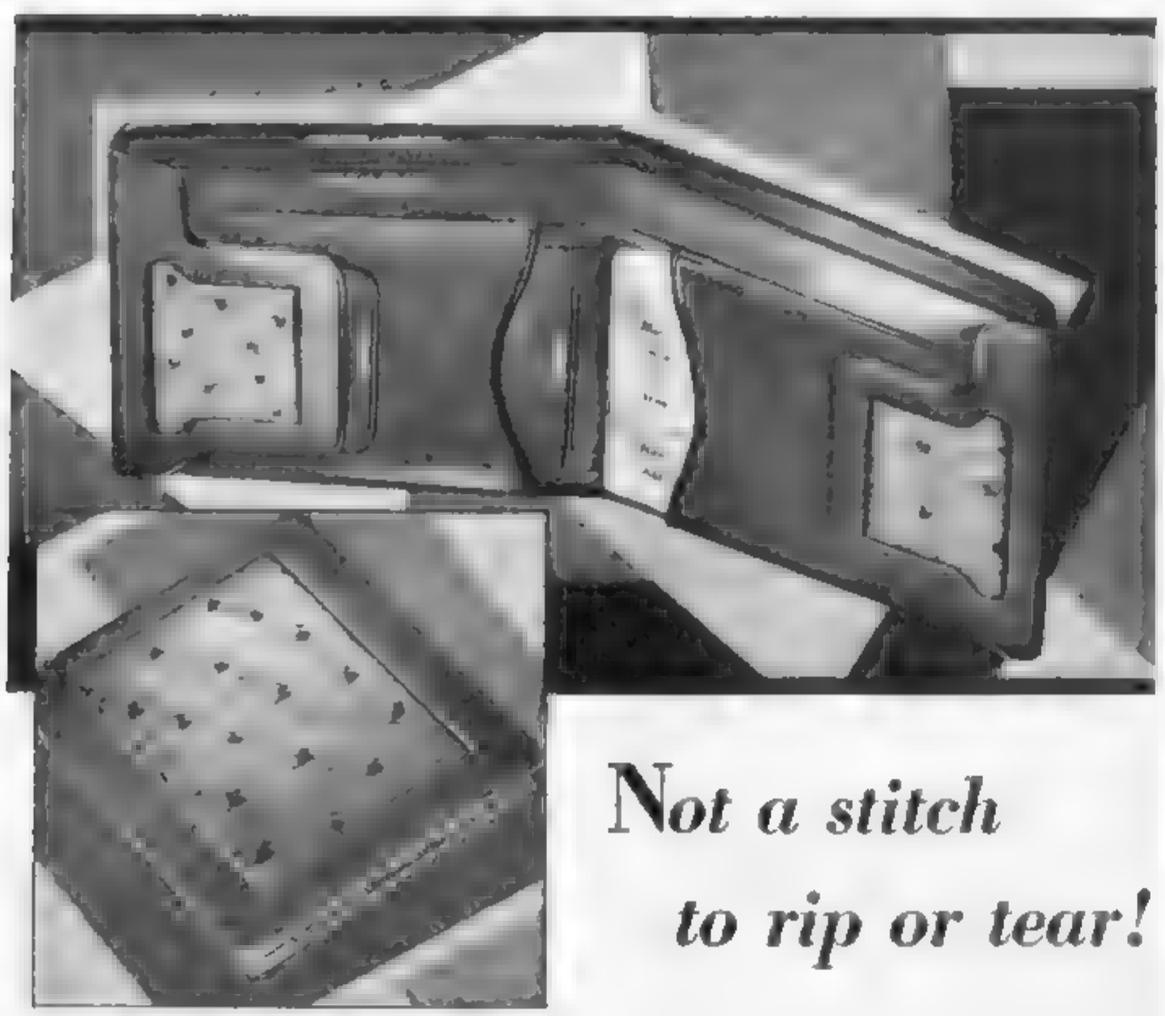

Not a stitch to rip or tear!

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BUXTON Bill-Tainer

A MATTER OF BUSINESS

Continued from Page 15

"I'd like a good head," the man of business agreed, "to hang in my office."

"You ought to get a twelve-pointer, if you have any luck," Dan promised. "There's a big swamp I know. We'll go upriver about ten miles, and then up a brook as far again. There's a swarm of deer in there."

So they pushed upstream, Dan's paddle dipping steadily, his body swaying as he put his weight into each stroke. Auger shot a few sheldrake from his seat in the bow of the canoe. The birds were worthless for food, Dan reminded him, but Auger said he wished to test his eye.

After they had lunched at noon and were once more under way, Dan referred to the errand which had brought the other into the woods.

"Mac was telling me about it," he explained. "Kind of tough on the old man."

"Sad—very sad," Auger unctuously agreed. "Of course, he made a mistake, playing the other fellow's game." And he added, repeating that discourse he had delivered once before: "The whole thing is, you've got to know what you're buying; got to know the value of what you sell. That's business, that's all."

"Be a job to straighten this out, won't it?" Dan suggested.

Auger shook his head. "Oh, no, no," he said complacently. "I have full powers to make a settlement. All the old man has to do is to execute a deed to that stumpage of his, and I give him a receipt in full."

"Yeah?" Dan commented. "Well, that's simple, sure."

Late that afternoon they came to the mouth of the brook and turned into the little stream, but half a mile from the river they encountered difficulty. Above a beaver dam there lay a long dead water, skimmed with ice; and Dan surveyed this obstacle regretfully.

"Sho, now," he protested. "I guess we can't go on."

And to Auger's questions he made the matter plain. "That ice'd cut the canvas off the canoe," he pointed out. "And it'll be worse upstream." He shook his head. "A shame, too," he confessed. "I wanted you to see that swamp. More deer in there than I ever saw anywhere, and they're tame as sheep."

"Let's try it," Auger urged. "Go as far as we can anyway."

"Can't put a canoe through that," Dan reminded him.

"Carry it around, then. Put it in above."

"Too far, and there's no trail upstream."

But Auger said obstinately: "Pshaw! The trouble with you fellows up here, you want things too easy. How far is it in to this swamp?"

"Ten-twelve miles, maybe," Dan told him. "I never walked it. I've always gone upbrook, the long way around. It lies over that way, I'd say."

"Well, let's walk in," the man of business urged.

"We couldn't tote a deer out, if we got one," Dan objected.

"You can pack the head. That's all I want," Auger averred; and he added, a derisive challenge in his tones: "Not afraid of a ten-mile walk, are you?"

"It'd be a darned hard drill in there," Dan insisted. "And I don't know as I can find the way. I know the general direction, that's all. No, we better camp here tonight, and then try it downstream." He shook his head ruefully. "A shame, too," he repeated. "Say, there's more deer around that swamp than there is fleas on a dog."

Auger made a scornful sound. He was a burly man, half a head taller than Dan, fifty pounds heavier. "I'm good for a ten-mile hike," he boasted, "and you ought to be. What are you afraid of anyway?"

And in the end he did overbear Dan's reluctance. Dan produced a dozen arguments, but Auger laughed each one aside. Dan said the way was long, and Auger jeered at him. Dan said they would have to pack food and blankets, and Auger offered to carry the whole load. Dan repeated that he did not know the country, and Auger cried:

"Shucks! If you're so helpless, Dan, I'll take care of you. I can find my way around."

So in the end Dan reluctantly consented: they would sleep where they were, set out at the first crack of day.

"We'd ought to get a deer in there tomorrow evening," he promised. "Come back the day after, if all goes well."

Auger, inflated with his victory, was during the hour between supper and bed full of a friendly condescension. He talked much and complacently, and Dan listened and watched the flickering fire.

They set out next morning while the woods were still gray, before the spring of dawn. There were small pack sacks in the canoe, and each man bore one on his shoulders. Their blankets, tied with cord, were affixed atop these packs. Auger carried the gun he had borrowed from old Mac; a hybrid weapon—a double-barreled twenty-gauge shotgun, with a 30-30 rifle barrel beneath the other two. Dan led the way, and they struck north through the thick and gloomy wood, Auger keeping up a cheerful babble at Dan's heels.

Their way that morning led through young spruce and cedar, then through hardwood where the lumbermen had passed a dozen years before. Twigs and dead branches lashed them, scratched at them, tripped them; the footing was uncertain; and there was a wearying monotony about their progress through the forest which walled them in on every hand. They could never see more than a few rods in any direction, and when the sun, which had risen clear, was presently obscured by a drift of cloud, they had no guide at all.

Dan led, and Auger followed him. Dan went not rapidly, but neither did he lag along the way, and there was a deceptive persistence in the pace he set. The bigger man struck strongly on his heels, but as an hour passed, Auger began to weary, and this weariness increased. It was only a stubborn pride which kept him going till midforenoon. He surrendered then at last; called, in what he tried to make a casual tone:

"Hold up a minute. Something in my shoe."

So Dan stopped, and Auger—he was two or three rods behind—sat down against a tree and panted there. He mopped his brow and he rubbed his shoulders where the straps of his pack had galled them, and he said he was thirsty.

"We ought to strike a brook pretty soon," Dan promised. "Did you fix your shoe?"

So Auger took off his shoe and made pretense of shaking out a pebble and put the shoe on again, but he took his time to it, delaying as long as possible. Dan watched him silently, but when the shoe was laced, he turned without a word to move on; and Auger scrambled to his feet and slipped his arms through the straps of the pack and hurried after the other man.

Later, as Auger's weariness increased, these pauses became more frequent. The man of business began to suspect that there was a blister forming across the top of his toes. His shoulders ached from the weight of the pack, which at first had seemed so inconsiderable. His arm was a leaden weight with the incredible burden of the gun at the end of it; and he shifted the weapon from hand to hand more and more often, seeking some relief from this intolerable strain.

At noon they stopped to boil the kettle. Dan made steaming tea and produced cold corn bread and cold bacon, and Auger wolfed it whole.

(Continued on Page 149)

•TANTALIZING TEABERRIES•

The flowers that bloom in the Spring
For freshness they haven't a thing
On this snappy gum!
Why don't you try some—
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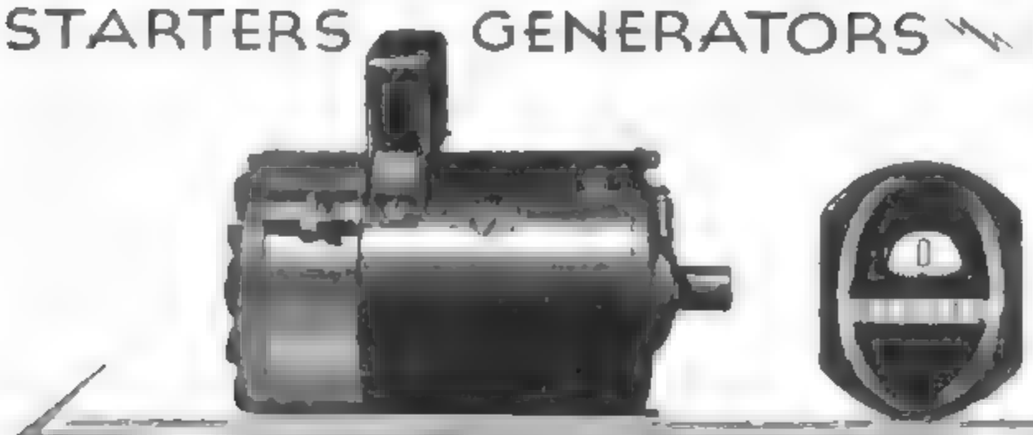

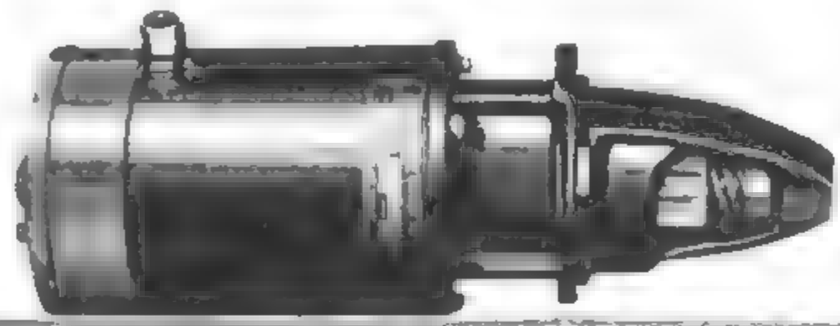

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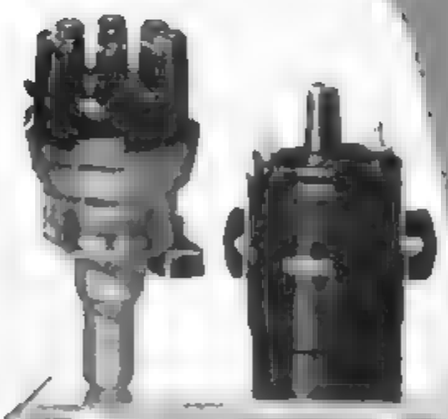

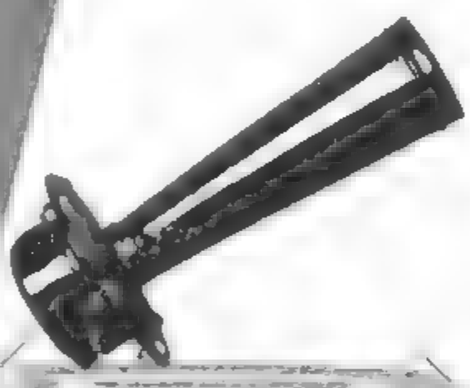

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NORTH EAST SERVICE

NORTH EAST ELECTRIC CO.—Founded 1909—ROCHESTER, N.Y. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 146)

"Almost there, aren't we?" Auger asked hopefully.

"Must be," Dan agreed. "We've come all of ten miles."

"Ten miles!" the other protested. "In five hours' walking!"

"Slow going through this thick stuff," Dan pointed out. "And we've stopped a good many times. Ten miles I'd say."

"About twelve to the swamp, you think it is?"

"If I'm on the right line, that'd be my guess," Dan agreed. "But this is new country to me. I told you that, you know."

Auger said resentfully, "Doesn't strike me you know much about your business."

But Dan retorted, "Well, I know the way by the brook. I wasn't for walking in. It was you that was bound to have it so."

The other man uttered a scornful ejaculation; he scrambled to his feet. "All right, come on!" he exclaimed. "Let's get under way. We can't sit here all afternoon."

So they went on. But if the morning had seemed to Auger interminably long, the hours now began to take to themselves wings. The day became more and more overcast, and now and then a spit of rain wandered through the wood. The gloomy skies brought an early dusk; and as the shadows deepened, a desperate haste began to spur Auger. It seemed to him that Dan's pace was maddeningly slow, and he insisted at last on taking the lead himself and struck what he thought was a swifter gait.

Dan made some protest at the change. "Get there quicker if we hurry less," he suggested. And a little later: "You're getting off the line."

But Auger cried stubbornly, "I'm looking out for that. Don't talk so much. Come on."

Late that afternoon they came to swampy ground, and Auger thought triumphantly that this must be their journey's end, but Dan shook his head.

"I don't believe you know where you're going!" Auger cried, but Dan retorted:

"Well, I'll know when we get there. If we do."

And that last word, that suggestion of doubt, silenced Auger more effectively than a gag, and left him dumb with a rising fear. He pressed furiously on.

Darkness overtook them while they were still fighting their way through blank and trackless forest. Auger came at last to a baffled halt, peering through the trees ahead; and Dan dumped his pack on the ground.

"We'll have to sleep here," he decided. "Can't see to go on. I'll knock up some kind of shelter. I guess it's going to rain."

And Auger was come to such a point of fatigue that to stop was relief enough; he made no protest at all. Later, when food had given him strength, he uttered some fretful recriminations; but Dan was curiously silent, and this very silence seemed to the other man ominous and disturbing. His alarms stilled his querulous tongue.

He slept fitfully or not at all. The stillness of the forest filled him with formless fears. In the morning, for all the blisters on his toes, the ache in his shoulders, the weariness which racked his bones, he took up the march again with a certain eagerness. The swamp which was their goal began to assume in his disordered thoughts an aspect of enchantment. It became in his imaginings a haven of rest and healing and security; he struggled blindly toward it as toward a promised land.

But at noon on this second day, Dan confessed that he was lost.

"Looks like we've missed it," he admitted. "Come past it, somehow. We'll have to head back the way we come."

And Auger, driven mad by disappointment, raved at him in a weak fury of empty rage and pain. But when Dan, without replying, once more moved on, the bigger man staggered to his feet to follow him. He was utterly weary, but his fear of being left alone in the woods was a sufficient spur.

Dan carried the gun that afternoon. Auger's strength was unequal to the burden it imposed, and the relief from it gave him new courage for a while. Yet within half an hour after they began to retrace their way he had to stop and rest again; and these delays became more and more frequent as the afternoon dragged on.

At one of these pauses the city man slipped his pack, and when they moved on again, he forgot it till they had gone a dozen rods or so. He might have called to halt Dan, and gone back to pick it up, but the relief to his galled shoulders was so great that he held his tongue. His blankets were fastened on the pack, and his coat, too; but when he should need these things, Dan would share with him; so he kept silent and plodded on.

Yet though Dan moved more slowly now, Auger fell always more and more behind, so that Dan had continually to pause while the other overtook him.

Late that afternoon it began to snow, and when they stopped at last in thickening darkness, the flakes were falling steadily. Dan looked up through the trees, he looked all around; he slipped his pack, and leaned the gun against a tree, and waited for the other man to come stumbling wearily up to where he stood.

"We'll stop here," he said then. "Can't go any farther now."

Auger sighed with a sound like a sob and went down on his hands and knees; he turned himself painfully about till he could sit with his back against the tree where the gun leaned; he began to take off his shoes. And Dan saw that the other's shoulders were free of any burden.

"Where's your pack?" he asked.

"I lost it," Auger mumbled through his swollen lips. He dragged off one shoe and gingerly touched his blistered toes, wincing, his breath making a little whistling sound.

"Lost it?" Dan exclaimed, and he wagged his head reproachfully. "Say, that's bad! You're going to need your coat and your blankets tonight. And you had the bacon in your pack too."

"We can share your blankets," Auger reminded him. His attention was still concentrated on these feet of his. But a moment later he forgot them, looked up at Dan in a stark consternation. For Dan had laughed, had said grimly:

"Why, I guess not! I need mine as bad as you."

Auger tried to grin. "Joking, are you? We're in this together."

"You got us into it," Dan reminded him. "I didn't want to come. Told you so. But you were bound to have it this way."

"I know," Auger placatingly assented. "But, Dan, old man, we're both in it now."

"Well, you had blankets," Dan insisted. "You'd ought to have kept them."

"It was my fault," the man of business confessed abjectly. "My fault, all right. I don't blame you at all. But you're more used to it than I am. You can get along, but it would get me, Dan."

Dan shook his head. "Be mighty cold tonight," he retorted stubbornly. "I'll need all the covers I can find. It ain't up to me, if you didn't hang on to yours."

"But I've got to have something!" Auger cried desperately. "It's snowing, and I'm cold already, Dan!"

The younger man seemed to consider this. "Well," he said at last. "I've got two blankets. I might sell you one."

"Sell?" Auger echoed incredulously.

"I'm not much of a trader," Dan confessed. "But to hear you tell it, all there is to business is knowing the worth of what you're going to sell. I guess maybe we can make a deal. If you'll pay what the blanket's worth to you."

Auger stared at him, slow of comprehension. He was very tired, and sore in every limb, and cold; and his senses were befuddled by pain

"Sell?" he repeated. "Make a deal?"

Dan nodded cheerfully, and he stuffed the bowl of his pipe and set a light to it. "Why, yes," he assented. "I guess we can dicker. I've got the blankets and what grub there is left, and I guess I can find the way back to the canoe. You can't. You're lost. But I can maybe find the way. If you'll pay what it is worth, I guess we can trade."

Auger's lids narrowed furiously, but there was only a querulous protest in his tone.

"Taking advantage, aren't you, Dan?" he urged.

"Why, I aim to," Dan smilingly agreed. "I aim to drive a bargain when I can."

"How much?" Auger asked. His lips were blue with cold. "That blanket's worth ten dollars. I'll give you twenty, say."

But Dan chuckled, shook his head. "Worth ten dollars in Bangor, maybe. But it's worth a sight more at camp. There's freight to pay, and what not. And it's worth a whole lot more up here, tonight, to you."

Auger broke into a storm of abusive words. Half mad with weariness and cold and pain, he babbled insanely. But Dan listened unmoved; and when the other paused at last for very weariness, Dan said cheerfully:

"You don't need to take on so, Auger. It don't do a bit of good. Trouble with you is you made a mistake. A bad mistake. Tried to tell me my business, tried to play the other fellow's game."

Auger, exhausted by his own outburst, stared morosely at the other man. "That's a wise crack!" he said bitterly.

"Just business," Dan assured him. "You have to have what I've got. Well, I'll trade, if you're ready to pay."

"How much?" Auger demanded "Get at it. What are you after, anyway?"

Dan nodded. "That's sensible," he approved "Now you're talking more like a business man." He hesitated, said judicially: "Well, here's the situation. Our outfit belongs to old Mac—the blankets and the cooking dishes and all. And my time belongs to him too. You're buying from him, you might say, but he's no good at business. Guess you found that out. You could get the best of him, even if he was here. So I'll have to look out for his interests in the deal."

Auger's eyes began to burn. "So," he commented. He had suddenly remembered that the gun was here by his side, at his very elbow, leaning against the tree. "So," he repeated grimly, a new assurance in his tones.

And Dan explained. "I understand Mac owes you some money," he suggested. "Maybe a lot of money. I don't know. Maybe it's a lot to him and not much to you. But he owns these blankets, and the grub, and my services. Well, it's just the other way around with these things. They ain't much to him, but right now they're worth a lot to you. I don't know but you'll freeze tonight without blankets. And lost the way we are, you might go wandering around till you played out altogether, if I don't get you back to the river again. So there's the situation. You want what old Mac's got, and want it mighty bad. But I figure we can trade."

"How?" Auger prompted, almost derisively. His right hand was near the gun.

"Well, say you pay him what he owes you for the things of his that you've got to have," Dan suggested placidly. "You just write him out a receipt in full, and the blanket's yours, and the rest of it too. I guess that's fair."

Auger lowered his eyes to hide the flame in them; he looked sidewise at the gun butt, not six inches from his hand. He gathered his muscles, ready for his move; and he laughed, a shrill triumph in his tones.

"All right!" he cried mockingly. "I'll trade with you. But there's something else that's going to figure in this deal."

And with a movement which he tried to make as swift as light, he reached for the gun.

He reached for the gun, his thumb pressed the safety back, and there was death in the man. This fool here, seeking to coerce him by such means!

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But Dan was not altogether a fool! True, the gun was there, and loaded. But he stood not two paces from the other man, and watchfully. He had measured the distance long before; he calculated that there would be, after Auger's move, time and to spare. The fact that Auger was the bigger man disturbed him not at all.

His calculations were accurate enough, save in one respect. He had underestimated the speed with which Auger, when he chose, could move. So, even as Dan now made his leap, he saw the muzzle of the gun swinging toward him in a deadly arc; and he knew the business would be a close one. Then the sharp shot rang deafeningly; his eyes were blinded by the orange flame; he felt the sharp stab of the bullet in his arm.

But by that time he had his grip on Auger. If thereafter, through excess of zeal, he did more than was strictly necessary, he was not wholly to be blamed. He found a solid satisfaction in doing thoroughly the business in hand.

They had next morning not the least difficulty in finding the canoe. Auger took his place in the bow, Dan dipped his paddle, and they slipped downstream. When a little before noon they came in sight of the straggling buildings of the main camp, it seemed to Auger they had been long away; he found it hard to believe that only two nights had passed since their departure. He thought that in this interval the very aspect of the scene had changed.

But the change, perhaps, was in the man. He had known weariness and despair, he had seen destruction eye to eye, and he had been swept out of himself in a passion of deadly rage. But if there were a change in him, if what had happened had been like a great wind which blew cleansingly through Auger's cluttered soul, his silence concealed the fact from Dan Bye now.

Dan began this homeward journey in a cheerfully triumphant mood, but as they drew near its end he knew some qualms. He felt that he had done a job which needed doing, but he was not at all sure that old Mac would agree with this point of view.

When they landed, McCusker was not in sight. It was Auger who asked where he was, and someone said old Mac was in the log shanty which served him as office, up the hill. Auger trudged away in that direction; and Dan stayed to unload the canoe, talking with the men at work about the landing.

When by and by McCusker sent for him, he left them laughing at the tale he told, while he went toward the office, his defiant head held high.

He found old Mac and Auger together in the office. Mac sat in his chair like a rock, immovable and firm; and Auger stood at the end of the desk beside him. When Dan came in, McCusker nodded to the young man, and he asked in grave solicitude:

"How's your arm, son?"

Dan looked at Auger, and Clint said defensively: "I told him the gun went off when we were getting into the canoe."

Dan grinned approval. "Why, it's nothing to hurt," he told McCusker. "Bullet just went through the skin and out again."

"You didn't get any deer," old Mac commented.

"We kind of lost our bearings," Dan confessed. "The brook was full of ice, so we couldn't make it in the canoe."

"Clint here is pretty well bunged up."

"That couldn't be helped," Dan cheerfully insisted. "So'm I."

"Oh, he didn't make any complaints," McCusker admitted, and Dan's eyes shone with satisfaction. Auger had, then, learned his lesson well. But old Mac, after a moment's hesitation, now went on: "And he give me this, Dan." He pushed with his heavy forefinger at a slip of paper which lay on the desk in front of him. "It's a receipt in full for what I owe him," he explained.

Dan uttered an ejaculation of vast surprise and approval. "Why, good man!" he applauded. "That's fine!"

But McCusker was studying him gravely, and Auger watched them both. "How come, Dan?" old Mac asked. "What did he do that for?"

"Ask him," Dan urged. He was beginning faintly to perspire.

"He just says he changed his mind," the older man explained. "He says he got me into this, so he 'lowed he ought to get me clear." He shook his head, added soberly: "That's his story, but it don't go down. Why was it, Dan?"

"How do I know?" Dan insisted.

"Why, Dan?" old Mac inflexibly persisted.

And Dan said at last in wretched surrender: "Well, we kind of talked it over." He grinned irrepressibly at the memory. "Him and me, we made a business deal."

McCusker nodded, as though this were explanation enough. "I see," he said; and he sat for a moment with his head bowed, staring at the slip of paper on his desk. Auger watched him, and Dan began to fill his pipe with trembling hands.

Then, before Dan could prevent him, McCusker picked up the receipt, and folded it, and tore it across and across again, and dropped the fragments on the floor.

Dan, at the other's movement, took a sharp step that way, but he was too late. He swung then furiously toward Clint Auger, but he saw the incredulous surprise in Auger's eyes. So twisted back to face McCusker again.

"Blast it, Mac!" he cried reproachfully. "Might know you'd do a thing like that. Why, Mac, this crook got you hooked in on purpose, so's to get hold of your spruce! He told me all about it. He was cheating all the time! What did you go and tear up that receipt for?"

"I'm a grown man, Dan," McCusker said slowly. His tone was kindly, but also it was firm. "You meant fine, son, and I'm obliged to you. But I'm a grown man. I give him my word, and I aim to keep my word to any man. That's just good business, Dan."

"Business! What do you know about business? Why, this will strip you clean!"

But Mac McCusker smiled and shook his head. "I guess not," he protested. "It'll take all I have; but it ain't the having, it's the getting, Dan." And after a moment he added cheerfully: "Nor it won't take all I've got, at that. The spruce, yes. But I've still got a pair of hands and another twenty years."

His eyes met Dan's, and Dan struck out his hand, and McCusker rose to meet it, smiling like one ashamed, and Dan stammered chokingly:

"You fine old son of a gun!"

Then he noticed that Auger had bestirred himself. The man was stooping over the end of the desk, writing something on a sheet of paper there; and Dan stared that way, and McCusker followed his glance, and he asked soberly:

"What you doing, Clint?"

Auger finished writing; he thrust the sheet of paper toward McCusker, and Mac examined it with a stolid incredulity.

"I can write 'em as fast as you can tear 'em up," Auger wrathfully explained.

"Want it so, do you, Clint?" the old man asked, his tone full of understanding.

And Auger made a furious gesture. "Yes," he said. "And I'm going to have it so!"

"Why?" McCusker still insisted.

Auger stared at him; he looked at Dan Bye almost appealingly. "I came up here to show you up," he confessed. "I thought I was quite a business man. But you darned idiots have got too blamed much stuff for me!"

So it was Dan Bye's turn to be forgotten by these two, but Dan did not protest. He stood there for a moment, rubbing the bowl of his pipe against his palm, watching them with a sparkling eye.

Then he turned contentedly toward the door. As he went out, it happened that his glance fell on the old pine on the hillside, its roots so firmly grounded, its crest against the sky.

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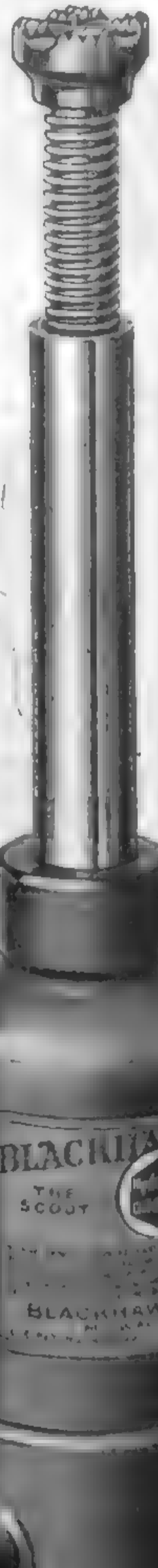

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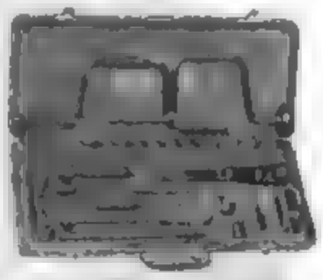

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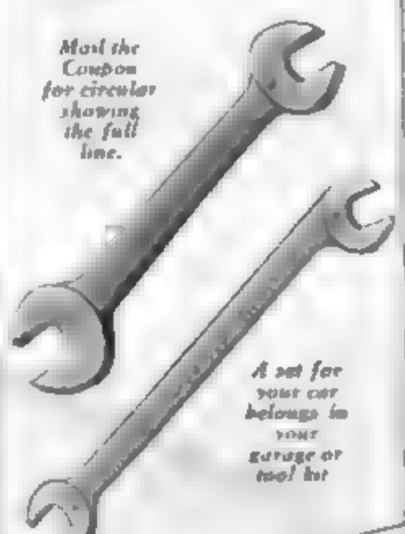

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I GAVE THEM WHAT THEY WANTED

Continued from Page 34

"You're doing fine," he said. He had taken the hotel room adjoining mine and arranged for the door between them to be unlocked. He came into my room attired in his nightshirt, sat down in a straight chair and propped his bare feet on the window sill. His bulging stomach suggested a large pumpkin concealed under the white linen. I wanted to tell him to remove it from his lap and make himself more comfortable.

"I see you've landed on the appropriations committee," he continued. "You'll be going with them tomorrow on their biennial picnic. They'll have a Thanksgiving Day dinner with the blind, the orphans, the convicts, the nuts in the asylums and the other nuts in the university. That's all that most of them will do except pick up some souvenirs and surround highballs and put in a word for Aunt Lucy's no-count nephew, so that he can't be separated from his soft job and sent to the reformatory, where he probably belongs. That's what they usually do, all except about three or four or five, and they draw the appropriations bill and amount to something. I know you well enough to know that you're going to draw most of that bill. I didn't come here to make a speech on that subject. But just drawing the bill isn't enough. There are two other things I want you to do. One of them is to keep your eyes open for able men, especially those fit for better jobs. I don't know how it happens, but there always are such men even in political jobs, and in the long run most of them come out on top. If we take over the state government, you and I—and that's what we intend to do, so there's no use mincing words about it—we're going to give this state the best administration it ever had. That's lots less trouble than a rotten administration. So keep your eyes open for good men. In spite of hell and high water, the administration of public affairs tends to get better, not worse, and I never pull against the current. Now the next thing I want you to do is dig up a lot of dirt that would be good stuff in a legislative investigation. Something is always rotten—you know that. Well, get hold of it, and keep your mouth shut. For the present we're rolling our hoop along with the governor's, but we don't want him to get any mistaken ideas about what a great administrator he is. Be ready to unload on him."

"I had thought of that," I said.

"I judged so," and Mike nodded approvingly. "One more thing," he continued—"and this is important: Wherever you find dirt, be sure to get in touch with all the vinegar-faced freaks who've got it in for the heads of the institutions for crazy reasons of their own. The crazier the better. You'll find them everywhere, but grab their names and addresses only where you find real dirt. As a rule, these crabs wouldn't see anything important, even if the building was burning down, but they'll talk their heads off just the same."

"What good would they be?" I asked, honestly puzzled.

"Well," Callaghan drawled, "an investigation is a funny thing. Sometimes you want to go right through with it and sometimes you get what you want out of it within two days and wish to heaven you could stop it. I found out a long time ago that the way to turn off an investigation is to open the doors to malice, revenge, prejudice, envy, irrelevant chatter—in short, the nuts. Understand?"

I understood. In fact, it struck me as a very clever idea. I never would have thought of it. Mike grew mellow as I expressed my admiration and thanks.

"Remember the old copy-book line 'Knowledge is power'?" he asked. I nodded. "That's all there is to anything—knowledge. It's always been a mystery to me why the silk-stocking crowd insists on thinking that there must be something smelly about my rise in politics. My only sin was to know more than the other fellows. It's the same offense that lifts a plow hand into international banking, manufacturing and merchandising. They understand it well enough in those fields, but when the same kind of a kid turns his mind to public affairs it's different. As a matter of fact, I'm a better lawyer without a license than nine-tenths of the ones we've got around our town. And another thing that puzzles me is that our gang knows it and the lawyers don't. Educated people have to have brains labeled; if they ain't labeled they can't find 'em, but a mule skinner can. Common people have got the most sense. The only reason I'm where I am is because I know how. A political machine isn't held together by loot. It has to have its ideals and loyalties no less than the silk-stocking crowd. You know why our crowd sticks together? Why, it's because our fellows think they're better patriots. And what's more, I'm a long ways from thinking they ain't, if that interests anybody. . . . Well, good night. I've got to get up early. Don't bother me with a letter unless it's important. Good night."

Mike planted his funny, fat little feet, braced his short legs, then rolled off the chair rather than rose from it, balanced himself, and toddled into his bedroom, looking very much like something that belonged in a toy store. A moment later I heard a crash as though every timber in his bed had splintered; this was followed by the squeak and rattle of horrified springs. Mike had retired for the night.

The appropriation committee's junket turned out so remarkably like Callaghan's forecast that I shall omit most of the details. There was so much play going on that we frequently lost three or four members for days at a time. Once we had to send a sergeant to bring back a subcommittee of five; they were supposed to be interviewing the state game warden; the sergeant found them in a boat having a fine time catching fish by the bushel in prohibited waters. Three of us worked every day and filled notebooks with information. I had brought along the appropriation bills of the past five sessions, and these helped me a great deal in pursuing my inquiries. I very soon found out that one could not characterize a whole administration as either good or bad; one institution would be ably managed while another was a riot. The responsibility in each case rested with one man. The various systems of supervision seemed to make little difference. Day after day I was increasingly impressed with the importance of Mike's advice about finding able men. Every legislative session for the past ten years had produced a bale of bills providing new systems for management of state institutions. There were half a dozen systems then in force, but each institution reflected the ability of the executive immediately in charge.

The worst one I found was the asylum for the blind. An important function of such an institution is education, but the man at the head of it was not even aware of the existence of the newer improvements in educational systems for the blind. His commissary department was also badly managed; consequently the quality of the food served was out of all proportion to what it cost. I knew within two hours that this place would furnish all the dynamite necessary to rock the state. The committee spent only one day there, but I remained when they left. I was determined to find something dramatic and easily explained in the newspapers because, after all, you can't go before the public with a long-winded dissertation on how to teach the blind to do fractions, neither is it easy to hold public attention with a comparison between the menus of various state institutions. Discipline, I could see, was very strict here, so I went among the inmates—more than half of whom were children—looking for a usable sob story about whippings. None developed, but I finally stumbled upon something much better. These blind boys and girls had folded one hundred thousand campaign circulars for the governor and tucked them into envelopes. For this they had been paid just about one-fifth the usual piece-scale wage; and that wage, incidentally, was so low that I never could understand why anyone accepted the job. The wards of the state had been delighted with their opportunity to garner a few pennies, but that made no difference. I had what I wanted.

Merely to contemplate the terrific effect of such a bombshell, once it exploded, gave me a nervous chill. There had been several investigations of the penitentiaries and insane asylums, but this would be something entirely different. Children—and blind children—not criminals badly fed, poorly taught and finally sweated by the chief executive of the state. Heaven help him if ever I pulled the trigger! From the moment I unearthed those circulars I knew that I could walk into the governor's office without removing my hat. I spent one more day at this institution interviewing the nuts as Callaghan had directed. There were plenty of them in every institution we visited. Then I was through.

When the committee had finally completed its work we returned to the capital and I immediately drafted an appropriation bill. I offered it apologetically, just as a working outline. Nevertheless, there was a great advantage in furnishing the first draft, because, no matter how many changes might subsequently be made, I would still be putting across far more than I could ever have inserted into another member's draft. Also, it forced every other member of the committee to question me about the items in which he was interested, and that gave me an opportunity to show how much I knew. Some of the members had spent so little time with the committee that they didn't know how much work anyone had done and it was important for me to impress them. Having seized the initial advantage, I did not push myself forward during the committee sessions. On the contrary, I often left the room and returned to the floor of the house.

There, one of the first discoveries I made was that a great many members had to go home frequently in order to give attention to their private affairs. They were always afraid that during these absences their local bills would lose their places on the calendar. Local bills almost always are of more political importance to a member than general legislation. Since I had made arrangements not to absent myself during the session, I volunteered to look after these bills for all who applied. They are never debated, and all that is necessary is to ask for a vote on them in their proper turn. I put them through the mill by the dozens. Everyone had observed by this time that I had no pet legislation and therefore it was not dangerous to ask a favor of me.

During the fourth week of the session one of the members died. He was a strange specimen from a barren, sandy waste where the farmers had been planting the wrong crops for decades and cursing the Government while watching them wither. With such a constituency, one could understand why his platform was the single tax and nothing else. Incidentally, Henry George would have gone mad if ever he could have heard this fellow expound his theory. About the only time his fellow members were aware of his existence was when he hurled his inkwell at the wall. He could be depended upon to do this at least once every session. The cause of these outbursts was that he could write only with a stub pen, and the state, for some unknown reason, didn't furnish that kind except on special request. He would start to write, his pen would splatter ink, and then: crash! Another inkwell had bit the calcimine from the wall. Also, his neighbors often fared badly.

When his death was reported I delivered a brief eulogy; it was my maiden speech. Then I took over all his local bills and had them passed under a special order. It was the first time during his legislative career that his constituents had been so promptly served. They sent me a resolution of thanks. I decided, while basking in the glory of these Christian deeds, to see whether I was really getting anywhere or merely serving as an obliging menial. There was a provision in the pending appropriation bill for a new training school for teachers, but another bill would have to be passed to determine where it should be built. The political answer to that question, of course, is that it should be built in every county in the state. However, any fair person could look at the map, note the locations of the existing schools and see where the next one ought to be; at least he'd know what part of the state it should serve. Unfortunately, however, the logical location in that territory was warmly sponsored by the most truculent prohibitionist in the house. I went into executive session with him one afternoon to see if we could compromise this matter.

"Barnes," I said, "I think I can put that school in the county adjoining yours. That's in your district and that's where the school ought to be. Those people don't expect to get it and if they thought they had half a chance I believe they'd donate the site. Wouldn't they?" He thought they would. Land was cheap then. "You write to two or three of them," I suggested, "and tell them to pick out a good site and come up here and see me and offer it to the state as a gift. Give them just a week. If they want it they'll step lively. You can tell them confidentially, when they get here, that you have framed this thing up with me, but that it's your idea and the only way to get the school for your district."

Barnes wrote the letters, and eight days later I met a committee of three citizens carrying a deed to ninety-four acres of land. I told them that in school matters politics did not count with me; that I was going to fight for their district because that was where the school belonged. I wrote my bill, introduced it, and then went on a still hunt for votes. The easiest part of this hunt was corralling the violent wets. I got all of them in one lump.

"We'll make a monkey of Barnes," I told them. "He's got a bill giving the school to his county. Well, one of the most prominent wets in this legislature introduces a bill placing the school in the adjoining county and passes it. We won't even let Barnes make a speech for his bill. We won't let anybody make a speech. We'll just jam it through under the rule."

The rest of the votes I got either as personal favors or on a request to give me just one vote for my bill, and if it didn't pass I'd drop the matter permanently and give them a vote some day. Darling granted my request to put the bill at the head of the calendar whenever I should be ready. One week after the committee had delivered the deed to the site I called up my bill. There were only eighteen dissenting votes; all of them by members I had not approached because they were too close to other sites. Only eight members who had given me their promise failed me. A deadlock that everyone had expected to cause turmoil during the entire session was broken without debate. Even the author of the bill hadn't spoken. I called on the governor late that afternoon and placed the title deeds on his desk.

"Would you mind undertaking a little bill for me?" he asked. Would I! I wanted to jump up and down and yell. By jingoes, I had crossed a goal line.

"Why, governor," I said, "I would consider it an honor."

(Continued on Page 156)

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(Continued from Page 153)

He produced the bill. It simply transferred a few thousands of dollars from his fund for office expenses to the fund for traveling expenses; a matter of no importance to the legislature, but of considerable importance to a man who wishes to go on a trip and finds the official purse empty. I introduced the bill on the following morning, explained that the governor had asked me to do so, and it passed by viva-voce vote. Later in the day he sent me a note, thanking me, and inclosing another bill. It granted the secretary of state permission to spend five hundred dollars of his office fees for stamps. I had it passed at once under a special order. There followed a long string of these necessary little odd lots of legislation. Few men would make a spectacle of themselves by opposing such bills, but that isn't necessary; you can hinder them by refusing unanimous consent and otherwise harass an executive you don't like or make a fool of the member who undertakes to act as his legislative messenger boy. I was standing this test amazingly well. My own crowd felt that they had to be with me, right or wrong; the extreme drys appreciated what I had done for Barnes; and a great many individual members were glad to pay their personal debts so easily. By letting all important legislation of a controversial nature strictly alone, I kept out of every contest that made enemies; indeed, I accomplished even more than that; I completely concealed my strength; no one thought of me as a strong member, because the stalwarts all carried banners and shouted lustily.

When the appropriation bill was finally ready for presentation the session was nearing its close. I examined the final draft with much satisfaction, for, though the total had been cut down below that of the preceding session in order to help the governor win his reëlection, eighty-seven of the one hundred and forty-two salary changes I had made remained. Every one of these changes was an increase of exactly one hundred dollars a year. Not much of an increase, but I fixed upon this sum because it is easily overlooked in a five-pound document made up largely of figures. Nearly all of the battles over the appropriation bill had been fought out in the committee room and we passed it after only two days of debate. I at once wrote letters to all of the men whose salaries I had raised, telling them that it had given me much pleasure to bring about this recognition of their faithful service. Eighty-seven men do not constitute an army, but they can be made to serve as a nucleus. Beyond question I had laid the foundations for a state machine. I was eager now for the close of the session so that I could go home and report to Mike that we were definitely on our way toward our objective.

On the fifth day before the date fixed for adjournment the governor summoned me by executive messenger to come to him at once. I would find him, the messenger said, waiting for me in the library. I supposed, of course, that this meant the library adjoining his office in the capitol, but it turned out to be the library of the executive mansion, and that puzzled me. I wondered, every step, whether I ought to go, and how I would evade if he offered some entangling alliance. I wanted nothing to happen at this late date to mar my record.

"I want to show you something," he said as soon as I had been ushered into the room. I could see that he was excited. "This is the worst collection of junk ever nailed together." His gesture indicated the mansion. "Come upstairs." He was already leading the way, so I followed. At every step the stairs creaked. We walked along a corridor until he stopped and opened a door

"There!" he exclaimed tragically. About three-fourths of the ceiling plaster had fallen and the luxuriously furnished room was a ruin covered with gray dust. "Every time we take a deep breath," he said, "a plumbing pipe bursts or a chimney falls down. Every governor we've had—at least every one I've known—has tried to corkscrew enough money out of the legislature to keep this shack from tumbling in on his family, and every one of them has finally had to face his wife and tell her that he has absolutely no political influence. It's humiliating."

He raved on for ten minutes; then his wife joined him and they made it a duet for another ten minutes.

"I'll see what I can do," I told him.

Then I hurried back to the capitol and went on another still hunt for votes. This was a difficult test, indeed, because the appropriation bill had already been passed, but I mustered a majority. Nearly every vote was promised on personal grounds; so I drafted a bill placing twenty thousand dollars at the disposal of the governor to be used as he saw fit. It was a larger sum than he needed for the repairs, but his wife was angry with him and I wanted to give him enough to let her make some alterations and recover from her grouch.

He thanked me effusively and then said: "I want to do something for you. Do you want a pardon?"

We had no pardon board at that time; all applications went directly to the governor. The standard method was to employ a lawyer to present the petition. If you got the right lawyer you would probably get a pardon, unless the case was too outrageous to be politically safe.

Paying political debts with pardons had been the custom for many years. They were virtually cash and often reimbursed a campaign speaker who had grandly declined to accept reimbursement for expenses.

I told the governor that I had no pardon applications on hand. He smiled, and I judged that he meant for me to go and get one. The very next morning, however, an elderly woman dressed in black and wearing a heavy veil called on me and begged me to intercede with the governor on behalf of her son. This was too much for coincidence. I knew that he had sent her. After talking for half an hour she offered me a certified check for one thousand dollars and continued to offer it at intervals of five minutes during the remainder of the interview—about two hours. I needed the money so urgently that the very sight of the check made my mouth water, but her son's case was of a type against which everything in me revolts. The boy had not been sane since puberty. During his lucid periods, which sometimes lasted many months, he had exhibited a brilliant mind, but he was dangerous. No one could possibly know when he would give way to fits of cruelty, including atrocious murder. He had been convicted of murder. His mother promised to place him in a private sanitarium for life. Under the law his insanity should have been recognized at the time of his trial; at least he was legally entitled to an asylum instead of the penitentiary. As a lawyer I could have taken the case with good conscience, but as a man my sympathy is not moved by such cases. I do not feel inclined to parole homicidal maniacs into the care of their mothers.

I refused the case and decided to go home to the usual small fees, but the governor evidently hadn't intended to stop with one pardon in the first place. Two more applicants mysteriously found their way to me. I took their cases and their fees—five hundred dollars each. In the course of reporting to Mike on my return I told him about this.

"Yes," he said, "it's a good graft if you don't press it too hard and make trouble. You're in the strategic position now to get a lot of that business. I should have told you about it sooner. You can make it worth about fifteen thousand dollars a year and not take up thirty days in the year doing it, either. That's more than you can make practicing law. But I'll tell you what you ought to do—what I'd do after a while. I'd go through that whole penitentiary system with a fine-tooth comb and locate some of the poor devils that ought to have had pardons years ago and can't get hold of a postage stamp to write a letter. Some of them can't even write. We'll look into that when we take charge of the state government."

"Do you think we'll support the governor?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mike said. "What difference does it make? No matter whether we elect him or bury him, we take charge, don't we? And, sonny, when we do, I'm going to build good roads up and down and across this state until a bird's-eye view of it will look like fourteen football fields all piled on top of one another."

"What makes you so crazy about streets and roads, Mike?" I asked.

He answered first with a blast of sizzling oaths, and then: "I was twelve years old before I ever saw a circus! Mud! Mud! Mud! Mud! Gummy, sticky, blankety-blank-blankety"—he was off again—"mud! Nothing anywhere but mud. Twelve years of mud! Only eight miles to town to see the circus, and I cried my eyes out every spring because I couldn't make it! And the country kids are still crying their eyes out. That's why! We're going to grab this state and build roads. It's fun to build roads. I think they're pretty."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Prisoner. "Good Lord! Movies, Lectures, Concerts, Ball Games! Believe Me, When I Get Out of Here I'm Going to Get Married and Settle Down!"

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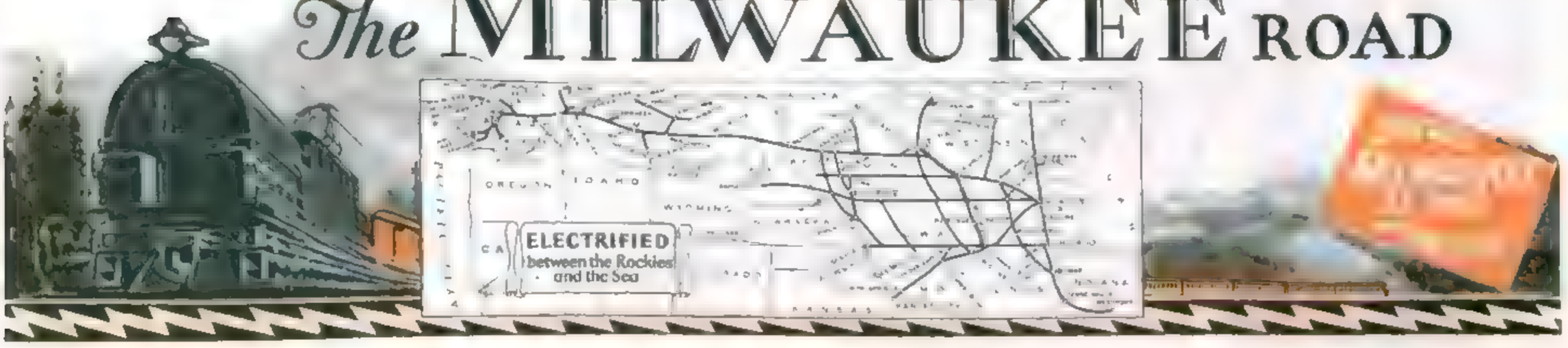

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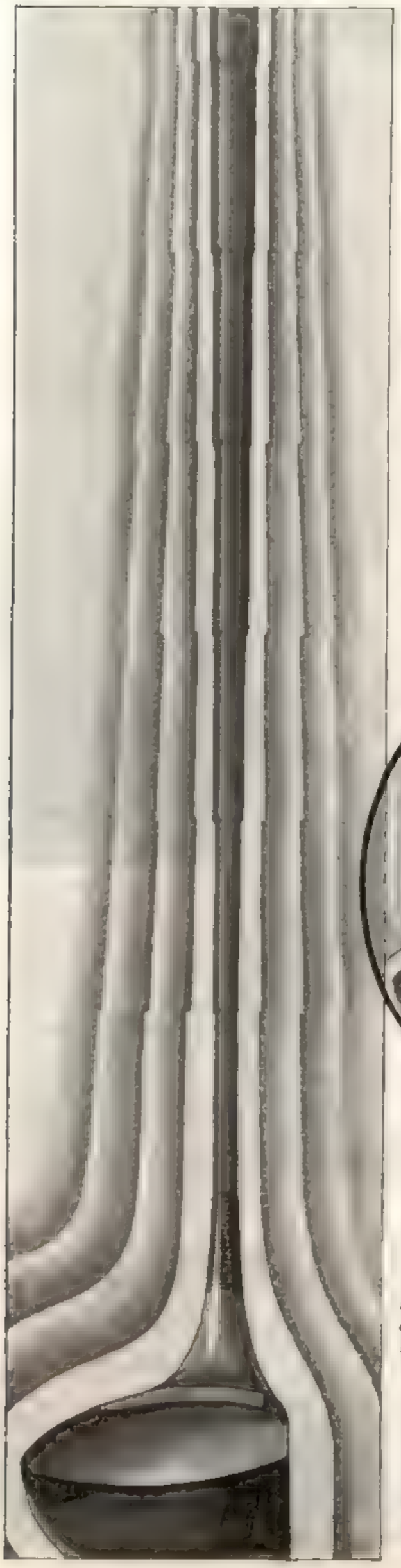

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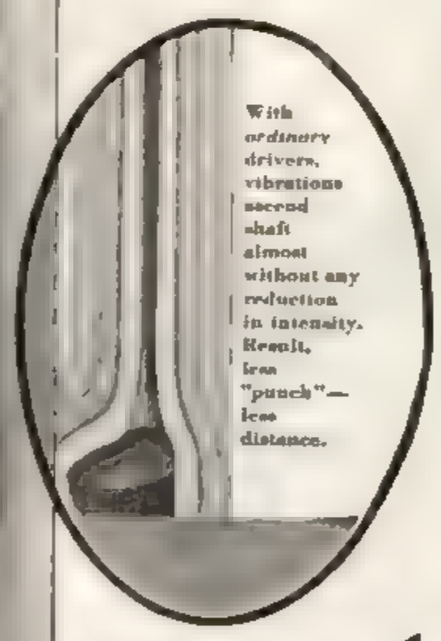
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THE GREAT SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 25)

without being renewed was seldom sought after by other schools. Flick was forty-seven and he had five children.

Granny went downstairs and across the campus to the dean's office. Inside, it was cool and dim. Over in the corner by the dean's door a typewriter sputtered to a stop.

"Hi, Jane," he said. "See you a minute?"

Jane took care of the dean. She took his dictation, filed his carbons, went to the bank for him and kept his account straight, scolded him when he forgot his luncheon and warded off students in search of special dispensations. For this she was paid by the university seventeen dollars a week. Granny thought it was a shame, but he never talked to her about it. She was shy and quiet, and looked at him in a way which vaguely puzzled him when he bothered to think about it at all.

Her conversation, Granny found, was apt to be jerky, and she had a habit of flushing a bright tomato at nothing at all. He doubted if she had many dates. Once or twice he started to broach the subject of a movie, but her evident consternation had frightened him off. Granny thought it was too bad she was that way. She was pretty too. Soft and fragile-looking, with a lot of shiny hair. Every now and then, when he looked at her, he saw a funny kind of soft expression in her eyes, and they would stand and look at each other for what seemed to be hours. Granny had seen that same soft expression in other girls' eyes and sometimes when he had seen it he had kissed them. He had also learned that those he didn't kiss weren't so nice to him afterward as those he did kiss. The logical thing, then, would be to kiss Jane, but there was something else about Jane that kept him from doing that. It was a sort of hostility that she put in her voice when she talked to him. It might have been just Jane's way, but anyway, it kept him from kissing her.

"Hello, Granny," she said.

"Listen, Jane. Has doc sent in a report about me? Flick is beefing about it all over the place. I thought I'd get you to look it up for me."

That flush must be high blood pressure, he decided.

"I don't have to look it up."

"What do you mean—you don't have to look it up?"

"I know what it is without looking it up."

"Well, let's have it." It must be bad if Jane had remembered it out of all the mess of details she had bothering her.

"You're on probation. If, at the end of a week, your work is satisfactory the probation is lifted."

"What if it's not?"

"If it's not, you are ineligible."

Granny didn't say anything. He thought of the gang skylarking on the special Pullman all the way to Boston. He thought of the big juicy steaks paid for by the athletic association. He thought of all the hours of hard work he had put in milling around the track. He thought of Flick and the harried look in his eyes as he had talked to him that morning. Then he remembered that he wasn't supposed to think about all those things. If he began thinking about them he would begin caring too much. He had to be indifferent and not care. All right, he'd be indifferent. He laughed indifferently.

Jane said, "It means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

"No," he said, "not so much."

Jane looked mad. "You might fool yourself," she said, "but you can't fool me. You don't care about anything in the world but track."

"Sure I do," Granny said.

"Well, what then?"

That had him stumped. "I don't know," he said. "Psych 5, I guess."

Jane didn't seem to appreciate the humor of that. Her eyes took on that hostile look he had seen at other times, and she turned around with a little switch that showed him she really was mad. The funny part of it was that she was prettier than ever when she was like that.

He stood there a couple of minutes while she attended to other business. Apparently she was through with him.

"Well," he said, "so long, Jane."

She turned around and faced him again. The flush had died down to a steady glow in her cheeks, but her eyes were bright. He had never paid much attention to her eyes before, but now he noticed they filled practically her whole face.

"Don't worry," she said. "Maybe it's not so bad as it looks."

"I'm not worrying," he said—"not me. It's Flick that's worrying."

"H'm," said Jane.

He turned away and wandered slowly back to the training house, kicking at clumps of grass along the path. He thought he might like her if she'd let him—if she wasn't so peculiar.

Before he knew it it was time to work out.

The track room reeked of rubdown fluid and dried perspiration, but to Granny the litter of discarded towels and assorted vials with their pungent contents, the surgical cabinet with its jars of ointment, spools of adhesive, iodine and gleaming instruments were the trappings of some pagan temple of bodily fitness, and Pop Morse its dusky high priest.

Pop was massaging the small of Matt Murphy's back. Matt lay on his face and gripped the table with white knuckles when Pop's searching fingers untangled a knotted ligament. As Granny opened his locker and removed his shirt their conversation came to him in a muffled monotone through the motes of dust swimming in the sunshine from an open window.

"You'll be all right when I get through with you," Pop was saying, "but you'll be back tomorrow with a shin splint or a boil or sompin. If I told you you had the smallpox you'd break out in a rash."

"You tell him about it, Pop, the big bum," said Granny.

"You ain't got no room to talk, Granny Slater," said Pop. "You can think up more diseases and trouble in an hour than I can rub away in a week."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yes, that's so."

"You're a real funny man, aren't you, Pop?"

"The funniest one around here now," said Pop.

Granny picked up his spiked shoes, stepped out on the track and crossed it to the grass beyond. The grass felt good to his feet, and he delayed putting on his shoes until Mike and his troupe of helpers were tugging at the big iron gates whose opening converted the southern stretch into a two-hundred-and-twenty-yard straightaway.

With the putting on of his shoes he became simply an automaton, functioning at the bidding of set formulas ingrained upon his subconscious mind by days and months of practice.

In compliance with one such rule he now sat upon the ground with one leg stretched before him and the other folded beneath him in an approximation of the position assumed in clearing a hurdle. He bent his torso in circles and backward and forward. Then he stood up and touched his toes with his finger tips five times. It was believed in track circles that muscles were flexed and loosened by such back-breaking exercises.

He walked down the chute to the starting mark. He scooped out two holes for his toes, piling the soft gravel from the holes into a pad for his right knee. Flick came over from the shot-put ring, stop watch in hand, and sent Vance Davis, with a gun

(Continued on Page 160)

"Which paper?"

Whenever this question comes up, you can settle it quickly and correctly

"That looks good" . . .
"But feel *this* one" . . .
"Here's a pretty color!" . . .

All very interesting—but just what is the *standard* by which you can weigh the virtues of one paper against those of another? Just how can you *know in advance* which offers the greatest money's worth—considering the use to which the paper will be put?

Right here we might simply say: "Use Hammermill Bond," reminding you of its uniformity, low price, fine writing surface, ruggedness, variety of time-tested colors, and the other virtues that make Hammermill Bond *the* standard paper for office forms and letterheads.

But judge impartially, for yourself. For after all, any man with the responsibility of spending thousands of dollars yearly for business stationery can be depended upon to make proper decisions. As an aid, however, the Hammermill Paper Company offers a special service. It is sent you in the form of handy Working Kits, to help you select the proper paper for letterheads and business forms. Included also is an unusual booklet on the proper testing of paper.

Free to Business Men

Business men—and women—responsible for buying printed forms or letterheads are invited to send for either or both of the Hammermill Bond Working Kits.

One specializes on specimen letterheads, with information and diagrams to help in designing letterheads and envelopes to match. The other contains specimen business forms, suggestions on designing them for efficiency, and explains the installation of the color signal system.

Both kits contain full information on sizes, colors, weights, and finishes of Hammermill Bond.

Please indicate your preference by a check-mark and attach the coupon to your business letterhead. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Look for the watermark

It is our word of honor to the public

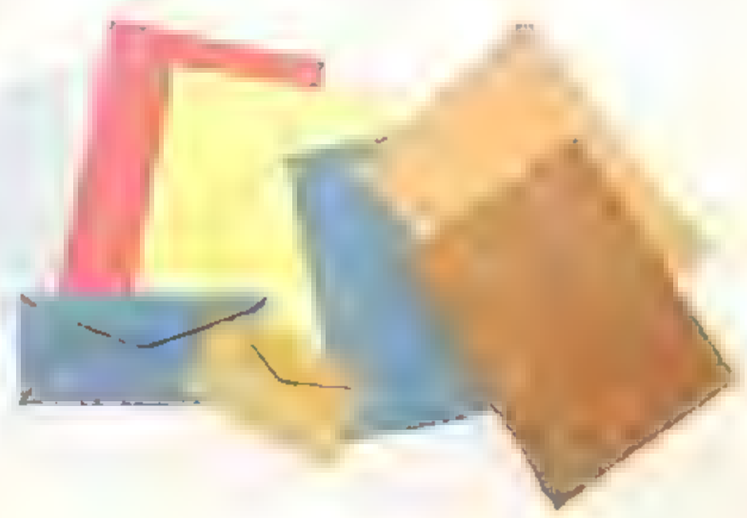
Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa.

Gentlemen: Please send me the new Working Kit as indicated, also "The Goat Test" booklet.

☐ Kit of Letterheads
☐ Kit of Business Forms

Name _____

Position _____



Is your filter really *protecting your motor?*

Is your filter doing a thorough job of removing free carbon, metal particles, road dust, water and sludge? If not, it's no protection for your motor. And in time you'll have scored cylinder walls, burned out bearings and an overheated motor—with consequent loss of power and increased consumption of oil.

WHY YOU NEED AN EFFICIENT FILTER—Automobile manufacturers put filters on cars to provide longer engine life and smoother, better performance during the entire life of the engine—and to make the oil last longer. But if the filter gets clogged up after a few thousand miles, it's no help at all. For pressure builds up until a by-pass (or direct outlet) opens. The oil continues to flow through the system—but the filter, as a filter, has ceased to function. And from that time on you're taking a chance with the life of your motor.

MOST FILTERS NEGLECTED—An investigation revealed that many of the car owners interviewed never had their filters touched. Yet the ordinary filter needs a new cartridge every few thousand miles. This means that the majority of motor car owners have no assurance that oil is kept clean for even a short time after the oil is changed. Surely a serious situation.

And yet frequent renewals of the cartridge, costing $3 to $6, depending upon the type, are constant and costly items.

CUNO . . . *the answer to your filtration problem*

The Auto-Klean CUNO FILTER never needs replacement parts or renewals. The *first* cost is the *only* cost.

"Edge filtration"—the simplest and most effective method of filtration yet devised—is the principle on which the CUNO works.

Even the most minute particles are caught on the disc edges—for the CUNO has a filtering efficiency equal to that of an extremely fine (200-mesh) woven screen.

A turn of the handle scrapes the filter discs clean. The loosened dirt settles to the bottom of the large sump. Thus keeps the CUNO 100% efficient.

As a matter of convenience, we recommend having the garage or service station attendant turn the handle every time oil is added and drain the filter whenever the crank case oil is changed. No other care. No further expense.

THE INITIAL PAYMENT IS THE LAST PAYMENT—To replace another type filter, utilizing same brackets, ask for CUNO Replacement Model—$7.00 complete.

For any car having pressure oil system, but not equipped with filter, $8.00 complete, including necessary brackets.

Special Models, complete with fittings and copper tubing, for Hudson and Essex, $8.00. For Model A Ford, $7.00 complete.

If your dealer has not yet stocked the Auto-Klean CUNO FILTER, send order and money direct to us for immediate shipment. Mention make, model and year of car. Prices slightly more in Canada.

FOR TRUCKS, BUSES AND INDUSTRIAL USES—Two standard sizes are made for use on motor cars, buses, trucks, domestic oil burners, Diesel engines, machine tools and similar equipment whose filtration requirements are practically standardized

SPECIAL FILTRATION SERVICE—Auto-Klean CUNO FILTERS for special purposes can be built in all sizes up to 100,000-gallon per hour capacity. CUNO Engineers will be glad to consult with you about your filtration problems. Further particulars on request.

THE CUNO ENGINEERING CORP., Meriden, Conn.

Makers of the famous CUNO Cigar Lighter

AUTO-KLEAN CUNOFILTER

(Continued from Page 158)

and blank cartridges, to give him his signal. He loosened the elastic of his trunks, took a deep breath and nodded to Vance.

"All set, Granny?" he asked.

"As ready as I'll ever be."

"Take your mark," said Vance and raised the pistol.

"Get set."

Granny's back assumed a horizontal position. He pretended that he was the blank cartridge in the starter's gun awaiting the click of the hammer on his head to explode him into action.

He saw Flick's fingers snap the stem of his watch as he passed the finish mark on the wall of the stadium. His spikes slithered over the bricks at the end of the track, striking sparks. He walked slowly back to the locker room. The pounding of his heart subsided gradually. Pulling his damp sleeveless jersey over his head seemed a tremendous task to his tired muscles. With a sigh of complete relaxation he gave himself over to the narcosis of a hot shower.

Granny's wet nakedness gleamed in the electric light with a color acquired by living intimately with the wind and sun. Clouds of steam rose about him and silvered the walls. He worked a bit of soap into a lather and felt the urge of song rising strong within him. His voice, reënforced by the acoustic properties of the windowless room, re-echoed pleasantly in his ears.

Having exposed himself to the soothing flow for three minutes, he turned on the cold water and danced and whooped as he felt its shock; he slapped his arms and belly with flailing hands.

At dinner everybody knew he had run his trial in forty-nine-four. Formerly it would have taken great effort on his part to keep from asking Flick about it. His new system made it unnecessary for him to pretend to be indifferent to such things. As far as he could see, his system had become the real, genuine article. He was sure of it, two weeks later, when the eligibility list came out with his name on it.

He merely shrugged his shoulders and said, "Well, that's that."

III

THE taxi drew up before the Copley Plaza and discharged a capacity load. Two assistant managers untied the lashings of the bamboo vaulting poles tied to the mud guard. A swarm of bell boys sprang from the ground and the pile of luggage melted away. Granny had fixed it with the manager to put him in a room with Vance Davis. It seemed to him that association with Vance would help him in maintaining his careful detachment. Vance was as emotional as a narwhal.

When they got into their room Vance went into the bathroom and began a mighty splashing and spluttering, punctuated by a shrill whistle slightly off key. The bellhop brought up a letter and a telegram. Handing them to Granny, he waited hopefully until the door was slammed in his face.

The writing on the letter Granny recognized as the round, unformed hand of Vance's Salt Lake baby. He tore open the telegram. It was short and to the point. It said GOOD LUCK, LOVE, JANE. He lay back on the bed and sank into a state of complete bewilderment. Women were enough to run a man crazy. The last time he had seen Jane, in the dean's office that day, she had acted as if she hated the sight of him, and here she was sending him a telegram. Now that he was up against a real test and needed his friends to rally around, she had thrown off her inhibitions. That was plain.

Once he admitted that, he was filled with a sense of responsibility. He was not only going to run for Flick, he was going to run for a girl. He'd take that telegram out to the Harvard Stadium tomorrow and read it just before his race. The importance of his great system—the system of indifference that was to win for him—was forgotten. A gigantic bubble seemed to have burst inside him, forming a vacuum into which his stomach threatened to fall.

Vance came in with his face covered with lather, and Granny gave him his letter. Vance sat down to write to the baby in Salt Lake. Granny lay on top of the sheets and thought of the coming race. Through the gently blowing curtains of the window came the whine of a portable phonograph. It played Lazy and then All Alone by the Telephone, and after an interval, presumably for winding, California Here I Come. Across the room Vance's pen scratched steadily.

Granny thumped his pillow and thought of the glass case at the high school in which were kept three soiled and sweat-streaked jerseys. Each bore on its front a small red-white-and-blue shield, and had been worn by old boys in past Olympic Games. He thought of the telegram from Jane.

He yelled to Vance, "Hey, lay off that letter and let's get some sleep!"

Vance sealed his envelope and turned out the lights. When he was sure Vance was asleep he slipped out of bed and knelt with his head pillowed in his arms

"Dear God," he prayed, "please let me win tomorrow, but if you can't do that give me a decent break anyhow. 'Amen.'

After an endless morning and a light luncheon they were bundled into taxicabs by a fluttering flock of motherly assistant managers and started out along Boylston Street toward Soldiers' Field. Quite a sizable portion of Boston was bound the same way. Granny was silent and a little pale. Vance had a talking jag on, induced by excitement. Granny told him to shut up. After that they rode in silence.

The driver poked his head in at the open window over the meter.

"You guys will hafta walk from here. I can't get this bus any closer."

Granny paid with the unpleasant conviction that he would never be able to collect from the A. A. Then they presented their contestants' tickets and were assigned to a large dressing room in the basement of the field house.

Hastily made pine tables stood here and there. On some of them men were being smeared with oil and liniment by hands that slapped and kneaded. Others held rows of runners swinging their legs and waiting for their events to be announced.

Granny spotted Pop Morse and a handful of team mates in a far corner and picked his way through the throng toward them.

A perspiring bottle-nosed individual with a silk handkerchief tucked inside his collar and a face boiled a beautiful lobster color came to the door and boomed:

"First call for the pole vault! Entries in the hundred yards report to the clerk at the south end of the track!"

A sprinkling of thick-shouldered weight men and wiry little sprinters moved toward the door, almost bowling Granny over. He understood their tumbling haste. In less than an hour he, too, would be walking out of the door to the starting mark on legs like pipestems filled with batter. Hastily he put the thought out of his mind and began to undress.

Pop was in a villainous mood and growled and grumbled to himself in scarcely audible tones. Granny paid no attention to him. He was always like that before a meet. He had been a runner in the days of professional running, when runners had managers and competed for prize money. Granny thought of an old fire horse whinnying and pawing the floor at the sound of a gong.

He finished dressing, and borrowing a file from Pop, carefully filed each spike on his shoes, although they were already sharp. He got up and looked out of the window, but could see nothing but a lot of parked cars and some chauffeurs. From the direction of the stadium came the murmur of the crowd and the muffled sound of the starter's gun. He brushed his hair and parted it; then brushed it over his eyes and parted it carefully again. Then he pulled out Jane's telegram and read it over.

The hundred-yard men staggered in, vocal with post-mortems. A few of them wasted no time in chatter, but wrapped

Continued on Page 162

Who Stole This Dentist's Hour?

There are men and women who consider it their privilege to break an appointment with the dentist for little or no reason. Many are habitually late.

Now, your dentist's day must be carefully planned, especially if his time is divided between laboratory and chair. His work is confining and arduous. He earns his money.

Increasing costs of overhead and assistance, improved standards of cleanliness and equipment all combine to make it difficult for the dentist to earn a fair profit, a living commensurate with his education and value to society.

When you have an appointment with your dentist be on time. If, for real cause, you cannot be there, try to notify him the day before.

Give your dentist opportunity to render you the valuable service for which he has trained and studied. Go to him for regular examination as frequently as he suggests.

Encourage your family, your employes to this custom, too. Oral health safeguards body health; helps to prevent dread ailments such as rheumatism, neuritis, and stomach, heart and kidney troubles. Surely and sensibly, always "Do As Your Dentist Tells You."

LAVORIS CHEMICAL COMPANY
Minneapolis, Minn. • Toronto, Ont.

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This is Advertisement No. 3 of the Lavoris Reciprocation Program tendered the American Dentist in appreciation of more than 25 years' acceptance and good will

Make a Lavoris mouth wash part of your daily toilet. Use at every brushing, and enjoy the pleasant, safe, refreshing feeling of a clean mouth. Lavoris "sweeps" away food particles, and dentifrice and tissue debris—you can see it!

Ask for Lavoris by name. Refuse imitations. At drug counters everywhere in large and small bottles.

You can pay as little as this $1.65, $1.85, $1.95 for Exquisite McCallum Stockings

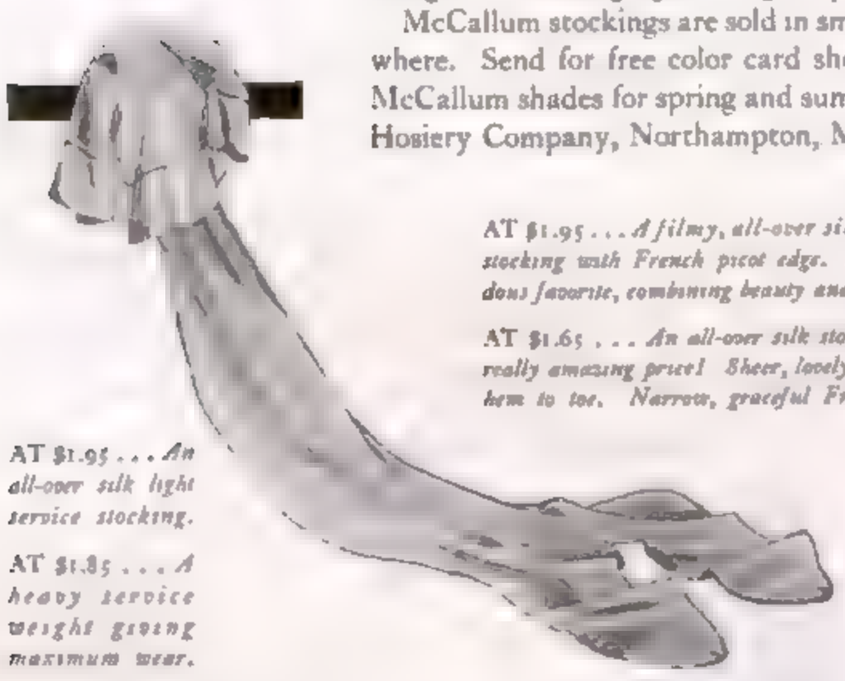
New McCallums set a low price record for silk stockings of superior quality

McCALLUM stockings for as little as $1.65 a pair! Thrift McCallums—a new group of lovely stockings, sold everywhere at prices so low that every woman can afford to wear these exquisite stockings every day.

Think of the extra value you get in McCallums at these prices! And think of the joy of wearing McCallums every day, at home, for sports, for all smart social occasions. No need ever again to wear ordinary stockings, when for the same money you can have the flattering, luxurious loveliness of McCallums!

The Thrift McCallums are priced unbelievably low: $1.65, $1.85, and $1.95. Every stocking has all the true McCallum line and sheen and fit. And in every Thrift McCallum you have the range of fashion-right McCallum shades, and the famous sheen that comes from parallel strands of strong silk fibres, parallel knitted. Every pair has all the appearance, the style, the quality, that you instantly recognize as belonging in a higher price class.

McCallum stockings are sold in smart shops everywhere. Send for free color card showing the smart McCallum shades for spring and summer. McCallum Hosiery Company, Northampton, Mass.



AT $1.95 . . . *A filmy, all-over silk chiffon stocking with French picot edge. A tremendous favorite, combining beauty and economy.*

AT $1.65 . . . *An all-over silk stocking at a really amazing price! Sheer, lovely silk from hem to toe. Narrow, graceful French heel.*

AT $1.95 . . . *An all-over silk light service stocking.*

AT $1.85 . . . *A heavy service weight giving maximum wear.*

McCALLUM HOSIERY

"You Just Know She Wears Them"

(Continued from Page 160)

themselves in blankets and lay down on benches. They were the survivors and would run again in thirty-five minutes. The hurdlers drifted out and drifted back again. Time had been readjusted into seconds as long as hours, and minutes seemed like days.

The red-faced person appeared once more, and Granny awoke to the realization that his event had been called. Picking up his shoes, he followed the new crowd out-of-doors and past a wire fence into the stadium. He paid no attention to the blare of the band perched high up on its sides nor to the black mass of the crowd filling the seats all the way to the classic colonnade around the top. He was studying his competitors through narrowed eyes. He recognized some of them and nodded briefly.

The clerk was talking to a group of officials heavy with gaudy badges and authority, and making marks with a pencil on his program. Presently he called out the names for the different heats. The first heat removed their woolly trousers and sweaters, and took their marks. Then they were streaming down the track and Granny's heat dug their holes. The ground was like concrete, and he was glad he had filed his spikes.

This was his last coherent thought. A cannon roared in his ears and he found himself moving without conscious volition over a gray treadmill of cinders. The wall to his right was a blur of white faces and sound. A sixth sense told him that the race was exceptionally fast, but he could no more have slowed down or accelerated his pace than he could have flown.

The whole affair had passed out of his control. He had turned it over to his legs, and in a monotonous rhythm they were reaching out and pulling in seven feet of space with each stride.

At the curve a runner swerved in front of him and for a fraction of a second threw him out of gear. Then they were around the curve and facing an interminable lane fringed with excited figures who waved their arms idiotically and shouted. At the end of the lane, and rapidly growing nearer, stretched a thin thread of white cotton. There was one man ahead of him. Twenty yards to go. A matter of three or four seconds. Somehow, through the muddle of his mind, a thought of Jane penetrated for a split second.

He swung his arms harder. He tried to lift his knees higher. On his left a flash of white, a pounding of feet and something passed him with a "whoosh." Then it was over.

Granny leaned against the wire fence with his head sunk between his heaving shoulders. He felt oddly fatuous and sick with a kind of mental nausea. Unnoticed the sunlight dripped over his head. He stared at the strands of wire six inches in front of his nose. The momentary suspicion came to him that they existed only as creations of his distorted vision. He passed the back of his hand across his eyes.

From an infinite distance a voice intoned: "Results of the fouah-hundred-and-forty-yard run! Won by Numbah 40! Second Numbah 60! Third Numbah 12! Time forty-nine and wan-tenth seconds!"

Granny tore the number from his back and looked at it. It was No. 16. Only the first two men qualified for the finals. He told himself fiercely that he didn't care. But he knew that he lied. He had never cared about anything so terribly in his life. And it was all his own fault. The reason he had lost was because he had been a fool and gone back on his system, and he wouldn't have gone back on his system if it hadn't been for Jane and her old telegram. Suddenly, illogically, he was sore at her. She had queered his life.

Slowly, with uncertain step, he walked toward the locker room and threaded his way through the chinks in a solid mass of minor officials, managers and old grads, blocking the door. Without bothering to take off his track suit, he flung himself face down on a folding canvas cot and listened to his heart beat. It sounded like a big clock ticking away, muffled in thick rolls of cotton batting. He had an idea that it skipped a beat now and then, and perhaps running was a bad thing for it, but he had never taken the trouble to do anything about it. It wasn't worth worrying about now. He was all through and washed up on running.

He tried to figure how he had missed out on second place when he seemed to have had it cinched, but it was hard work and he gave it up. What difference did it make now anyway? The muscles and tendons at the bottom of his spine were so tired they ached, and the ache seemed to run up his backbone and numb his brain. Now that it was too late to do any good, he felt himself slipping back into the lethargy he had so carefully cultivated for the past two weeks.

He wondered what Jane and Flick would think about it. He decided that he didn't honestly care what they thought. Nothing seemed really important except just lying flat on his stomach and resting. After a while the people in the room, the walls, and even their voices seemed to remove themselves to a vast distance. Noises came to him like the music of a phonograph played with a pin, and the clock in his left breast shook off several layers of cotton batting and hammered away until it seemed to shake his whole body.

He made up his mind on one point. Never again would he let himself get all steamed up to a fine frenzy about anything. Even over Jane. It wasn't worth it. Making this decision comforted him. He decided he had got something out of the race anyhow. Even the fact that if he had stuck to his system he would probably have won his heat, seemed incapable of arousing resentment in him now.

He shifted his head from right to left and his eyes focused themselves on a pair of shoes by the head of the cot. There were feet in the shoes and a pair of creaseless trousers hung around them in folds. Granny looked up and met Flick's gaze. Flick's face was set in stern lines, but his eyes were laughing.

"That was a fast one you pulled on me," he said—"climbing the ladder ten yards from the tape. For a minute I thought you were going to climb right out of the race. What came over you?"

He wondered if Flick knew why he had started fighting himself at the end of the race. Maybe Flick knew about Jane. He knew a lot of things nobody ever thought he knew. Granny didn't say anything. He braced himself for a bawling out.

"Well, when you're through daydreaming get a rubdown and get back to the hotel. I want you to stay off your feet as much as you can until tomorrow afternoon. After that you can take up cross-country hiking, for all I care."

It dawned on Granny that Flick didn't know he had failed to qualify for the finals.

He said, "I don't need a rubdown or a rest. I didn't finish in the money. I thought I had second place sewed up, but No. 60 beat me out."

Granny put his head back on his arms. He didn't want to look at Flick. Suddenly he felt a hand grab him by the seat of his running trunks and lift him violently to his feet

Flick shouted in his ear, "You big sap! There wasn't any No. 60 in the race! The announcer called out your number for second place! Now get undressed and get Pop to give you a once-over."

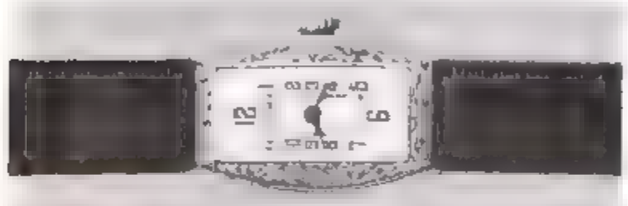
Granny took off his track suit and went over to the rubbing table in a daze. Slowly the explanation came to him. In the excitement No. 16 had sounded like 60 to him.

He supposed he should feel wildly elated about it, but somehow he couldn't work up any enthusiasm. He had let down too definitely to snap right back into a competitive frame of mind. He had slid down the side of a wave of intense excitement into the trough, and he couldn't climb up the crest of a new wave. He lay waterlogged between. (Continued on Page 165)

GRADUATION

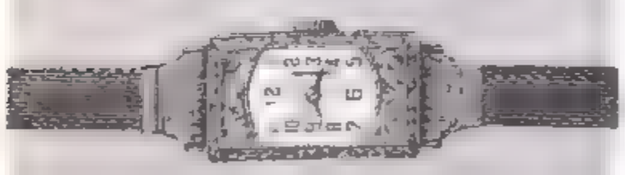
. . . moment of triumph . . day of days

"THE GIFT...*a tiny wrist watch*"



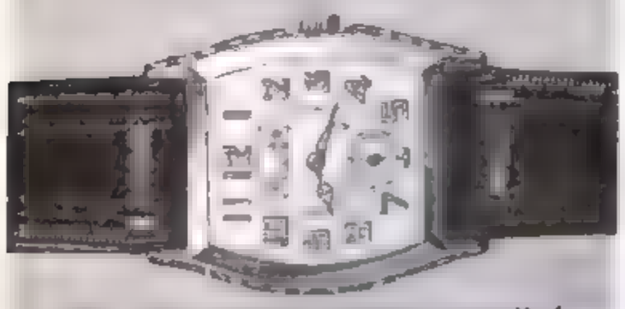
CA—White rolled case, jewelled movement, silvered dial . . $15

CB—Mesh Bracelet, engraved case, 15 jewel movement . . . $26.50

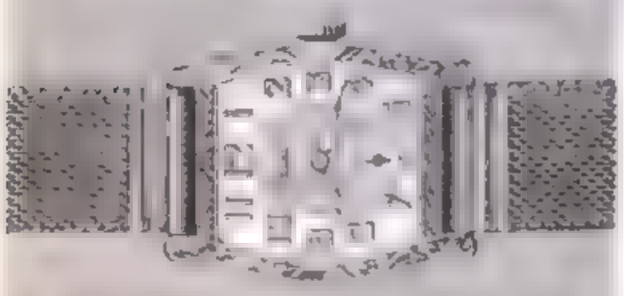


CC—14 K white gold, mesh bracelet, 15 jewel movement $60

CD—18 K white gold, richly engraved, 8 diamonds, 15 jewel movement, silvered dial $125

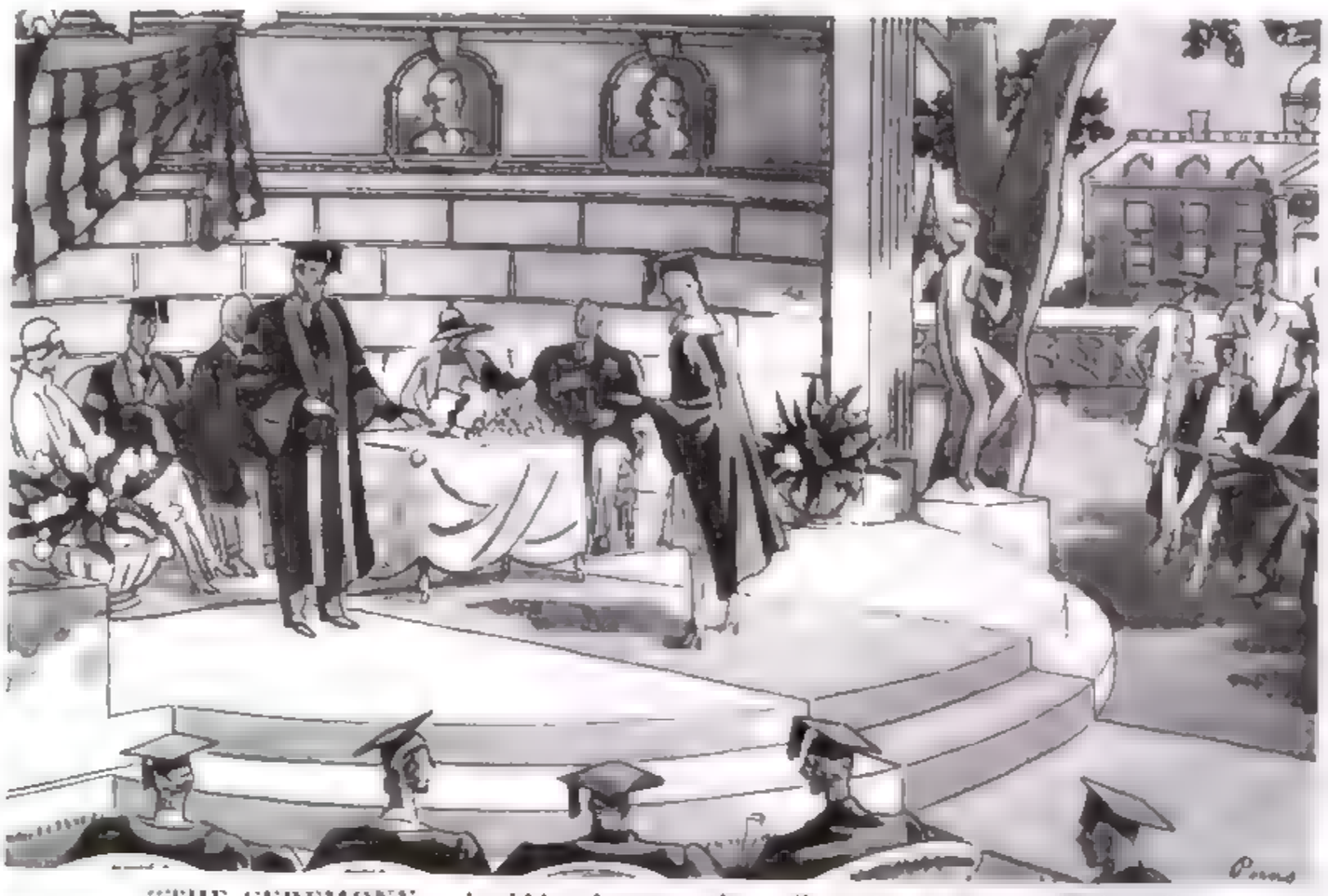


CE—The Wonder Watch, jewelled movement, luminous dial . . $15



CF—Mesh bracelet, engraved case, 15 jewel movement, luminous dial, $30

"THE PROM...*the dance to dawn*"



"THE CEREMONY...*throbbing hearts...the walk to the platform...diploma*"

Youth comes of age, clear-eyed, challenging the world

10:24 A. M.—Come...a last glimpse of Alma Mater...familiar buildings, deep in ivy...haunted with footsteps of class after class...dormitories, classrooms, gym, chapel...

11 SHARP—The ceremony...throbbing hearts...smiling lips and tear-dimmed eyes...the walk to the platform...clasp of a hand...diploma...then, the gift... tenderly chosen...a tiny wrist watch... ticking the minutes...pointing ever ahead...symbolizing life...

9:30 P. M.—The prom...the dance to dawn...gay, joyous hours...girlhood ...boyhood...swaying arm in arm... touched with the sadness of tomorrow's parting...while on every wrist a watch ticks on.

10:04 A. M.—What? Only 12 minutes till train time?...come on!...good-bye ...so long...don't forget to write... here's to fame and fortune...so you have a watch, too...everybody happy ...let's go...

And as they leave their Alma Mater, let us suggest to every boy and girl, to proud parents and friends, that nothing could be more welcome, for this great graduation gift, than an Elaine-Goering wrist watch—Wonder Watch of the World—in strikingly modern cases, individually boxed, with tested and guaranteed precision movements. The models illustrated are shown as particularly suitable. Let us send you our illustrated booklet of the newest models.

ELAINE GOERING

Watches

ESTABLISHED 1849

15 MAIDEN LANE ~ NEW YORK

THIS SENSATIONALLY *ADVANCED* TOOTH PASTE

Surprisingly brings new *combined* results *in care of Teeth*

1) Prompt, two-fold brightening—two gentle polishing agents combined
2) Cool-feeling, clean mouth-freshness
3) Real invigoration and protection for gums (no coarse, harsh particles)
4) Acid conditions neutralized instantly
5) Pure vegetable cleansing agents dissolve and remove all sticky deposits
6) Generous, extra-active cleansing—flooding all parts of mouth, all crevices
7) Unusual speed of action—complete results in the few seconds of each brushing

Delightful things happen, *in your mouth, to your teeth and gums,* every time you use this modern tooth paste. *And this offers you a test.*

You see, feel, and taste a *combination* of *many* results that everyone desires.

A very visible brightening and whitening of your teeth is perhaps the most sensational. It comes from unique two-fold polishing—*not* scouring.

But the other results are no less pleasant—and important.

Action fast and complete

Recognizing that modern habits are hurried, we perfected Dr. West's tooth paste to do its complete work, *quickly.*

Two fine, gentle polishing agents are used, instead of one. These supplement each other—help each other work. Their action is not unlike the kind of polishing you'd give fine old silver or gold ware. No scratching or scouring. But a restoring of the natural smooth brightness. So with this two-fold polishing for the enamel of your teeth.

Children and smokers, particularly, like the delightful cool "flavor," a blend of the best ones. It instantly refreshes *any* mouth. And lasts surprisingly.

Your gums are stimulated, invigorated in a healthful way. And there are no harsh, coarse particles to lodge under, and irritate sensitive gum-edges.

Pure vegetable cleansers dissolve and remove sticky deposits. Milk of Magnesia and other good ingredients neutralize acid conditions. All crevices are washed thoroughly, by the creamy flood of this paste in use.

* * *

For seven years people asked us to make a tooth paste as good as the famous Dr. West's brush. It is here now—backed by our name and reputation (valued at millions of dollars).

It is well worth trying. So we *ask* you to try it, and offer a test at our expense. After a test you may continue to prefer the dentifrice you now use—doubtless a good one. But *you may find a delightful surprise* in the results brought by this most modern tooth paste. Accept our offer today.

TO GET A TUBE

FREE

(large 25¢ size; not a sample)

Today go to your favorite store. Buy a Dr. West's toothbrush. You will receive free a large 25c tube of Dr. West's Tooth paste (for which we pay). Try it. There'll be results you can see, feel, actually taste! Base your judgment on them. (This offer must be limited. Better tear out this paragraph as a reminder.) This offer good in Canada, also. The Western Company, *Chicago, U.S.A.*

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(Continued from Page 162)

He got dressed and traveled back to the hotel in a state of mental and physical inertia. His mind was alternately a blank and a mixed-up jumble of disconnected thoughts. Pictures of the afternoon came to him in flashes like scenes thrown into white relief by a spotlight at a party. When he went to bed he went to sleep immediately and slept like a log.

He spent the following morning wandering aimlessly around and sitting down to keep off his feet, when he thought of it. He tried to read the papers, but even the accounts of his own heat failed to hold his interest. The Slater mentioned as having come in second in the second heat seemed a stranger to him, and the race an invention of the sport writer's imagination.

The feeling of detachment stayed with him through luncheon, on the way out to the stadium, and even while he was going through the familiar motions of putting on his jersey and crowding his feet into his running shoes.

There were fewer people in the locker room than on the preceding day, and those that were there were weighed down by a feeling of tremendous responsibility. No one could have convinced them that the whole attention of the world was not centered upon them for the time being. Granny recognized the symptoms without surrendering to them. The whole thing left him cold, and he was glad of it. He would go out and take his licking and think nothing of it, whereas these others would be bowed down by grief and have their hearts broken into fine bits. It might not be a good frame of mind in which to enter a race, but he didn't care about that either.

Flick came in and looked at him, and said something to Pop. Granny hoped Flick wouldn't try to give him a pep talk. He probably would yawn in Flick's face, and he didn't want to do that. Flick was a nice old boy in spite of his brusque manner.

He drifted out to the track and watched the hurdlers going through their contortions. He wasn't supposed to be standing around. He was supposed to be lying down somewhere in seclusion, preparing his mind for the ordeal and conserving that little bit of extra energy that might make all the difference in a hammer-and-tongs drive for the tape. But he couldn't be bothered.

After a while the hurdlers finished and men came out and took the hurdles away. Then Granny found himself in the center of a little group of nervously dancing men and realized that they were the other quarter-milers he was to compete against.

The clerk assigned Granny to a position and he borrowed a trowel and leisurely scooped out two holes. Then he packed them tightly, so they wouldn't push out from under him at the crucial moment. When he finished, all the others were waiting for him to get through. It seemed impossible for them to stand still. They kept lifting their feet and putting them down in the same place. Some of them gave a last tug to their shoe laces with thick, awkward fingers.

The starter placed himself, with legs spread, ten yards down the track and coaxed them down into their holes like a hostler steadying skittish horses.

He said, "Now, boys, I'm going to hold you. Easy now. Take your marks."

Granny knelt down, placed his fingers on the wet stripe of lime and looked down the track to where it seemed to run smack into the curve of the stadium and stop.

He heard the starter say, "Now s-set," and let himself sway forward gently. Just when it seemed that he must inevitably fall forward on his face the starter's snub-nosed gun spurted smoke, and eight pairs of legs were flashing down the track.

At the curve Granny fell into third position. From the corner of his eye he could see an orange jersey, and he thought what a fool the Syracuse man was to try to pass him on the curve. Behind him he heard a gasp and a break in the rhythm of the pursuing footsteps, and he knew someone had shoved or been shoved.

He was running easily and well within himself. He was not harassed by the knowledge that anyone expected him to win. He did not expect to himself and how could anyone else expect him to? All he hoped was that the thundering herd did not leave spike marks on his back when they surged over him in the home stretch.

He left the curve and swung into the stretch. The two men ahead of him seemed to be having a private duel of their own. They left the pole and fought shoulder to shoulder down the middle of the track. It seemed a shame not to take advantage of such an opening, and Granny stepped his speed up two or three notches. To his very real surprise the two men before him came back to him and for a few yards he found himself running along beside them. For a few steps they ran as a team. Then the battle the other two had waged in the early stages of the race began to tell on them and they cracked. Granny found himself running alone.

Before he could realize that he had a chance to win and get all excited about it, he felt the tape on his chest and was caught by Flick in a wild bear hug, and squeezed until his breath whistled through his teeth in sobbing gasps. Then policemen cleared an open space around him, and men with cameras assumed semicrouching positions, looked at him through lenses and shot him for the press.

It was while he was on his way back to the hotel that the idea came to him. Without conscious effort on his part, his system—the great system that he had discarded and forgotten about—had won the race for him after all. The fact that he had gone into the race not caring, and had done everything quite naturally and without the tenseness that trying too hard invariably brought on, had pulled him through. Call it indifference, lethargy or defensive psychology, it was nothing more or less than the system he had thought up two weeks ago and had used until the arrival of Jane's telegram.

Maybe, if he used the same system on Jane, he might get farther. He decided he would give it a whirl anyhow. It couldn't make things worse and it might do some good.

IV

GRANNY put his bag in the deserted training house and wandered over to the Kitch Inn lunch wagon for some breakfast. He ordered an egg sandwich, some fried potatoes and some coffee. He opened the sandwich, poured some catchup on the exposed yellow eye of the egg and put its cover back in place.

After breakfast he might have a hot-chocolate sundae, and he might go down to the oyster bar and have a cream stew with baby crabs. He craved strange and indigestible foods. It was going to be great to eat anything. He had been saving up room for hot-fudge sundaes, stews, beer, toasted-cheese sandwiches and ginger snaps for a long time.

Try as he would, he was finding it increasingly difficult to sustain the fine ecstasy of his triumph. The business of feeling proud of himself was beginning to be a perceptible burden. It had been a grand feeling at the time, but after all it would make no difference in a hundred years. He had felt, for a while after the race, that the glory of his feat was written in letters of gold on his face for all to read, but after a few slaps on the back and a few formal congratulations everyone seemed to forget that he was "the Slater who had won the quarter-mile run at the intercollegiates." It seemed to Granny that people forgot very easily, and the thought made him sad. But even his sorrow at the callousness of the world was a tenuous grief and only came over him when he deliberately thought about it for a while.

Half an hour later he emerged, temporarily surfeited, from the drug store and wandered toward the dean's office. He told himself he was just going to see how it was that he had been declared eligible. His work had drifted along on the same level after probation that it had before. His eligibility was somewhat of a mystery to him, and now that his track career was over he was curious to see whether the Psych Department had suddenly acquired school spirit or whether it was merely a softening of the departmental brain. He wasn't going just to see Jane, he kept reminding himself, but after all it was only decent to thank her for the wire. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply. Just before he went in he flipped it behind a bush and straightened his tie.

There was a new girl at Jane's desk. It gave him a funny shock, and he realized that in spite of himself he missed her big eyes and tremulous welcoming smile like thunder.

He asked, "Is Miss Dabney here?" He could see that she wasn't, but he had to say something.

"Miss Dabney is not here any more," replied the dean's new caretaker.

Granny thanked her and started out. Then an idea struck him. He turned and approached the desk.

"What's the matter? Is she sick?" he asked.

The girl looked at him and said, "Sick? No, she's fired."

"Fired for what?" Granny's heart was doing something queer.

"Oh, she changed a grade for some track guy so he could get off pro," the girl said. "What business is it of yours?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out," Granny said. "Where does she live?"

"Two-twenty South Street. Anything else, please?"

"No, thanks. Much obliged."

"Don't mention it."

He wondered if Jane had changed his grade or whether it was somebody else's. It might have been somebody else's, but he didn't think so. Something told him it was his. Maybe he'd better find out.

He said, "If it's not too much trouble, would you tell me the name of the track guy? You know, the one whose grade was changed."

The girl gave him a weary look, as if to say, "Run along, nuisance. This is my busy day."

Then she got up and riffled through some cards in a filing cabinet. She pulled out a card and looked at it.

"The name," she said, "is Slater."

"Well," Granny said, "that's that."

While the girl looked at him curiously he pulled out his medal for first place, dropped it into an envelope and addressed it to Mr. Flick Hopkins, care of the Rollicksburg Athletic Association. Then he put it into the box marked University Mail.

He did not feel very noble or even disappointed about it. It was a nice medal—perhaps the nicest he had ever won—but there was no use of crying about it. He had won it in good faith, but he had had no right to win it, so there was only one thing to do, and that was turn it in.

He went over to High and took a car. Jane would care. He needed somebody to feel good with him about winning the race. Well, if she had lost her job to help him win that race, she ought to get some consolation out of the fact that he had won. Of all the people in the world, she was probably the one who would get the biggest kick out of it.

He got off the car at the corner of South and High. Her house was small and neutral in color. It was set back from the street, under some trees. Granny went up to the door and pushed a button in a square of brass. He heard the sound of feet on the other side of the door. He saw the knob turn, and Jane was looking at him with startled eyes.

He took off his hat and said, "Hi, Jane."

After a minute she said, "Won't you come in, Granny?"

He was a little disappointed. He didn't know just what he had expected, but somehow there was something lacking. After all, he had a right to expect something after what had happened. Maybe she didn't

(Continued on Page 167)

CRAWFORD COVERS

Winter Clothes in Summer? Certainly Not

How much more comfortable thru thin clothes are Crawford Covers that do not irritate the skin! How much longer silk hose wear! Women now insist when *they* wear summer dresses that the *car* also be attired in summer dress.

Cleaner too! For the closely woven Dobby Cloth does not attract dirt. Dust slides off instead of soaking in. The part of the car that should be cleanest stays clean.

Light dresses, flannels, take fewer trips to the cleaner if your car is "Crawford-covered."

Smooth-fitting Crawford Covers come all ready to snap on the car. No hardware has to be removed. Pronged pins, to which the glove fasteners snap, hold the covers snug and do not mar the car. They insure better trade-in value.

Duo-tone art leather trim protects the points of hardest wear. The stylish Bellows pockets on the front doors are roomy, accessible.

Oxford Model Crawford Covers for the popular makes are stocked by car dealers and accessory stores. The blue and tan patterned Dobby Cloth harmonizes with any interior. Complete set includes doors, sides and cushion covers.

Prices:

Crawford Oxford Model Covers

For

Ford-Chevrolet

~Whippet~

$15 a set for 5-passenger cars

$8 a set for 2-passenger cars

All other cars

4 and 5-passenger cars $18.00

2-passenger cars $12.00

If your dealer cannot supply you with genuine Crawford Covers, write us for the name of a dealer who can.

CRAWFORD MFG. CO., Inc.

Richmond, Va.

The Symbol of
America's Foremost Food Service.
Established 1859

WHEN you stop to consider the many outstanding advantages A&P food stores offer, you immediately cease wondering why you see so many, and why women are so enthusiastic about patronizing them.

Of prime importance is the strict attention given the quality of everything A&P sells. Here you find America's finest foods.

Next are A&P's low prices. Rarely can you buy foods of equal quality elsewhere at lower prices.

"How can A&P stores give such values?" This question is asked more frequently to-day than ever before. Here is the reason:

A&P is a world-wide organization, purchasing in vast quantities for the great system of A&P food stores. And A&P gets these foods to America's families so quickly and economically that A&P's values constantly command the attention of all America.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA CO.

(Continued from Page 165)

know he knew about the changed grade. That would explain it.

Jane avoided the divan and sat in a chair near him. He wished she would say something. The business of being indifferent to Jane was harder than he had thought it would be.

The disturbing thought came to him that perhaps a system that got results in running was all wet in a parlor campaign. It sort of put a fellow at a disadvantage, sitting around like a sap, when his natural impulse was to carry the battle into the enemy's territory.

His high resolve to try his great system on Jane flickered and died. It was a safe bet he'd never get anywhere just sitting there. While he was casting desperately about in his mind for a plan of campaign that would enable him to take the aggressive, Jane said:

"I suppose you are mighty happy, now that you have won the race. I know how much it means to you."

Granny laughed. "As a matter of fact," he said, "I didn't care whether I won or lost. That's why I won."

Jane looked out of the window. Then she looked at him for a minute and said.

"I'm glad you feel that way about it. I didn't care eithe I hate track. It makes the fellows who go out for it dumb. All their brains are in their legs." She went on: "Ever since I've known you I've wondered how anybody that seemed so nice could give all his time, that he might have put to some better use, to such a silly sport."

The unexpectedness of her attitude nonplused him. Then a thought struck him and he felt better. Maybe she was jealous of the place track had held in his affections.

He said, "If you feel that way about it, why did you go and get yourself in a jam, changing my grade so I could run?"

Jane looked at him with eyes that were curiously bright. She seemed to be having trouble with her voice. Finally, in a small, scarcely audible tone, she said, "I told you running made you dumb."

Granny thought about that for a minute.

Then he said, "Well, I'm clever enough to know when to change systems."

"What system do you mean?" asked Jane.

Granny didn't answer. Taking a deep breath and setting his jaw, he went over to Jane's chair, placed one arm under her knees, the other under her arms, and carried her over to the divan. Then he sat down without releasing her and pushed her head down upon his shoulder. It had all been so easy, so natural, he wondered why he had never thought of it before. Her head touched his cheek and he felt a fluttering eyelash brush his face. Encouraged by her silence and by the success that had greeted his maneuver, he placed his fingers under her chin and lifted until he looked into a pair of damp gray eyes and a pair of tremulously smiling lips five and a half inches from his own.

As if moved by a powerful unseen force he lowered his face until the five and a half inches no longer existed

After a while the room, which had been revolving rapidly, with the divan for its axis, slowed down and came to a stop. Jane glanced up at him with dancing eyes and poked with a disengaged hand at a vagrant tendril of hair at her temple.

"Is that what you meant," she asked, "by changing your system?" Granny admitted that it was. "Well," she said, "it's a swell system."

THE RAILROAD TALKS BACK

(Continued from Page 11)

A year or more ago Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio, began casting about to see if he could not further improve the type of the American railroad coach.

"Eighty per cent of the riders on this railroad are day-coach riders . . . and we are giving them about 20 per cent of our attention," he told the group of his fellow officers whom he had brought into conference with him.

Many things came out of that conference. "I want every day coach on this railroad to have the same sort of easy-riding trucks that carry the president's car," Willard added. And so the car shops up and down the system began taking out the four-wheel trucks, which from time immemorial have been standard on the American day coach on all roads, substituting for these, six-wheel trucks, the same as used on the heaviest and most modern of Pullmans. Today every Baltimore & Ohio day coach rides on six-wheel trucks.

Learning From the Busses

Willard did more. Walking down the streets of Baltimore one day, he noticed a big interurban bus standing by the curb and he went up and made a close inspection of it. He noted, especially, the comfortable high-backed chairs in the bus. That chair and the low-hung bus itself were the inventions of a motor-car manufacturer who figured out that for an extra expenditure equal to but one extra fare, the average bus operator could have the most comfortable and attractive type of coach as compared with the old-fashioned, crowded and uncomfortable sort that first came in. Willard studied the big bus. When he was done he gave orders that there should be an improvement in his day-coach seats. And so has come into use the so-called bucket seat which has now been adopted by a number of other large railroads. This is an individual chair—two on either side of the aisle—which, with its deep springs, individual arm rests and high back, is the most comfortable railroad chair that we have in America today—not even excepting the standard parlor-car seat. And it has at least one advantage over the parlor-car seat in the facility with which two people traveling together can hold conversation.

Yet, curiously enough, at the very same time that our railroads were introducing this highly modern new seating arrangement on their steam trains, they were neglecting it elsewhere. For twenty years past the American railroad has been experimenting—more or less successfully—in the substitution of motor-driven trains of one, two or three cars for those hauled by steam locomotives. Especially on local trains or on branches of low traffic. Gradually these motor units have improved in all save one regard, and that one of the most important of all—the seating arrangements. They have been developed, very largely, by men who have been expert in building street cars, and so their seats are street-car seats—low-backed, rather uncompromisingly hard, without arm rests, and placed a little too closely together.

Very recently, however, a light has been seen along this line. The Chicago Great Western, which, a few years ago, placed a successful high-speed steam passenger train in service between the Twin Cities and Rochester, Minnesota, and called it The Red Bird because of the gay color which it was painted from locomotive pilot to observation platform, recently supplemented this train with The Blue Bird, also most distinctive in its outer colorings. Only, the newcomer is a motor-driven affair—three cars, including the motor, and as perfect, mechanically, as it can possibly be. A good many roads would have stopped right there and called it a good job. But not the C. G. W. Someone in its organization gave careful thought to the inner planning of the new train from the viewpoint of the passenger's comfort. Modern seating is a large factor. And so, two coaches, including the motor, which are of standard day-coach type, are supplemented by a car with a modern inclosed observation platform and two Pullman sections—these last to be made up for invalids bound in and out of Rochester—even though the train has no service operated by the Pullman Company.

The Railway Age predicts that this year one-half of all American railroad travel, save the commutation business, will be in parlor cars and sleeping cars. A perfectly logical trend when one considers that it is the short-haul business that the rails have been losing to the motor and that a good proportion of long-haul passenger business in our prosperous United States always rides Pullman. A steadily increasing proportion. In 1921, 69 per cent of rail riders were in the day coaches and but 31 per cent in the Pullmans. Day-coach riding has been declining ever since, until last year, when only 51½ per cent was in the day coaches. This is not healthy for the railroads and not, from some points of view, for the Pullman Company either. Under its contracts it is compelled to furnish parlor-car and sleeping-car service whenever and wherever any railroad wills, subject to a moderate annual guaranty per car. In these days, when the roads are clinging pretty tightly to their long-haul business, they are apt to be rather generous in ordering sleeping cars into service; particularly in sharply competitive territory. It is estimated that the average Pullman sleeping car per night, all the way across the country, now carries but a little more than eleven passengers. In other words, it does not quite fill its lower berths.

Obviously it is much better for a railroad to haul a day coach, nominally seating eighty passengers, than a sleeping car, nominally sleeping twenty-six passengers, but which actually carries under twelve or but a few more—even though there are no surcharges in the day coaches, and even though that full seating capacity of eighty is not to be reached. A day coach one-third filled is better earning than a standard sleeper completely sold.

All Day Coaches for All-Day Trips

This being so, it rather behooves the railroader to see what he can do with his day-coach business on long haul as well as short. The individual-seat day coach, as a business getter for the railroad, is limited only by the length of a practical day's run. Several years ago the Southern Pacific found that one of the most profitable of its main stems—from San Francisco to Los Angeles—was facing a doubly sharp competition—on its water side by steamer and on the land side by motorbus and motor car. It decided to meet this by the installation of two fast nonstop trains between the two cities—the two fastest trains that ever had attempted the run. Then it took a radical step: It made these new trains all day coach, stem to stern, added a good dining car to each of them, and transformed some discarded observation cars into day-coach observation cars, with the wicker chairs and all the frills of the regular Pullman observation car. They were instantly successful. They have carried as many as 700 passengers on a single trip, and they average more than 200. Which means a generous measure of profit to the railroad.

The New York Central, in the summer of 1928, began the operation of similar non-Pullman trains over the busiest part of its main line, between New York and Buffalo. They had similar results. And the railroad was able to assure itself that the business of the new day-coach train was not being gained at the expense of its other trains; always a possible danger.

A few years since, our railroads, when they added new long-distance trains to their services, put on nothing but all-Pullman trains, frequently with an extra-fare charge for time-saving, in addition to

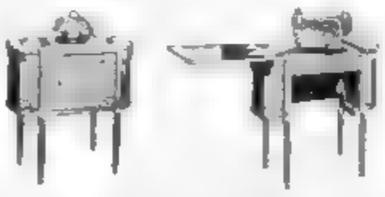
Talks to Men on Housekeeping

The dollar seems harder than ever to stretch, but mere man can, from the wealth of his business experience, sometimes make a few suggestions that will help make said dollar just a little more elastic.

Take the matter of clothes. Business methods can be applied there . . . Sewing has been simplified. It is now possible for any woman to create many beautiful things for herself, her children and her home without in the least neglecting her other household or social duties. With the new business-like methods of instruction, she may start and finish a dress in an afternoon.

Your wife can learn the most simplified and up-to-date methods of making and finishing clothes at the White Schools of Costume Art . . . In 125 cities—a course of 20 lessons—personal instruction—given free to all purchasers of the new White Rotary Electric Sewing Machine.

The White representative, when he calls, will explain the course and make an appraisal of your old machine . . . which may be advantageously traded in on a new White Rotary Electric.



See the new White Rotary Electric . . . Study its mechanical excellence. A smooth running machine, simple to operate; a beautiful piece of furniture; a labor saving and a money saving addition to the equipment of your home—that is the new Martha Washington White Rotary Electric. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

White
Rotary Electric
Sewing Machines

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BRISK lathers quicker—stays moist longer

. . . try mint julep shaves for one week free . . .

A time saver . . . a skin saver . . . Brisk, the new and really different shaving cream for tough beards, tender skins. No sting . . . no burn . . . no need for lotions. For Brisk carries its own soothing balm. Your face enjoys a new soothing, cooling difference under the full, snowy Brisk mint julep lather.

Different from anything you have ever used. Its quick, full lather leaves your face feeling soothed, fit and fine. A Brisk shave is bracing . . . like a mint julep on a hot, sultry day.

Brisk comes in a new and really different package designed for men only . . . You can't mistake it for the family tooth paste or your wife's cold cream. It has a one-man top that is a part of the box . . . not apart from it. It took two years to develop Brisk. It will take you two minutes to decide for yourself that you need a mint julep shave to start the day right.

For new shaving fun . . . and cool mint julep shaves . . . buy a box of Brisk . . . 50c at all druggists, or

Have a Two Weeks' Treat With Us . . . Ask your druggist for your Free two weeks' supply of Brisk mint julep shaves. If he is out . . . a little patience and this coupon will bring you briskly enough Brisk for two weeks. Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Brisk . . . A Shaving Cream 50c

COUPON

Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Building, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Send me my two weeks' treat of BRISK mint julep shaves FREE.

Name

Address

the sleeping-car and parlor-car charges and surcharges. There has been a swing of the pendulum from this position. Credit this to the motor car, the motorbus—whatever you want. I should prefer to credit it to an awakened passenger-traffic sense on the part of the American railroad executive. He is not abandoning his extra-fare trains. But he is not—and this is highly important—compelling all his travelers who wish to go from one important town to another, even when a considerable distance apart, to pay an extra or even a Pullman fare. In other words, he has seen something of what the transatlantic steamship companies have accomplished with their cabin ships, tourist third cabin, and so on. And so he begins to give the potential passenger about the service that he wants and at the price he can pay.

Extra Frills Without Extra Fares

The other day, one of the gayest and most original trains that has been seen in this country for many and many a day backed into the Communipaw Station, Jersey City, for the first of its regular trips to Atlantic City. Outside, it was brilliant in deep blue and Jersey cream and much striping. It had a fine new blue and gold and nickeled passenger locomotive at its head and it terminated in the showy observation platform that is the pride of any high-grade American train. Within, it had the individual-seat coaches. And more: A dining car, also blue and cream in its decorations, its crockery and its napery, even in the neat uniforms of its grinning waiters. There were still other frills. For the men, good smoking accommodations. And also, for the women, lavatories that are not exceeded in the finest of Pullman cars. Remember, these were day coaches. For the women, the knickknacks they so dearly love—pier glasses, wicker chairs, the hint of stiff, gay cretonne. And for both the men and women the big observation car filled with a double row of comfortable wicker chairs that could be put just where the bearer wanted. All the seats reserved, free newspapers along the run—like a Pullman. And this all in a day coach—no parlor-car charge, no extra fare. The Blue Comet of the Jersey Central.

In April last—1929—two more of these luxurious day-coach trains made their appearance: one on the Western lines of the New York Central—the one from Buffalo to Chicago—the other, connecting Detroit and Cincinnati. These trains were also color gay—deep brown and light fawn; coffee without cream and coffee with much cream. Seemingly this color-train idea is just in its beginnings. Its advertising value is obvious. It is good merchandising to have a bright and appealing store front. Years ago we used to have distinctive and very beautiful trains here in America: The white and green and gold of the old Congressional and Pennsylvania Limiteds, the Ghost Train of the New England and the Fast Mail of the New York Central and the Lake Shore—both of these gleaming white from end to end. People discussed these trains and noticed them, and all that was good advertising too.

Then came our years of standardization, when we cowered at the grumblings of Old Man Efficiency. Our American trains lost their distinctiveness. We painted all of them, or most of them, a dull, dingy green, and people came from overseas and laughed at us, even though their own trains were not always gay and bright and clean.

The American railroader has seen a new light on all this of late. Perhaps it is the gayly painted motor car or the gayly painted motorbus; more likely it is his own good selling sense, but now he is for color with a vengeance. There will be more of these color trains. There will be more of the all-day-coach trains. Because they are all good business.

In the meantime the Pullman passenger is not being neglected. Take the all-important question of sleeping cars. It has been said that the only improvement in the sleeping car in the past quarter century has been in the receptacle for receiving discarded razor blades. This is funny, but it is not true. The truth is that there has been a very steady advance in the construction of the standard Pullman sleeping car all these years. The cars are heavier, stronger, better riding than they used to be. The berths and mattresses are bigger and better. Many, many small devices have been introduced to promote the comfort of the passenger, some of them small gadgets that he never sees.

The American sleeping car of today is, in large measure, the vision of the man who years ago gave his name to it George M. Pullman. Other men have contributed to it, Col. W. D. Mann and H. H. Sessions among them. But it was Pullman who, just before the Civil War, made up his mind definitely to give the through riders on night trains a little more comfort than they had been having—which then was almost nothing. A few sleeping cars had been built, but they were pitifully crude. Pullman did far better. He borrowed the dormitory idea, so popular in the American lake and river steamer of the 50's—men in one cabin, women in another, and all sleeping on bunks behind flapping little curtains. All adaptable to a railroad car. A little ingenuity and these night bunks could be arranged for day travel into comfortable seats. Here was an idea! It spread, and it spread fast. And the fame and fortune of Pullman were assured.

Now that was the day of dormitory cabins in steamboats, just as it was the day of a single bathroom to about a hundred hotel sleeping rooms. Today some of our inland waters boast craft as sumptuously fitted out as an Atlantic liner; and in this country it is the exception when the best hotel in a town of any size does not advertise "all rooms with baths." But the dormitory sleeping car still exists with us. We have had, of course, compartment cars resembling the European types, but with their beds made up out of seats and running lengthwise of the car in true Pullman fashion. These are splendid cars, but at the best they have only ten staterooms, more often nine. Having so little carrying capacity, the railroads were compelled to establish a minimum of two fares for their single use—one and one-half fares for a compartment west of the Mississippi River. Which made it extremely expensive for the average man, traveling, to avail himself of their comfort.

Staterooms on the Rails

An American who has traveled rather extensively on European railways during the past decade came back three years ago and prevailed upon some of his railroad friends to try to introduce a stateroom car similar to those used on the British railways. These cars consist of a series of small rooms with real beds, not bunks, running crosswise of the cars and made up out of seat cushions, and they have no upper berths. Extremely simple in their design, they offer the night traveler a maximum of privacy and comfort and rest. They already are beginning to permeate into Continental Europe. The new Calais-Nice express has several of them.

The Pullman Company, at the request of some of the Eastern railroads, began the development of this new type of sleeping car about two years ago. It built ten cars, as a first order, and placed them all the way across the land. The response to them was so great that another ten were built at once. Then still more. There are thirty-two now in service and still more are now under construction. They are now in operation between New York and Washington, New York and Baltimore, New York and Pittsburgh, New York and Boston, Chicago and St. Louis, Chicago and the Twin Cities, Chicago and Cleveland, Chicago and Detroit, San Francisco and Los Angeles, Montreal and Toronto, and Montreal and Quebec. Soon they will be running nightly between New York and

Montreal, New York and Rochester, and New York and Buffalo, and other points as well. They have been, from the outset, immensely popular.

Built without upper berths, they are, of course, designed for single occupancy. They are operated at a railroad fare of one and a quarter single fares, which is far from being prohibitive, and they cost, per room, the rate of two lower berths. There are fourteen of these rooms to the car; so that when they are fully sold, and they generally are, the railroad has about seventeen fares. Each room has a luxurious bed, its width equal to those of the best modern steamships, and its own lavatory accommodations. Which means no more standing in line for a chance to shave in a community washroom. There are other refinements and delights.

Eventually upper berths may be hinged into some of these stateroom cars. This would necessitate the sacrifice of not more than one room to a car and would give America a standard overnight sleeping car with the same capacity as the present standard car and an infinitely greater degree of comfort. Obviously this particular type of car is not well suited for daytime travel, but there are in the United States and Canada enough overnight runs to keep the car builders busy for some years to come

Here then, in this *voiture-chambrette*, as the French Canadians call it, is the largest forward step that passenger traffic on our American railroad has taken in the past twenty years. It has, as has been hinted, made other progressive advances in Pullmans. This spring a new type of sleeping car began showing itself in the East. It is officially known as the lounge-section car and it consists of but eight standard sections and a comfortable great lounge. It is extremely well adapted to trains where traffic and conditions are not favorable to hauling either a club car or an observation car, and which run daylight hours.

New Power for New Cars

It takes no great stretch of the imagination to see this idea carried along with the *chambrette* scheme, perhaps; seven or eight of the single rooms combined with a lounge, which would give the new car opportunity for a far wider range of use than just on short overnight runs. With proper lounge or club-car facilities, it would be ideal for a trip all the way across the continent.

Nor is passenger progress upon our railroads in this year of grace, 1929, to be limited entirely to a recital of new frills in cars. There has been a vast increase in locomotive power. Our heavy through passenger trains today weigh twice as much as their compeers of twenty-five years ago. A fifteen-car through train will weigh, with baggage and passengers, 1200 tons, and to pull such weight forward at fifty miles an hour requires no little steam energy. The standard running time between Chicago and California points was reduced some time ago from seventy-two to sixty-eight hours and then from sixty-eight to sixty-three—a little more than sixty-one for certain extra-fare trains. This spring the minimum running time between Chicago and the Northwest was made sixty-three hours. It takes four hours less to go from Chicago and New York to Florida than ever before, three hours less from Boston to Halifax. Which is as it should be. For some of these runs have been entirely too leisurely. Yet New York-Cleveland, New York-Detroit, New York-Cincinnati, and New York-St. Louis running has always been swift. Still all these and others were again cut -radically cut this spring. New York-St. Louis trains now run at better than fifty miles an hour, including stops, which is as fast as the fastest New York-Chicago trains.

The fastest running time between New York and Chicago still remains at twenty hours and, despite some recent efforts to take as much as sixty minutes off it, it is apt to stay at that figure for some time to come. But other trains between these two cities are running far more rapidly than of yore. Each of the two principal railroads connecting them now has several twenty-one hour services and more are being added.

Transportation for Every Need

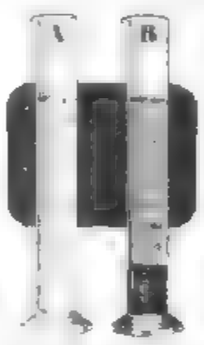
The American railroad is fully awake to this question. A good deal has been said of late in regard to train speeds both in England and in the United States. For many years past the British have stressed very strongly the high speed of their trains. With their light wooden coaches—a train of fifteen of them hardly coming to 400 tons all told—a fairly light locomotive—say 135 tons—over there has been able to make impressive bursts of speed. It is altogether different here. With the extremely heavy all-steel equipment that we use today on our through passenger trains here in America, the question of locomotive energy is no small one. Yet it has been solved. Every important railroad in this continent, within the past two or three years at the most, has developed new passenger motive power of astonishing force and energy. Which finally gives it the solution to this highly vital question of passenger-train speed in this country. The entire matter is now being handled not only competently but magnificently. And though figures show that the British railway train is actually slowing its speed within recent years, its fellow here in the United States is now increasing it. Without sacrificing safety, without doing damage to comfort, the railroad is now using its great resources of speed as a very great answer to the competition of the highroad.

Or perhaps it hears the roar of the wings of a new competitor. One that endangers not the questionable profits of the short-haul traffic but the very certain ones of the long haul. The story of the commercial aeroplane in our national scheme of transport is being told elsewhere. Also the story of the ingenious efforts of some of our railroads to adjust their train services in correlation with it—a very forward-looking move. As to just how much of a competitor the aeroplane is going to be to the long-distance train, even the most skilled of rail traffic men is loath to prophesy. The bad location of many of the airports as compared with that of the rail terminals, the element of fear of a carrier as yet not fully developed; the fact that the aeroplane charges from two to four times as much a mile as the de-luxe train; on the other hand, the beauty and novelty of a brand-new car of transport, its tremendous speed, its flexibility and facility—all these, and more, are the things that the railroad executive is turning in his head today and for them is, as yet, unable to find an entirely satisfactory answer.

Sooner or later, that answer will be found—must be found. Will probably be found in still more correlated services between plane and train, as well as between train and motor vehicle. In the meantime, the railroad girds on its old sword again and once more takes the strong position of offensive. Beaten? It has hardly begun to avail itself of all its possible resources.

Cars with "poison clogged" radiators are like human beings—sluggish and pepless. Radiators need internal cleansing, too.

A Thousand Horns Shriek "Step on it!"



(a) From radiator flushed five times with water

(b) Water from same radiator after Purgo had been left in 24 hours.

Test by Electrical Testing Lab., New York City

BUT never to the man who uses Purgo regularly in his radiator. No clogged radiator holds him back. His motor is cooled as its makers intended—surging with power, a delight to drive.

A clogged radiator is seldom thought of as causing loss of pep. It has no marked symptoms like slapping wrist pins, carbon knocks, or loose bearings. That's the insidious thing about it.

Water alone won't clean a radiator—no more than just plain water will purge the body.

Chemical analysis reveals six different elements six "Cloggers"—rust, slime, sludge, oil, lime, and magnesia in your radiator. Purgo removes all of them. Nothing else will.

All radiators need Purgo after a winter's driving. Use Purgo today. Out comes all the mess and filth. Your radiator is cleaned and scoured—again the perfect cooling system it was when new.

Most of the better garages, filling stations, and accessory stores sell Purgo. If yours does not, we will be glad to supply you direct. 75 cents a can for any size radiator. Made and guaranteed by Liquid Veneer Corporation, Buffalo, New York.

PURGE YOUR RADIATOR WITH . . .

Purgo

TRADE MARK REG.

Harmless to rubber, metal, finish and hands

RADIATOR CLEANER

Stop-watch records at Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York City, show that Radiator Neverleak stops leaks permanently in 3 seconds—prevents leaks, too. Get a can today.

Also makers of Washine, the better automobile cleaner-polish; and of Line-O-Brake, the plastic asbestos brake lining

LIQUID VENEER CORPORATION
5813 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, New York.
Gentlemen:—Enclosed is $..... Please send me the following
cans of Purgo @ $0.75
cans of Radiator Neverleak @ $0.75.

Name

Address

City State

SNOOPING THE SWAMPS

(Continued from Page 65)

a little, or none at all, pass from ditch to ditch according to the distance the flash-boards were raised in their grooves. Just when the foreman wanted all the water he could get in the lower field, the water failed to appear, save in most niggardly degree.

"Funny, now, why we couldn't get that lower field flooded," Colonel James would say, in preparing one's mind for his big-alligator story. At this point he would pause, as would any good raconteur, and if he was telling you low-country stories by the hour of a coolish evening, he would lean from his easy-chair and toss a good handful of fat lightwood splinters on the fire and wait to see them blaze—making a rosier illumination than any other flame in the world—then he would lean back and go on:

"Walking out on those dikes, unless they've been cut clean with a bush scythe, isn't to my liking. They're just wide enough for a good-sized diamond-back to drape himself over the top and hang down both sides. Why, man alive, I've seen rattlers and moccasins on my dikes taking the sunlight treatment, so thick you couldn't go ten feet! . . . Well, I told Jackman, that was overseein' for me then, we'd got to get to that water gate. It was a quarter of a mile out over the field. I toted a gun and sent him ahead with a bush scythe We got there. An' there wasn't anything the matter with it—the timbers was as sound as a hound's tooth. But it was choked up—clean stopped up with alligator. . . . Yes, that's what I'm tellin' you. How the creature ever got there is something you an' me'll never know. I shot him, straight down through the head, an' we went back for ropes an' hauled him out. He was fo'teen feet nine inches long."

Never did I dispute those figures, but there was a doubter—one Bill Huntley—who would ask disconcerting questions, just impersonally. He would stretch himself, look at the ceiling, puff tobacco rings and very calmly inquire:

"And how do you reckon a water gate six feet long by two feet wide an' ten feet deep at the most is goin' to accommodate a fourteen-foot alligator? Was he standin' on his head, colonel? If so, why didn't you chop off what was left over on top?"

And Thereby Hangs a Tale

I always dreaded that question; it cast such a gloom of anticlimax. But Colonel James always answered it by something as nearly related as a remark that some new kind of fertilizer was no good. He just ignored it.

There is more than a touch of Asia, a hint of hot Ceylon, in the canebrakes from the Peedee southward along the low country. Nor is there lacking that furtive mystery, the big cat. In our little town, up to but a few years ago, the bobcat or bay lynx was not all we had to go on in the way of thrills. Negroes of great age and undisputed prowess could tell of trails in the canebrake where cats' paws printed records of appalling size and sinister suggestion in the soft clay. Lynxes took toll of turkeys, even of baby fawns. But Meshach Abednego, an itinerant wood-chopper, clearer of land and burner of brush in far-lying old fields—a chanting, white-pated old sage—could tell of a calf, new-born in the bushes, that a great cat had carried away and half devoured. But we approach a subject that makes naturalists prick up their ears, so we will put this question:

Did the puma—the mountain lion of the West, still to be heard yowling in the gorges of Wyoming—ever come East? Did he have a cousin in the Appalachian Mountains, or a relative in these forbidding areas of tangled vine and canebrake and water oak? Your wildcat, lynx of the Canada woods, bobcat of Maine, bay lynx of the Santee—does he not always have a short stub of a tail? But the puma and the "painter," or panther, ought not he to carry a long, very long, tail? I know plenty of places where those questions will awaken discussion, and it is a good thing to get the conversation in any quarter away from merely current stuff.

For myself, I know that night after night in the autumn and then again on successive nights toward the spring of the year, the James farms, that comprised a huge area of plantations, were visited by a cat whose size made Uncle Meshach -a canny negro if there ever was one—say, "Dat ain' no wile cat; hits a tiger a canebrake tiger. They's Texas cats. When you-all gits him, you'll fin' he's got a tail. *When yo' gits him.*" He would fling the last phrase over his shoulder as he went back to wood-chopping, and then for an hour or two he would keep saying to himself out loud in a singsong, "When yo' gits him, you-all's goin' to see him tail—*long tail!*"

A Gay Bird in the Swamps

Little did I appreciate then that old Shack was laying down the law between lynxes and panthers. There came a sensational morning for the little town—all that, surely, for its men-folks. The plodding boat up the river from Georgetown had shrieked its news of approach to our landing below the bridge and, as always, there was a forgathering of many who had no reason to be there, as well as of the two or three who did. It nosed its way to the red muddy bank and a veritable drawbridge of a gangplank was let down to make a gangway for the leisurely roustabouts who came ashore with barrels and boxes and went luboriously back trundling bales of cotton.

We boys were standing about, wondering why we never made up our minds to run away, and begin so doing by going down-river on this boat, when, to our surprise, a passenger came ashore—a thing that almost never happened—this freighter being esteemed in the light of a river animal that was as suitable for travelers as a mud turtle. It was regarded, I really think, as some sort of greasy amphibian. He went aft, returned with a lot of dogs—hounds of breeding and two or three less estimable animals—cavorting and barking around him, followed a porter with a ramshackle crate in which was the body of some strange animal, about which the dogs gathered to vent their most eloquent opinions.

He waved to us boys and told us to run uptown and tell Colonel James to come down and see the big swamp cat he had shot that very morning in Cashman's Swamp. The dead animal, stretched on the floor of the James cotton warehouse, looked to me as huge as the jaguars in the zoo. And its tail, long and handsome, was its distinctive feature. It was not a lynx, nor was it creamy buff in color like the Rocky Mountain puma; it was nearly black. Maybe it was the last of the panthers. Yet no one need more than skirt the edges of the Peedee-Santee swamps at twilight, he need go not more than two miles into the silent inlets of those watercourses or try to walk a dozen feet into the canebrakes, to believe that, if anywhere in America the panther is still living, that jungle is his own.

Panther or not, such an animal is but a vanishing example of the life that once made the wilderness of the Carolina low country unique and a real cousin to the tropics. The beautiful parrot which took its name from the region and was as gay a bird as the King Charles of England for whom that country itself was named, is gone. We do not blush to make that pun—there is a monument in the low country in one of the old churches, with just a little singing bird on it and a young man's name. His family said that was all there was to say about him—he was a gay bird! So if

(Continued on Page 173)

A Clean Shave

Many thousands of keen business men now tackle their morning shave with a confident smile and finish with a smooth, clean face that would be the envy of any barber.

It's all because they know how to preserve the keenness of their razor edge between shaves. Here's the open secret.

Before and after shaving, draw edge of blade between thumb and finger moistened with 3-in-One.

Simple, isn't it? And it takes so little time. But, oh, what a difference it makes to your face!

The explanation is as simple as the trick itself.

Razors are really fine saws, the teeth so small that only a microscope reveals them. But moisture and lather lodge between these tiny teeth and cause corrosion between shaves. 3-in-One prevents the corrosion!

Try it and let your own face be the judge.

3-in-One is sold everywhere by drug, grocery, hardware and general stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

THREE IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St New York, N. Y

3-in-One

Free: *Send a postal for generous sample and illustrated Dictionary of Uses.*

A Clean Bathroom

The delightful freshness of your bathroom is assured if you use 3-in-One regularly.

Tile will glisten, porcelain will be snowy white, and all the metal fixtures will shine like new.

For 3-in-One is a wonderful cleanser and polisher. And in addition, tubs and bowls cleaned with 3-in-One are less inclined to accumulate soil rings; and faucets polished with 3-in-One don't rust or tarnish so quickly.

3-in-One is vastly different from ordinary oils. A scientific blend of several high-quality oils, it possesses the valuable properties of all of them. That's why 3-in-One costs a trifle more but does so very much more.

3-in-One has been making housework easy for 35 years. It's time you enjoyed its help.

At all good grocery, drug, hardware, motion, general and department stores. Two size Handy Oil Cans and three size bottles.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St. New York, N. Y.

3-in-One

Free: *Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.*

Send for Pressure Discs FREE!

They Show Correct Pressure for Each Tire and thus Combat Improper Inflation

Underinflated tire hits curb. It's crushed against rim. Hundreds of miles of wear lost. Such occurrences Pressure Discs help correct.

Often Save $30 a Year . . . Boost Mileage 1000 to 4500 Miles

Where Shall We Send Your Set? Note Coupon

NOW a way has been found to bring about remarkable savings on tires.

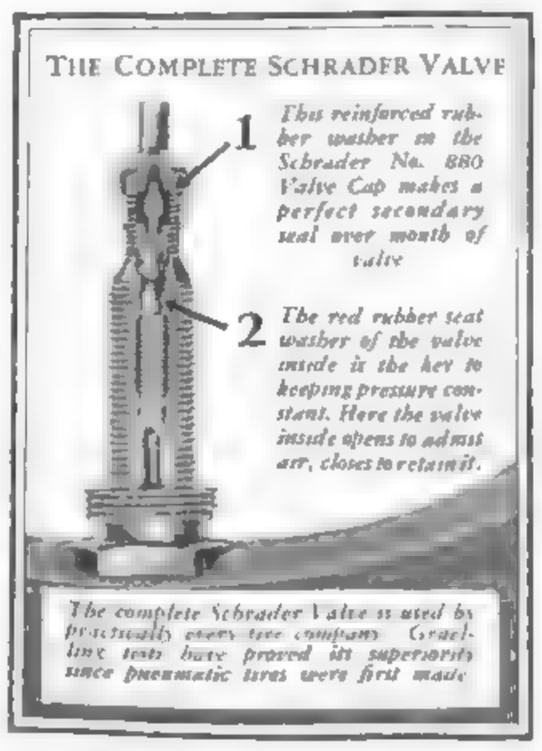
It's a way that boosts mileage 1000 to 4500 miles and thus reduces tire costs as much as $30 each year.

It's the new Schrader Pressure Discs. A complete set of discs stamped with the exact pressure each of your tires should carry. You get these discs free by sending us the coupon.

They are easy to attach. Place one on each wheel near the valve stem. Then, when inflating, you simply follow the pressure shown on the disc. Avoid all guessing.

To follow these recommendations faithfully is to avoid improper inflation, and thus eliminate the main cause of most tire failures. According to the leading tire companies, even five pounds too little air cuts balloon tire mileage 20 to 30 per cent.

So get your discs at once. Note the coupon at right. Next read, if you will,


THE COMPLETE SCHRADER VALVE
1
This reinforced rubber washer on the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap makes a perfect secondary seal over mouth of valve
2
The red rubber seat washer of the valve inside is the key to keeping pressure constant. Here the valve inside opens to admit air, closes to retain it.
The complete Schrader Valve is used by practically every tire company. Gruelling tests have proved its superiority since pneumatic tires were first made

how to *keep* your tires properly inflated. To make tires last longer, experts suggest three basic rules of tire care. Leading tire companies heartily endorse them.

First. Buy a Schrader Gauge and use it regularly once a week. (Because most cars do their hardest work over the week-end, Friday is suggested as tire-testing day.)

Second. Look to your valve insides. See that you have the genuine Schrader, recognized by impartial authorities as the one scientifically correct mechanism for holding air in tires.

Valve insides should be replaced frequently. Efficient as they are, they will not last forever. Their cost is insignificant.

Third. Watch valve caps. When you ride without valve caps, the valve insides may clog with dust and dirt. Better replace them with new valve insides. Then put a Schrader Valve Cap on each valve stem.

A Word of Precaution

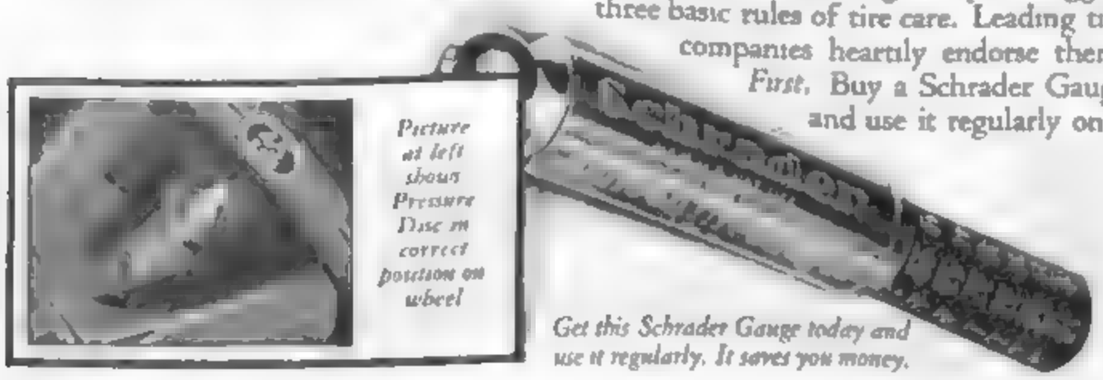
The three products mentioned above are, as you see, Schrader products. They are *improved* products, kept constantly up to date by scientific experiments and study. They are sold by more than 110,000 dealers throughout the world.

To use them regularly in conjunction with the Pressure Discs offered at the right is to secure vastly increased mileage.

Remember, it pays and pays to insist on Schrader products. See that the name "Schrader" is on the valve stem of every tube you buy. Schrader-equipped tubes cost no more, and you are sure of utmost satisfaction. The complete Schrader Valve is used in more than 85 per cent of all tubes made today in U. S. and Canada. Gruelling road tests have proved its superiority ever since pneumatic tires were first used.

Send Coupon for Free Discs

Now fill out the coupon below carefully. The information required is *essential*. Your discs will be selected for *your specific car*. With the discs comes free booklet telling how to get increased tire mileage.


Picture at left shows Pressure Disc in correct position on wheel
Get this Schrader Gauge today and use it regularly. It saves you money.

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

Tire Valves • Tire Gauges

MAIL FOR PRESSURE DISCS

AJ

A. Schrader's Son, Inc
P. O. Box 773, Washington & Johnson Sts.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs
Send me FREE a set of Discs indicating proper pressure for each of my tires.

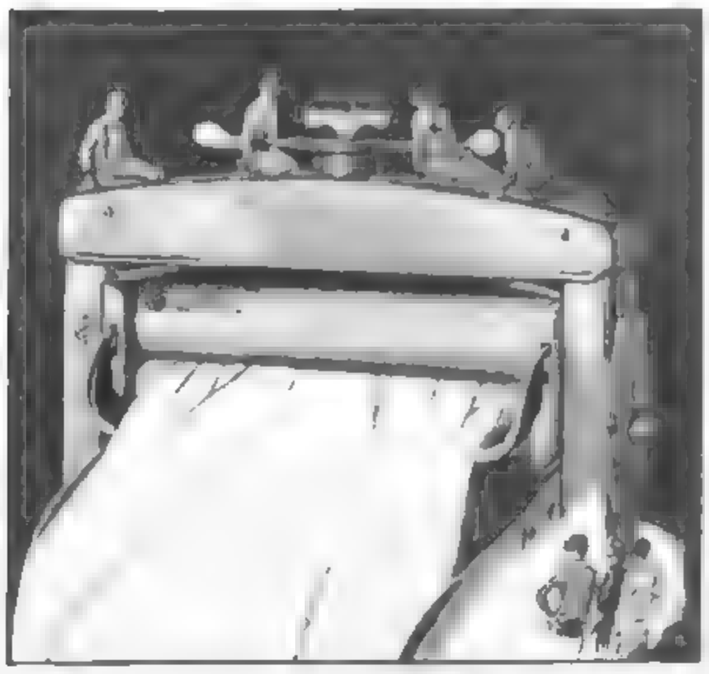
Make of Car ..... Year

Body type
(Sedan, coupe, touring, etc.)

Model Tire size

Name

Address



Over two score of the leading makers of washing machines endorse the maxim

"The Better the Wringer the Whiter the Wash"

and use Lovell Wringers or Wringer Rolls

THROUGH all the ages of clothes-washing it has been recognized that *pressure*, in one form or another, must have a place in the washing process, if the fabric is to be completely cleansed.

The Lovell Wringer represents the most modern way of applying this essential pressure—a way that is at once highly *effective, thorough*, and *harmless* to the clothes.

It is because the Lovell Wringer removes not only water, but also the more tenacious soil and soap from the fabric, that we say "The Better the Wringer, the Whiter the Wash."

Every housewife should have our booklet "Wringing—the Secret of a Whiter Wash," which is sent free.

LOVELL MANUFACTURING CO.
ERIE, PENNA.

These Manufacturers use Lovell Wringers or Wringer Rolls on Their Washing Machines

AMERICAN DEVICES CORP.
THE APEX ELECTRICAL MANUFACTURING CO.
THE BARTON CORPORATION
THE BLACKSTONE MFG. CO.
THE BOSS WASHING MACHINE COMPANY
BRAMMER WASHING MACHINE COMPANY
CHICAGO DRYER COMPANY
THE COFFIELD WASHER CO.
THE COFFIELD WASHER CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
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CRYSTAL DIVISION, COPE-SWIFT COMPANY, INC.
THE DAYTON WASHER CO.
THE DEXTER COMPANY
FAIRGRIEVE and SON, LIMITED
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GRINNELL WASHING MACHINE CORPORATION
THE HIRSCHY COMPANY
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HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY
JOHNSON WASHER COMPANY
KEYSTONE WASHING MACHINE COMPANY, INC.
P. F. KNOLL MFG. CO.
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MEADOWS MANUFACTURING CO.
MINIER MANUFACTURING CO.
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NATIONAL SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
THE 1900 WASHER COMPANY
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PINE-IHRIG MACHINE CO.
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PUFFER-HUBBARD MFG. CO.
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STANDARD SANITARY MFG. CO.
UPTON MACHINE COMPANY
VOSS BROS. MFG. CO.
VULCAN MANUFACTURING CO.

LOVELL WRINGERS AND WRINGER ROLLS

(Continued from Page 170)

the worthies of that region could pun in marble, we will allow ourselves to do so on paper, but with the reservation that the aforesaid Carolina parrot was no songster; his gayety was all in gorgeous plumage.

With a reverence that we cannot suppose to be exceeded in uncovering a saintly relic, we once saw a country physician of that region display three perfect skins of this extinct jewel of America's primeval treasures. They were locked and double locked in an old secretary in his office, where everything else was a fine professional clutter of books and journals, ether cans and pill boxes. Like many doctors, his hobby—the birds of his region, and the reptiles too—all fitted into his life along byroads to far places.

Acres of Easter Lilies

"These were my father's," said the doctor. "He got them himself. The parrots had no fixed rookery, but they would come in companies to the same spot and stay around a long time. They loved the dried hackberries in that piney island on our side of the swamp, where the long railway trestle is today. Every year they came, and they were so docile and unafraid that you could walk under the trees where they were feeding, as though they were your own tame birds. They would creep and crawl among the branches exactly as you see captive parrots hang to their perches. At night you could knock them down merely dazing them with a lantern—just as the passenger pigeons used to be caught for market; or if you knew where they nested in the old hollow stumps of trees, you could go and pick them out by the dozen. They were stupid and beautiful—that's why they're gone."

Exactly as one remembers some jewel in a show window flashing on black velvet in the electric-lighted display of a metropolitan boulevard—one remembers the supreme gorgeousness of those indigo, sulphur-yellow and mineral-green birds. Those treasured skins outshone any combination of colors that I have ever seen, man-made or otherwise. A few scattered specimens are what is left of the gorgeous American parrot. Bogs are exclusive. That constitutes their great allure, and their hidden details of rarity, form and perfume are not yours unless you are willing to wade in.

The actual thrill of the great swamp, however, is one that I shamelessly confess, even though it be nothing more or less than the satisfaction of greed. In the Peedee-Santee-Yemassee low country there are a million pine-ridge roads that are just string courses of connecting paths between water holes, river backwaters, and sluggish tributaries to the great rivers themselves. In these aqueous areas, whatever there is, there is plenty of it. It is like getting your hands in a treasure chest—such a cask as they say Bonnet and the rest of the old pirates buried in these parts—and letting the coins trickle through your fingers to see, for instance, such a banking and festooning of yellow jasmine that the narrow path is a mere aisle between golden walls, the summits of which are spilling and tumbling over with long strands of flowers where vines have attained the topmost of their effort for a place in the sun.

A few yellow jasmine are well enough, and in the hand they may be closely inhaled until they translate the senses, but bogtrotters and swamp angels want an imperial portion. There was a swamp angel who came with a two-mule team of fat pine knots and splinters, turkeys and eggs and peas, a-peddling down the street of the old town. Back-country billies like him ought to have been impressed, or at least respectful to city ways and folks.

Not he. "Po' pindlin' leetle gyardens, an' a baker's dozen o' flowers," he drawled as, leaning over the palings of Miss Annie's luxuriant front yard, he surveyed her demesne and watched her patiently weeding the borders. "Daown t'our way, in the ma'shes, we'd walk all over sich a teenty bed o' posies. I wouldn't notice lilies 'cept I saw an acre of 'em." Secretly I was self-enlightened by that contemptuous note of the wild man from the swamps. For he spoke no hyperbole, but referred directly to those chosen places of the atamasco lily where it blooms in battalions, squares and hollow squares, in the depths of the great swamps. Leave a railway track and pick your way through broom grass and little plantations of young yellow pine, where the sand turns to clay and tall swamp growth begins—there the atamasco, loveliest of the Easter lilies, may be come upon in respectable beds of a few hundreds. That is as far as the wild-flower pickers from the village go.

But these lily beds are merely an outpost, a vanguard of the main body. There are pigs in the swamps—lowland razorbacks—who lead nomadic lives a-traipsing through depths of forest and edging around no bottom swamp holes to the inner pastures of their liking, places way off, miles from fences and cart roads, silent, cool even at noonday, where the earth is peat-black and rounded in little knobs and hummocks.

Here it is, indeed, that one gets his imperial portion of the lilies. Regularly white and rarely shell-pink, when they are beheld in their great solitude, thousands and thousands at a glance, they produce a reaction of unreality. They march, in white companies of little ghosts, out from dim recesses, stand in wide phalanxes, drift into shadows and retreat. You really regret your greed, your love of lavish portions, and feel yourself first cousin to the pigs whose canny footprints you have been following. No person has a right to look upon so many lilies all alone!

A Million-Acre Hothouse

To supply a reason for this flamboyant excess of vegetation in these Carolina tropics seems like explaining an Arabian Nights' dream, yet in itself the reason is a canto in the epic of earth history. For the oozy floor of this great bottomland was laid but a mere yesterday of ages ago over the corals and the fishes and the saurians of a sea that was. And the gorgeous diamond-back that piles his coils in the hot solitude of a perfumed noon, the water turkey whose ophidian neck and peculiar flight suggest the saw-tooth midnight birds of a reptilian age, are but a few hours removed from archaic cousins of theirs over whose phosphate bones they dwell.

It is a million-acre hothouse, troweled and laid out above a mine of fertilizer. It is difficult to select for its dramatic quality one scene in little Amazonia as compared with another. Have you ever looked down upon the Bignonia, where a million scarlet trumpets seemed exactly like a patterned awning laid over the tops of acres of bush and tree, completely hiding the forest floor? There is a bridge over a creek tributary to the Waccamaw where such a vision may be had. The approach extends for long stretches over quaking ooze before it spans the water, and you may look down upon acres of trumpet vines whose cables drop like ropes through scaffoldings into the mud forty feet below. Or the deceptive grove of live oaks, tufting out beyond canebrake and ridge of pine, dominating its adjacent forest as a cathedral overtops a town; but to your amazement, you find it is not a grove, but a single tree.

Nowhere else on earth has the oak attained the dimensions or the architectural perfection of these giants of the Santee. A central growth, once you reach it, is enormously apparent; a bole with buttresses and ribs and shouldering members that connect it with the earth in such powerful roots as to suggest titanic siphons or well-joined water mains going from the tree in the basement to the tree in the air. Lateral branches, each larger than the whole girth of other and notable trees, do not at first go up, but spread in contortions, cantilevers, twists and turns, not six feet above the soil, and finally, themselves branching, they spurt upward to bear auxiliary canopies of foliage far out on the rim of an immense circle around the highest central canopy. Light shafts downward between these offset canopies much as it streaks the pavement of a cathedral from openings in the clerestory. Without such play of sun upon its roots, it is our hazard that this green basilica would have rotted into mold about the time that Israel came out of Egypt.

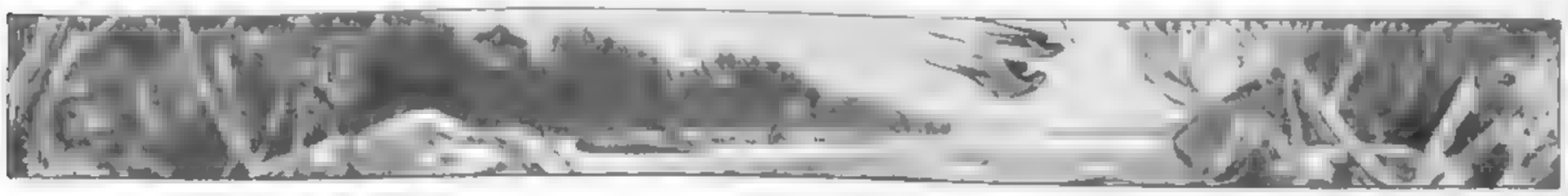
The Treachery of Beauty

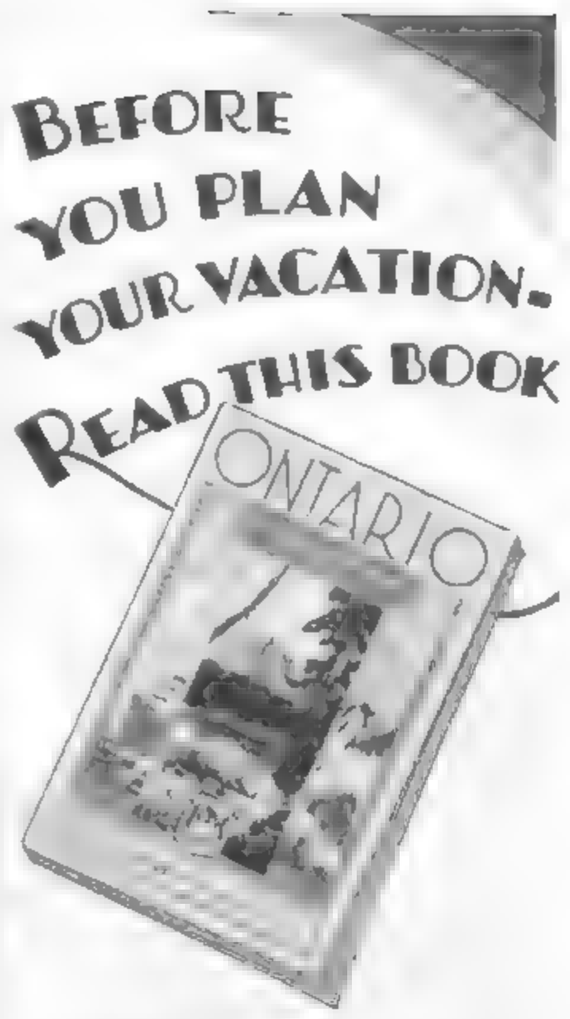
It is my belief that the definite feeling, the imparted spirit of a locality—what is anciently called the *genius loci*—is the only thing worth going after. The architecture, the handicraft and the cuisine of a region must be due reflections in slow time of surrounding and potent nature. Variations are unlimited in our own country, where, more than elsewhere in the world, there are the greatest divergences of scene and climate.

Two plants scarcely heard of even in their own region are true spirits of the marshes. The jewel iris, a miniature no larger than many a counterfeit in gold and precious stones, a tropical drop of iridescence in rose and lavender and carmine, appears in April, spattered by thousands on slopes of pine between the sluggish streams and hidden lakes. Is it not one of those little miracles of history that this tiny fleur-de-lis, quintessence of the lilies of France, should have been just here and almost here alone to meet the Huguenots? What beatific omen did they make of it, this rain of fleur-de-lis upon their land of Canaan?

If there is treachery in those teeming swamps, its sinister spirit is embodied in the golden pitcher plant. This flower, outclassing its cooler relative in green and brown that dwells to the northward, flushes in the Carolina hot depths all the splendor that it shows a thousand leagues still farther south, for like the alligator, it makes shift to sleep a short winter through. Peering down into its yellow vases—pitchers so-called—and observing their voluminous content of water, the sinister device—a death trap of living things—is impressive. Always growing at the edge of deep and treacherous water, among débris and glistening vines, they fortunately bloom a month or so before the moccasin drapes his sooty fatness on the logs.

High above the pitchers, nodding on fleshy stems, are flowers of a two-fold beauty, creatures of a double life. Today they are orderly, round, and as a flower should be, yellow and green, with incurve petals rolled about a burning center. Tomorrow they assume another phase—their nuptial glory, with petals loosed and flung outward, downward, in a disarray of ribbons, long and curled; while about them is a dim, enticing perfume. The creature carries out a ritual. All that ancient mysteries and the poets put into their bridal hymns, even to the loosened zone, is here enacted in a pulseless drama, the more impressive for being an inner secret of the inner swamp.





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THE BLACK CAMEL

Continued from Page 5

policeman lazily turned a stop-go sign to let them pass. Shelah Fane, like all passengers newly descended from a ship at this port, felt rather dazzled by the brightness and the color.

"Oh, I shall enjoy this!" she cried. "I've never stayed here longer than one day before. What a relief to be out of the South Seas."

"But they're romantic, aren't they?" Julie asked.

"The illusions of youth," the star shrugged. "I shan't destroy them. Only don't mention Tahiti to me again as long as I live."

"Not quite like the books," Tarneverro nodded. He sat, mysterious even in that bright world, at Shelah's side. "I discovered that for myself, long ago. You're staying here for some time, I take it?"

"A month, I hope," the star answered. "A couple of weeks still to go on the picture and then, I trust, a fortnight's rest. I want it badly, Tarneverro. I'm tired—tired "

"You need not tell me that," he said. "I have eyes."

He had, indeed, eyes; eyes that were cold and piercing and rather disquieting. The car sped on past the old Royal Palace and the Judiciary Building, and turned off into Kalakaua Avenue.

"It was so good of you to come over here," Shelah told him.

"Not at all," he replied evenly. "I started the day after I got your cable. I was due for a vacation—my work, you know, is not precisely restful. Then, too, you said you needed me. That was enough. That will always be enough."

Julie began to chatter about the islands; she mentioned the warm, caressing waters of Waikiki, the thrill of haunting native music in the purple night, the foreign pageant of the streets.

"All of which," smiled Shelah, "sounds very much to me like James Bradshaw in one of his more lyric moods "

Julie laughed.

"Yes, I guess I was quoting Jimmy. Did you meet him, Shelah?"

"I met him," the star nodded.

"He's really very nice," Julie assured her. "Especially when he isn't talking shop."

The pink walls of the Grand Hotel appeared at that moment through a network of majestic palms, and Shelah directed the chauffeur to turn in at the gates.

"I must talk with you very soon," she said to Tarneverro. "I have so much to ask you. You see ——"

He raised a slim white hand. "Don't tell me, please," he smiled. "Let me tell you "

She glanced at him, a little startled. "Oh, of course. I need your advice, Tarneverro. You must help me again, as you have helped me so often in the past."

He nodded gravely. "I shall try. With what success—who knows? Come to my apartment at eleven o'clock—it is No. 19, on the first floor. There is a short flight of stairs leading to my corridor just at the left of the hotel desk as you enter. I shall expect you."

"Yes, yes." Her voice was trembling. "I must settle this thing today. I'll be there."

Tarneverro bowed from the hotel steps and as the car drove off, Shelah was conscious of Julie's frank young eyes fixed on her with a disapproval that was almost contempt.

The head bell man touched Tarneverro's sleeve. "Excuse. There is a man who waits to see you. This one."

The fortune teller turned to perceive a bulky Chinese who approached him with an amazingly light step. The ivory face was wearing a somewhat stupid expression; the black eyes were veiled and sleepy-looking. Not a very intelligent Chinese, Tarneverro thought, wondering vaguely what this visit presaged.

The Oriental placed one hand on his broad chest and achieved a grand bow despite his waistline.

"A thousand pardons," he remarked. "Have I the undisputable honor to address Tarneverro the Great?"

"I am Tarneverro," answered the other brusquely. "What can I do for you?"

"Permit that I introduce myself," continued the Chinese, "unworthy of your notice though I am. The name is Harry Wing, and I am humble business man of this island. Do I extend my remarks too far when I say I wish to see you alone?"

Tarneverro shrugged. "What for?"

"The matter is of pressing urgency. If I might suggest—your room —— "

The fortune teller gazed for a moment into that placid mask of a face, behind which life seemed nonexistent. He capitulated.

"Come along," he said. Obtaining his key at the desk, he led the way.

Once inside the door of No. 19, he turned to confront his odd visitor, who had followed on noiseless feet. The curtains of the sitting room were drawn back as far as they would go, and the place was flooded with light.

With his customary forethought, Tarneverro had selected an apartment on the mountain side of the hotel, and a restless, cool wind from the Koolau Range swept in at the window and stirred the papers lying on a desk.

The countenance of the Chinese was still without expression, even under the piercing scrutiny the fortune teller now gave it.

"Well?" said Tarneverro.

"You are the famous Tarneverro," began Harry Wing in a respectful singsong. "Among Hollywood people you have vast reputation as one who lifts dark veils and peers into uncertain future. Black as lacquer that future may be to ordinary eyes, but to yours, they say, it is clear as glass Permit me to add this reputation pursues you even to Hawaii, dogging like shadow at your heels. The rumor of your mystic skill floods the street."

"Yes?" put in Tarneverro shortly. "What of it?"

"I am, as I say, business man of small importance to everybody but myself. Now I begin to speak to you frankly that opportunity arouses itself in my path. I can amalgamate my business up together with that of my cousin from a north province. Future looks bright, but qualms assail me Will the merge have success? Is my cousin honorable as cousin of mine should naturally be? Can I trust him? In fewer words, I desire dark veil lifted, and you are man to do the business. I stand ready to make generous payment for this lifting."

Tarneverro's eyes narrowed, and for a long time he stood staring at this unexpected customer for his wares. The Chinese waited motionless as a Buddha, with his hands in his trousers pockets, his coat thrown back. The fortune teller's glance rested for a moment at a point just below the fountain-pen pocket on his visitor's waistcoat.

"Impossible," he said, with sudden decision. "I am here on a vacation, not to practice my profession."

"But rumor remarks," objected the other, "that you have already done work with crystal "

"For one or two of the hotel managers—as a friendly gesture," Tarneverro cut in. "I received no fee of any sort. I will not do this kind of thing for the general public."

Harry Wing shrugged. "The matter then becomes sad disappointment for me," he answered.

A grim smile spread over the seer's dark face. "Sit down," he said. "I have spent some time in China and I understand how great is the interest of your people in fortune tellers. So for a moment, while you

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were telling me why you came, I thought you were speaking the truth."

The visitor frowned. "I am now rapidly failing to understand you."

Still smiling, Tarneverro dropped into a chair facing the Oriental. "Yes, Mr.—ah—er Wing, I believe you said momentarily I was deceived. And then a certain little gift of mine came to my aid. You have been kind enough to speak of my success. I have succeeded—why? Because I happen to be psychic, Mr. Wing ——"

"Chinese people are psychic too."

"Just a moment. As I stood there listening to you, a psychic wave swept over me. I had a feeling—a feeling of—what? Of stern men who sit in police stations and are sworn to enforce the laws. Of detectives pursuing evildoers, landing them at last; and then, a court of justice, so-called; a learned judge. That, my friend, is the feeling I had. Rather amazing, don't you think?"

His visitor's expression had lost suddenly all its stupidity. The little black eyes snapped with admiration.

"Amazing smart act on your part, yes But as for me, I do not think it was psychic feeling. A moment ago I beheld your eyes resting with fierce understanding on locality of my own waistcoat from which detective badge was recently removed. The pin has left indelible marks. You are Number One detective yourself, and I congratulate you."

Tarneverro threw back his head and laughed. "*Touché*," he cried. "So you are a detective, Mr.—er ——"

"The name is Chan," said the bulky Chinese, grinning broadly. "Inspector Chan, of the Honolulu police—former times sergeant, but there has been upheaval in local police department, and I am rewarded far beyond my humble merits. Trap which has just failed so flatly, I add in justice to me personally, was not my idea. I informed chief it would not work unless you happened to be extreme dull-wit. Since you turn out clever beyond expectation, it did not. No bitter feelings. I pause only to call attention to local ordinance which says men like you must not practice dark arts in this town without obtaining permission. A word being spoken to the wise, I rise to accomplish my exit."

Tarneverro also stood up. "I am not going to practice among your townspeople," he announced. He had dropped the tense air of mystery which he evoked for the benefit of film stars, and seemed quite human and not unlikable. "It has been a pleasure to meet you, inspector. As for my own detective prowess, I may say in confidence that it is rather useful in my work."

"Must be so," returned Chan. "But such skill as yours should be at service of public. Frequently in Los Angeles murder mystery leaps into print and never gets solved. I study them all with fiery interest. The Taylor case—what an amazing happening was there—*hale*, it is still mystery. And case of Denny Mayo, famous actor of handsome countenance, dead in his home at night. How many years—three and more—and Denny Mayo is still unavenged by Los Angeles police."

"And never will be," added the fortune teller. "No, inspector, that is not in my line. I find it safer to dwell on the future and soft-pedal Hollywood's past."

"In such course, wisdom may abide," agreed Chan. "None the less, how happily I would welcome your aid if some such worrisome puzzle stared into my face. I will say good-by, Mr. Tarneverro. Memory of your cleverness will linger in my poor mind for long time to come."

He slipped quietly out and Tarneverro glanced at his watch. With a leisurely air he placed a small table in the middle of the room and, taking from a bureau drawer a gleaming crystal, stood it thereon. Then he stepped to the window and drew the curtains part way across, shutting out a goodly portion of the bright light outside. Glancing about the darkened room, he shrugged his shoulders. Not such an impressive stage setting as his studio in Los Angeles, but it would have to serve. Sitting down by the window, he took out of his pocket a bulky letter, and slitting the flap of the envelope, began to read. The curtains, caught in the fierce grip of the trade wind, swirled about his head.

At eleven o'clock Shelah Fane knocked on the door, and he ushered her into his setting room. She was gowned in white and appeared younger than she had at the dock, but her eyes were clouded with worry. Tarneverro's manner was professional now; he was cold, remote, unsympathetic. He seated her at the table behind the crystal; then, drawing the curtains all the way, plunged the room into almost complete darkness.

"Tarneverro, you must tell me what to do," she began. He sat down opposite her.

"Wait," he commanded. He looked fixedly into the crystal. "I see you standing at the rail on the boat deck of a steamer, under a brilliant moon. You are wearing a dinner gown—it is gold and matches your hair. There is a scarf of the same color about your shoulders. A man is standing at your side; he points, and offers you a pair of glasses. You raise them to your eyes; you catch the last faint glimmer of the lights along the Front at Papéite, the port from which you sailed a few brief hours ago."

"Yes, yes," murmured Shelah Fane. "Oh, Tarneverro, how do you know ——"

"The man turns. I see him only dimly, but I recognize him. Today, on the pier—Alan Jaynes—was that his name? He has asked you a question—marriage, perhaps—but you shake your head. Reluctantly. You want to say yes; yet you don't. You put him off. Why? I feel you love this man."

"I do," the star cried. "Oh, Tarneverro, I really do. I knew him first at Papéite—only a week—but in a place like that —— The first night out—it was just as you say—he proposed to me. I haven't given him my answer yet. I want to say yes—to have a little happiness now—I've earned it, I think. But I—I'm afraid ——"

He lifted his piercing eyes from the crystal. "You're afraid. Something in your past—you fear it will return to haunt you?"

"No, no," the woman cried.

"Something that happened long ago."

"No, no; it isn't true."

"You cannot deceive me. How long ago? I cannot quite determine, and it is necessary that I should know."

The trade wind mumbled at the curtains. Shelah Fane's eyes wandered helplessly about the darkened room, then came back to Tarneverro's.

"How long ago?" the man demanded.

She sighed. "Three years ago last month," she said, in a voice so low he had to strain to hear.

He was silent for a moment, his mind racing like an engine. June, three years ago. He gazed fixedly into the crystal; his lips moved. "Denny Mayo," he said softly. "Something about Denny Mayo. Ah, yes, I see it now."

The wind tore the curtains apart and a wide strip of dazzling light fell across Shelah Fane's face. Her eyes were staring, frightened.

"I shouldn't have come," she moaned.

"What about Denny Mayo?" Tarneverro went on relentlessly. "Shall I tell you—or will you tell me?"

She pointed to the window. "A balcony. There's a balcony out there."

As one who humors a child, he rose and looked outside. He came back to the table. "Yes, there's a balcony, but no one is on it."

He sat down again and his bold, commanding eyes sought hers. She was trapped and helpless.

"Now!" said Tarneverro the Great.

II

AFTER a brief twilight, the dark sweeps over Waikiki Beach like Old Man Mystery himself. In the hours before the

moon, like a climbing torch, ascends the purple sky, the sense of hearing comes into its own. Blackness covers the coco palms, yet they may be heard rustling at the trade wind's touch; the white line of the breakers is blotted out, yet they continue to crash on that unseen shore with what seems an added vigor. This is night in the real sense of the word, intriguing, awe-inspiring, but all too short, for the moon is waiting an early cue

A solitary floor lamp was burning in the huge living room of the house Shelah Fane had rented at Waikiki. The paneled walls, the furniture and the floor, all fashioned of rare native woods, gleamed faintly in the half light, the green of exotic plants was everywhere. The French windows that faced the street were closed, but those on the ocean side, leading onto a great screened *lanai*, stood wide and through them at regular intervals came the roar of the surf, which was running high.

Shelah Fane came into the room. She walked with a quick, nervous step, and in her eyes was a look of apprehension -almost of terror. It was a look that had been there ever since her return from that interview with Tarneverro in his apartment at the Grand Hotel. What had she done? She asked this of herself over and over. What had she done? What was the secret of this dark man's power that he had so easily dragged from the inner recesses of her mind a story she had thought safely buried forever? Once away from the strange influence of his presence she had been appalled at her own indiscretion. But it was too late then for anything save regret.

With her unerring instinct for the spotlight, she sat down under the single lamp. Many cameras had clicked in Hollywood since that distant time when, like a rocket, she had flashed into the picture sky and nowadays the spotlight was none too kind to her. Kind to her hair, yes, which seemed to spring into flame, but not so considerate of the lines of worry about her eyes, about her small, tense mouth. Did she know? Longer than most rockets she had hung blazing in the sky; now she must endure the swift, lonely drop in the dark.

Her butler, Jessop, came in; a spare, elderly Englishman who had also found in Hollywood the promised land. He carried a florist's box. Shelah Fane looked up.

"Oh, Jessop," she said, "did Miss Julie tell you? The dinner hour is 8:30."

"I understand, madam," he answered gravely.

"A few of the young people are going for a dip before we dine. Mr. Bradshaw for one. You might show him to the blue bedroom to dress. The bathhouses are dark and need cleaning. Miss Julie and Miss Diana will dress in their rooms."

Jessop nodded as Julie came in. The girl wore an afternoon gown, and her face was innocent of make-up. She was enthusiastic, happy, young—a touch of envy darkened the star's fine eyes.

"Don't you worry, Shelah," Julie said. "Jessop and I have planned everything. It will be like all your parties—a knockout. . . . What's that, Jessop—flowers?"

"For Miss Fane," explained the butler, and handing the box to the girl, left the room.

Shelah Fane was looking about her, a frown on her face. "I've been wondering, Julie. How in the world can I arrange a good entrance on the party in a place like this? If only there was a balcony, or at least a broad flight of stairs."

Julie laughed. "You might come suddenly through the *lanai*, strumming a ukulele and singing a Hawaiian song"

The star took her seriously. "No good, my dear. I'd be entering on the same level with the guests, and that is never effective. To make the proper impression, one must appear suddenly from above—always remember that, darling. Now in Hollywood"

The girl shrugged. "Oh, just come in naturally for once, Shelah. There's a lot in novelty, you know." She had torn the cord from the box of flowers, and now she lifted the lid. "Lovely!" she cried. "Orchids, Shelah!"

The star turned without interest. Orchids were nothing new in her life. "Nice of Alan," she said languidly

But Julie shook her head. "No," she announced, "they're not from Mr. Jaynes, evidently." She read the card aloud

'With love from one you have forgotten
Who could that be, Shelah?'"

"Who couldn't it be?" smiled the star a bit wistfully. She rose with sudden interest. "I wonder—let me see the card." She glanced at it. "'With love from one ——'" Her eyes lighted with quick understanding. "Why, it's Bob's writing. Dear old Bob. Just fancy with love—after all these years'

"Bob?" inquired the girl

Shelah nodded. "Bob Fyfe my first and only husband, dear. You never knew him—it was long ago. I was just a kid, in the chorus of a musical show in New York, and Bob was an actor, a legitimate actor such a good one too. I adored him then, but along came Hollywood and our divorce. And now—with love I wonder. Can it be true'"

"What's he doing in Honolulu?" Julie asked

"Playing in stock," Shelah replied. "Leading man at some theater here. Rita Ballou told me all about him this morning when I called her up." She took the orchids. "I shall wear these tonight," she announced. "I never dreamed he would even speak to me. I—I'm touched. I'd like to see Bob again." A thoughtful look crossed her face. "I'd like to see him at once. He was always so kind, so clever What time is it—oh, yes"—she glanced at a watch on her wrist—"7:20. What was the name of that theater? Rita told me. The Royal, I think she said."

The doorbell rang briskly, there ensued a snappy bit of dialogue in the hall, and Jimmy Bradshaw burst through the curtains. He was, it seemed, in a lighthearted mood.

"Here we all are!" he cried. "Everybody who really matters! Well, Miss Fane, how does it feel to be footloose and carefree on a palm-fringed shore, way down in the warm southern seas?"

"It's really very restful," Shelah smiled. She nodded at Julie. "I'll be back in a moment. I want a pin for these flowers."

She disappeared into the hall, and Bradshaw turned quickly to the girl.

"You're looking great!" he cried. "It's the climate. Not that you didn't look fairly good at the start ——"

"Tell me," she cut in. "What do you think of Shelah?"

"Shelah?" He paused. "Oh, she's all right. Nice and friendly, but a bit artificial—a good actress, on and off. In the past two years I've met enough screen stars to start a Hollywood of my own, and what I always say is—doffing my hat to Southern California—you can have 'em."

"You don't really know Shelah," protested the girl.

"No, I guess not. She's been kind to you, and that makes her aces up with me. But my own preference in women—and I've looked very carefully over the field ——"

"Oh, you have, have you?"

"My ideal—since you've asked me, and I'm glad you have—is a rather different sort. Lovely, of course, young, innocent, ingenuous—and pretty crazy about yours truly. That—and you may quote me freely—is the girl for me."

Diana came suddenly through the curtains. She, too, still wore an afternoon gown. "Hello, big boy," she said. "You ready for that swim with me?"

"Sure," replied Bradshaw. "With you, and anybody else who wants to come along." He looked at Julie. "Let's go. Before the moon rises is my idea. It's the best time. Anyone else going, or is it just the three of us?"

Julie shook her head. "No one else, I guess. The others are afraid of spoiling their make-up."

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"Which is one advantage of youth over doddering age," the boy returned. "Well, come along." Shelah appeared, wearing the orchids on her shoulder. "Just about to dip into the world-famed waters of Waikiki," Jimmy informed her. "Won't you join us?"

"Some other evening," she told him. "You know, I'm hostess tonight."

"You are missing," said Bradshaw impressively, "one of the thrills of a lifetime. The silken surf beating on coral sand, the dark, star-strewn sky above, perhaps the pastel loveliness of a lunar rainbow—boats run from Los Angeles and San Francisco once a week, and the fare is within the reach of all."

The doorbell rang again. Accompanied by Shelah, the young people went out into the hall.

"Get your suit," Julie said to the boy. "I'll show you where to change. Let's make it a race. The first one into the water gets a prize."

"I'll win it," answered Bradshaw. "I'll name it too." They clattered up the polished stairs.

Again the bell sounded. Shelah was just beside the door, but she did not open it; she considered such an act beneath the dignity of a star. Instead she returned to the living room and waited for Jeasop to do his duty. After a brief delay, he did it, and two new guests appeared in the living room. Shelah advanced to meet them—a dark, rather faded woman of thirty, followed by a big, blond man who had an air of nonchalant authority.

"Rita Ballou!" the star cried. "Why, it's ages! And Wilkie—I'm so glad!"

"Hello, darling," said the woman she called Rita.

The man came forward. "Look here, Shelah. What time did you say dinner was to be?"

"Eight-thirty was the hour, but it doesn't matter."

Ballou turned to his wife. "Good Lord, can't you ever get anything straight?"

"What's the difference?" the woman replied. "We can have a chat with Shelah before the others come." She turned to the star. "So sorry we missed you when you went through before. We were on the mainland."

"Haven't missed you this time, thank heaven," added Wilkie Ballou. "By gad, you're as blooming as ever."

"How do you do it?" inquired Rita sweetly. Her cold eyes flashed green with envy as she looked at Shelah.

"She's found the fountain of youth," suggested Wilkie admiringly.

"I've always heard that was in Hawaii," smiled the star. She looked hard at Rita. "But it isn't," the look added.

Rita understood. "Not at all," she said grimly. "It's in the beauty shops of Hollywood, and you know it. Over here, women fade quickly."

"Nonsense," protested Shelah.

"Yes, they do. Oh, I've learned my lesson—too late. I should have stayed in Hollywood and gone on with my career."

"But, my dear, surely you're happy with Wilkie?"

"Of course. The way I would be with the toothache."

Wilkie shrugged. "Overlook it, Shelah," he said. "We've been rowing all the way out here. Rita's nerves, you know."

"Is that so?" remarked his wife. "I guess anyone would have nerves with a husband like you. Honestly, Shelah, he's got a better imagination than what's-his-name—Shakspere. If he'd only drop sugar planting and go in for writing scenarios—— But never mind us. Tell me all about Hollywood. I'd love to be back."

"I'm making a long stop here. We'll have lots of time to chat later," Shelah explained. "Some of the crowd are going for a swim before dinner. Care to go along?"

Rita put one hand to her perfect coiffure and shrugged. "Not for me!" she cried. "I'm so sick of swimming I gag at the sight of my tub. You've no idea, my dear—three years married and living in Honolulu—these people over here are like fish. They suffocate when you bring 'em ashore."

They heard the noise of a new arrival in the hall, and Alan Jaynes came into the room, handsome and upstanding in his dinner clothes. Shelah's heart sank suddenly at sight of him. While she was introducing him to the Ballous, Julie and Jimmy Bradshaw rushed in, wearing gay beach robes over their bathing suits. They paused, with obvious reluctance, for further introductions.

"Where's Miss Dixon?" Bradshaw inquired. "She hasn't gone out, has she?"

"Nonsense!" cried Julie. "Diana will take ages. She always does."

"Then the race is between us two," said the boy, and dashed through the open window onto the *lanai*, with Julie at his heels.

"What a good-looking boy," Rita remarked. "Who is he?"

Shelah explained Mr. Bradshaw's place in the world's work. Rita stood up.

"Let's all go down to the beach," she said.

"The beach—in high-heeled slippers?" protested Wilkie.

"I can take them off, can't I?" Rita demanded. She was moving toward the window.

"Go along," the star said. "We'll follow later."

Rita went out.

Without enthusiasm, Wilkie lifted his great bulk from the chair. "That means I go too," he explained, and did so.

Shelah turned to Alan Jaynes with a nervous little laugh. "Poor Wilkie, he's so jealous. And with reason, I'm afraid; at least, he had reason in the old days."

Jaynes came quickly to her side. "So sorry I couldn't see you this afternoon. Your headache—it's better, I trust?"

She nodded. "Much better."

"I've brought you a bit of an offering. It's hardly worthy of you, of course." He handed her a corsage bouquet wrapped in tissue paper.

She unwrapped it. "Lovely," she said.

"But too late," remarked Jaynes. "I see you're wearing someone's orchids."

Shelah laid his gift on a table. "Yes, Alan."

"I hope that doesn't mean ——" he began, frowning. "Shelah, it can't mean that. I—I couldn't go on without you."

She faced him. "You'll have to, Alan. I'm so sorry. But I—I can't marry you."

His expression clouded. "It's true, then," he said grimly.

"What's true?"

"The thing Van Horn told me this afternoon. I refused to believe it of you; it's too childish—too ignorant. You sent for that fortune-telling charlatan, and he decided it for you. He advised you not to take me." She turned away without speaking. The man's face flushed with anger. "If you had any sane reason," he continued, controlling himself with an effort, "I'd take my medicine quietly. But this—this is too much. To let a faker—a crystal gazer—a cheap fraud, come between us. By the lord, I won't stand for it! I thought on the boat you loved me!"

"Maybe I did," she answered sadly.

"Then nothing in this world shall stop me ——"

"Wait, Alan—wait, please!" she cried. "It's for you—I'm doing this for you! You must believe that. There could be no happiness for us ——"

"So that's what he told you, eh?"

"That's what he told me, but he was only repeating what was in my heart. The past, Alan—the past won't die!"

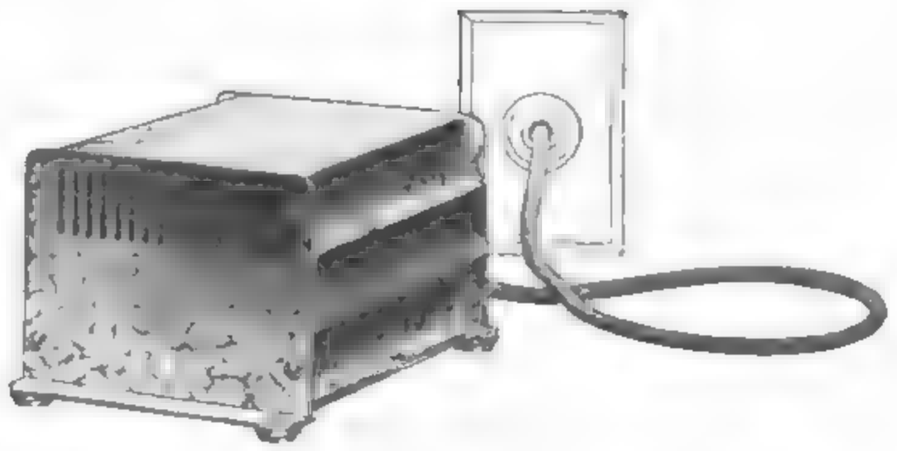
"I've told you I don't give a hang about what's past."

"Oh, but you don't know, Alan, and I can't tell you. I'm trying to do the decent thing. You're so fine and straight, I couldn't bear it if I ended by dragging you through the dust. Please, Alan—please!"

"I don't want to understand!" Jaynes cried. "I only want you—to love and take

(Continued on Page 181)

Amazing new electrical invention



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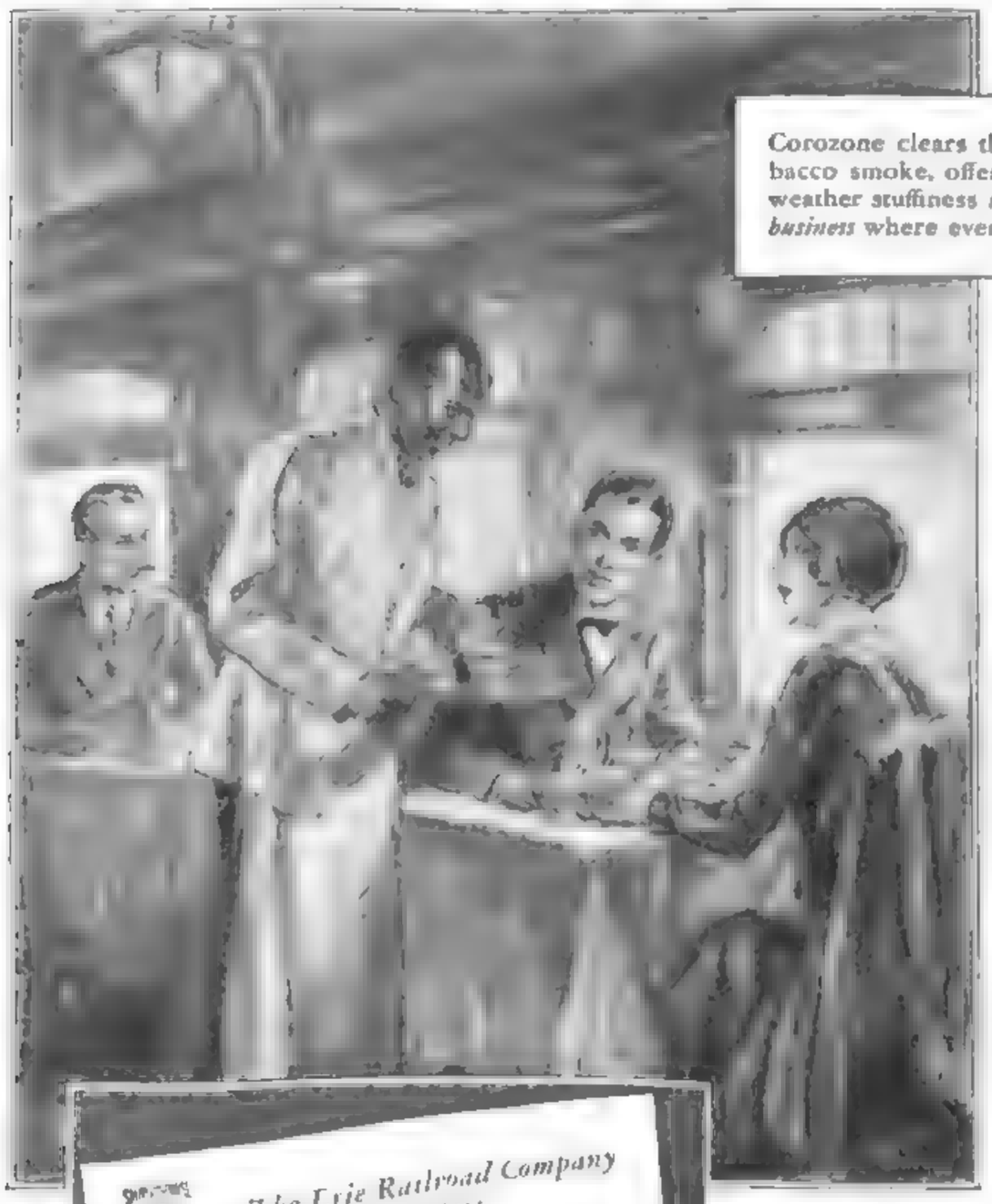

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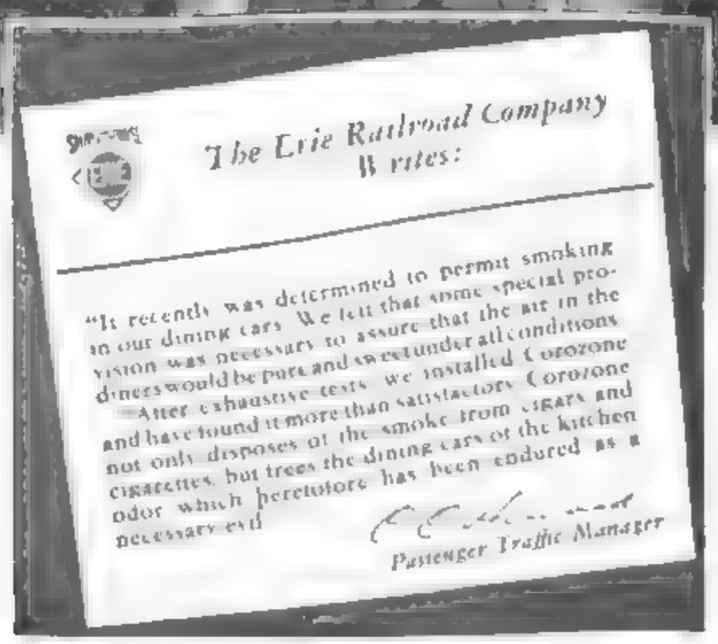
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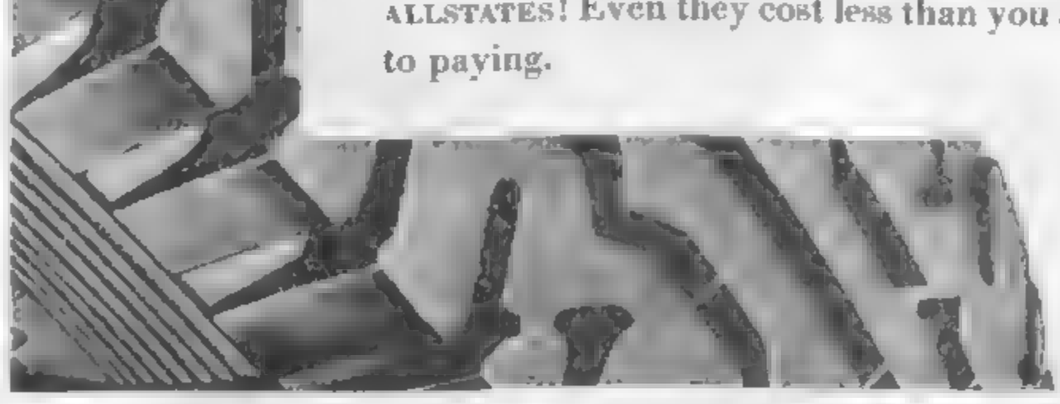

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(Continued from Page 178)

care of. See here, my time is brief—so pitifully brief. I must leave at midnight—you know that. Forget this fool of a fortune teller. I can't understand your faith in him; I can't approve it, but I'm willing to overlook it. You aren't to blame, I fancy. Your temperament, your way of life. Forget him, my dear, and give me your word before I go."

She shook her head. "I can't!" she said brokenly. "I can't!"

For a long moment Jaynes looked at her. Then, with great dignity, he turned on his heel

"Where are you going?" Shelah cried.

"I don't know," he answered. "I must think this thing out."

"But you're dining here."

"I don't know," the man repeated. "I couldn't talk to your friends just now. I want to be alone for a few minutes. I may return later." He seemed dazed, uncertain of himself.

Shelah was at his side, her hand on his sleeve. "Alan, I'm so sorry—so unhappy."

He turned and took her in his arms. "By heaven, you loved me on the ship. I won't give you up. I can't." His glance fell on the orchids, fastened to the shoulder strap of her gown by a small diamond pin. "No one shall take you from me!" he cried, and, releasing her, went quickly out.

Shelah Fane walked slowly to a chair and dropped into it. Pain and a desperate unhappiness were in her face, and she was not acting now. For a few moments she sat there, then gradually came back to her surroundings. She glanced at her watch – a quarter of eight. Quickly she rose and went to the French windows at the rear.

The moon was still in hiding, and the broad lawn that lay between the house and the pounding surf was shrouded in darkness. She heard, far away, the exultant cry of Julie battling with a breaker, and then the answering call of Jimmy Bradshaw. There was an odd air of expectancy about her as she stepped out on the *lanai*. She crossed it to the screen door that opened onto the lawn, and stood there, peering out. Under a near-by hau tree she thought she saw, in the blackness, an even blacker shadow. Suddenly it moved. With a little cry of recognition she flung open the door and ran swiftly across the grass.

Meanwhile, Alan Jaynes was striding grimly along Kalakaua Avenue in the direction of the Grand Hotel. Five minutes brought him to the cool, lofty lobby of that famous hostelry. He passed the head bell man, whose smile of welcome froze suddenly on his face as he caught the look in the Britisher's eyes.

Jaynes turned to the left, moving past shop windows filled with jade and Oriental silks, then past the flower booth where earlier in the evening, he had purchased the bouquet which now lay unappreciated on Shelah Fane's table. In another moment he reached the entrance to the big lounge of the hotel and stood there at the top of a short flight of steps.

It was a beautiful room, with those three great arches opposite the entrance like triple paintings of the tropic sky. But Jaynes had no eye for beauty tonight. Most of the guests were at dinner, and the lounge had a deserted air. Seated not far away, however, talking pleasantly with an elderly couple who had the look of tourists, the Britisher saw the man he wanted.

He descended the steps and crossed to this man's chair. "Stand up," he ordered in a husky voice.

Tarneverro the Great looked at him with an expressionless face.

"I should have expected a bit more courtesy," he said evenly. "But then, I scarcely know you."

"Stand up," Jaynes repeated, "and come with me. I want a talk with you."

For a moment the fortune teller sat, quietly measuring the man who towered above him. Then he rose, and, making his apologies to the two old people, he walked at Jaynes' side down the long room.

"What is all this ——" he began.

They stopped at an archway near the far end. Outside, a series of brilliant lights bathed the hotel lawn in white, making an ideal stage setting for some drama of the tropics. But the stage was empty; the drama was all inside the lounge.

"I want an explanation," said Jaynes roughly.

"An explanation of what?"

"I have done myself the honor of asking Miss Shelah Fane to marry me. I had every reason to believe she intended to do so, but today she consulted you about the matter—a matter that concerns you not at all. You advised her against a marriage with me."

Tarneverro shrugged. "I do not discuss with outsiders what goes on at my readings."

"You're going to discuss it with me. Make up your mind to that!"

"Suppose I did—what could I say? I tell my clients only what I see in the crystal."

"Rot!" cried Jaynes. "You tell them whatever happens to suit your fancy. What was your reason for this advice to Shelah?" He came closer and stared into the seer's face. "Are you, by any chance, in love with her yourself?"

The fortune teller smiled. "Miss Fane is most charming ——"

"We don't need your evidence on that point."

"—— most charming, but I do not permit myself the unwise luxury of a sentimental attachment for my clients. I advised her as I did because I saw no happiness possible in this proposed marriage." His tone grew serious. "Incidentally, whether you appreciate it or not, I did you a favor today."

"Really?" said Jaynes. "But I'm not asking favors of a mountebank like you"

A dark flush spread over Tarneverro's face. "There can be no point in prolonging this interview," he remarked, and turned away.

Jaynes seized him quickly by the arm. "We'll prolong it this far: You are going to Miss Fane at once and tell her you're a fraud, a fake, and that you wish to retract all you said to her today."

Tarneverro shook off the other's grasp. "And if I refuse?" he said

"If you refuse," Jaynes answered, "I propose to give you a thrashing you won't forget for many a day."

"I do refuse," said Tarneverro quietly.

Jaynes' arm shot back, only to find itself in a firm grip. He turned. Val Martino, the director, was at his side; his was the grip on the Britisher's arm. Beyond Martino, Huntley Van Horn, resplendent in Hollywood evening garb, looked on with an air of amused interest.

"Now, now!" bellowed Martino, his face even redder than usual. "Cut this out, please! Too much of it in the pictures already. We can't have it, Jaynes—we can't have it."

For a moment the four stood motionless. A new figure strolled upon the scene—a broad, bulky Chinese in a dinner coat. Tarneverro hailed him.

"Ah, Inspector Chan. Just a moment, please"

Charlie came closer. "It is Mr. Tarneverro," he remarked. "The lifter of the veil"

"Inspector," the fortune teller said, "may I present Mr. Van Horn and Mr Martino? And this is Mr. Alan Jaynes Inspector Chan, of the Honolulu police."

Chan bowed gracefully. "The honor is immense. Distinguished company, as a blind man could see."

Jaynes glared at Tarneverro. "Very good," he sneered. "Hide behind the skirts of the police. It's what I would expect of you."

"Now, now," Martino interposed. "A slight misunderstanding, inspector. There will be no trouble. I am sure the good name of the industry is too precious to all of us. It is certainly very precious to me."

Van Horn looked at his watch. "Eight o'clock," he announced. "I believe I'll roll along down to Shelah's. Anybody coming?"

The director shook his head. "Not yet. I'll be down presently." The actor walked slowly away. Martino, his grip still firm on the Britisher's arm, sought to lead him off. "Come out on the terrace," he pleaded. "We'll talk this matter over."

Jaynes turned to the fortune teller. "I'm not sailing until twelve," he said. "In the meantime we may meet again." He permitted Martino to lead him down the room.

"I trust that last prediction falls short of truth," Chan said to Tarneverro. "I do not have much liking for light I observe in gentleman's eye."

Tarneverro laughed. "Oh, he'll come round. I have offended him quite unintentionally." He looked thoughtfully at Charlie. "By the way, inspector, this is a happy meeting. I was thinking of calling you up. Just how do you plan to spend the evening?"

"I attend chamber-of-commerce banquet in this hotel," Chan explained.

"Good. You'll be here some time?"

Chan nodded. "I fear so. It happens very few after-dinner speeches are equipped with self-stopper."

"Until eleven, perhaps?"

"It seems terribly possible."

"I am dining at a friend's house down the beach," Tarneverro said. "At the house of Miss Shelah Fane, in fact. Sometime between now and eleven o'clock I may have a very important message for you, inspector"

Chan's eyes opened slowly. "A message? Of what nature?"

Tarneverro hesitated. "This morning you happened to speak of certain murder cases in Los Angeles that remain unsolved. I told you then that I preferred to keep out of that sort of thing. We are not always able to follow our preferences, inspector." He moved away.

"One moment," said Chan. "You have sought to quench the fire of my curiosity by tossing upon it a handful of straw. May I repeat my question—what sort of message?"

The fortune teller gave him a long look. "A message calling upon you to arrest the murderer of—but there, I mustn't say too much. There's many a slip, as you have no doubt learned from your own experience. I shall be happy to have you so near—until eleven, at least. After that I presume I can reach you at your home?"

"With ease," Charlie told him.

"Let us hope for success," smiled Tarneverro cryptically, and went to rejoin his elderly acquaintances in the center of the lounge. For a second Chan looked after him. Then, shrugging his broad shoulders, he turned to find the banquet room.

III

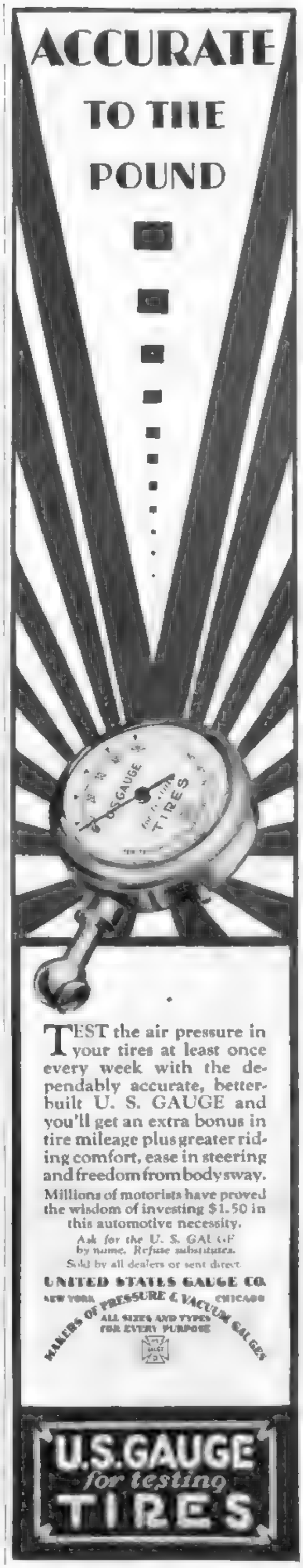
HUNTLEY VAN HORN strolled down Kalakaua Avenue in the direction of Shelah Fane's house. On this tiny island in the midst of the rolling Pacific, few outward signs of a romantic past survived. He might have been on Hollywood Boulevard; the parade of automobiles along that stretch of American asphalt was constant; a trolley clattered by; he walked on a concrete sidewalk under the soft, yellow glow of modern street lamps. Yet, beyond the range of those lamps, he was conscious of the black velvet of a tropic night. He caught the odor of ginger blossoms and plumeria, a croton hedge gave way to one of hibiscus, topped with pale pink flowers that were doomed to die at midnight.

He came to the number Shelah had impressed on his memory, and turned in through the gates onto a broad drive that curved before a wide front door. Passing beneath a prolific banyan tree, two centuries older than the motion pictures, he rang the bell. Jessop admitted him.

"Oh, Mr. Van Horn," the butler said. "I'm happy to see you again."

"How have you been?" the actor inquired.

"In splendid health, sir. I trust you enjoyed your little jaunt to Tahiti."



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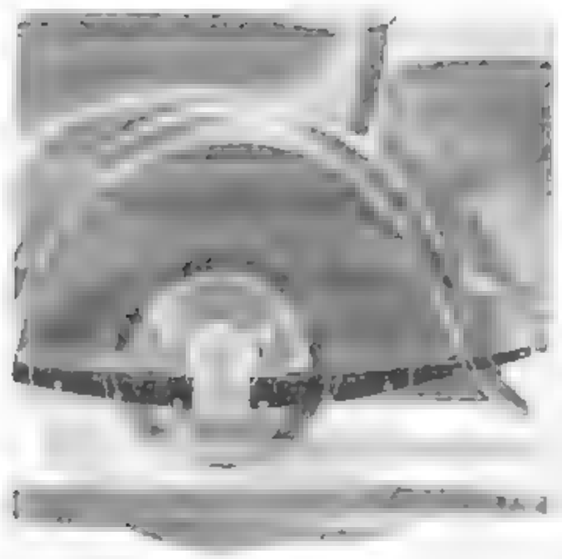

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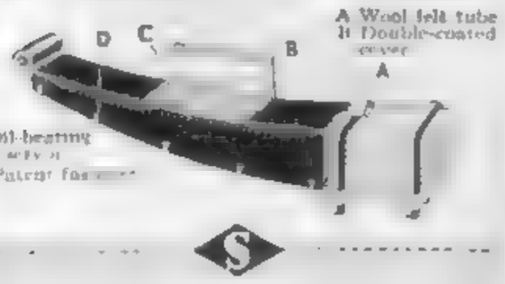

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Van Horn tossed down the straw hat he had substituted for the silk topper in which he had won the approval of several million women. "A primitive country, Tahiti," he smiled. "It would have reminded you of Hollywood, Jessop."

The butler permitted himself a discreet smile. Van Horn pushed on into the living room and Jessop followed.

"No one here?" the actor cried. "Lord, am I as early as all that?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Van Horn. Some of the guests are enjoying the bathing, which I understand is rather famous in certain quarters. A few, I believe, are on the beach. Would you care to join the—er—the other young people in the water, sir?"

Van Horn grinned. "The diplomatic service lost a good man in you. No, much as I am tempted to classify myself with youth, the matter involves too much dressing and undressing. I shall remain, high and dry, on the shore."

"Just as well, sir," nodded Jessop. "It is already 8:15, and the dinner hour is rapidly approaching. I shall be forced to summon them in shortly."

Van Horn stared about the room. "What, no cocktails?"

"There has been a slight delay, sir. The gentleman who was to supply us with the raw material—the very raw material, between you and me, sir—has only just come. I was busy with the shaker when you rang." He went over and stood by the French window opening onto the *lanai*. "You will find the ocean just out here, sir," he explained.

Van Horn laughed and stepped onto the *lanai*. The butler followed him to the screen door and held it open.

"Ah, yes," said the actor. "I hear the roar of surf. No doubt I shall find the sea in that same general neighborhood." He paused in the doorway and indicated a light gleaming through the trees some distance to the right. "What's over there?"

"It's a sort of summerhouse, or pavilion, sir," Jessop explained. "At least, it would be a summerhouse in England, where we have summers. It may be a few of the guests are in there."

Van Horn went out onto the lawn and started across it in the direction of the light. Suddenly he heard, above the pounding of the breakers, voices on the beach. He stood for a moment, undecided which way to go.

Jessop, meanwhile, returned to the living room. An old, bent Chinese came shuffling in.

"My dear Wu Kno-ching," the butler protested, "in a well-run house the place of the cook is always the kitchen."

The old man blandly ignored the rebuke. "What time dinnah?" he asked.

"As I have told you, the dinner is set for 8:30," replied Jessop. "It may, however, be somewhat delayed."

Wu Kno-ching shrugged. "Wha' kin' house this is? Dinnah mebbe sometime plitty soon aftah while. I get dinnah leady boss say wait, dinnah goes to hell." He departed, murmuring further reproof.

The screen door slammed behind Wilkie Ballou; he crossed the *lanai* aimlessly and entered the living room.

"I fear this idea of a swim is going to delay dinner, sir," Jessop said to him.

"What? Oh, yes, I suppose so. Have you any cigarettes here? My case is empty."

Jessop proffered a box containing cigarettes and, taking one, Ballou dropped into a chair. The butler officiated with a match, then retired to the kitchen.

Returning fifteen minutes later, he found the Honolulu man sitting just as he had left him

"Things are getting rather serious, sir," Jessop remarked. He carried a large dinner gong. "I had always supposed, from my reading, that the Chinese are a notably patient race."

"They have that reputation, yes," nodded Ballou.

"Their representative in our kitchen, sir, is doing nothing to sustain it," Jessop sighed. "He informs me with great passion that dinner is waiting. I'll just go down to the shore and see what this will do." He nodded toward the gong and disappeared. Presently he could be heard in the distance, beating a not unmusical tattoo.

Ballou lighted a fresh cigarette. Jessop returned, and at his heels came Rita Ballou and Van Horn.

"You should have stayed, Wilkie," Rita said. "I've just been getting all the latest Hollywood gossip."

"I'm not interested," Ballou growled.

"Poor Wilkie," his wife smiled. "It's close to his bedtime, and he hasn't even had his dinner. Cheer up. It won't be long now."

Diana Dixon arrived, quite out of breath. "I suppose we're late!" she cried. "You should have been in with us. It was glorious, but not half long enough. I could have stayed for hours. Cocktails that's an idea."

She took one from the tray which Jessop held before her. The other guests likewise needed no urging. Huntley Van Horn lifted his glass.

"To our hostess, if any," he remarked.

"That's right—what's become of Shelah?" Rita Ballou said. "We saw her a moment when we came ——"

"Shelah," said Van Horn, with a cynical smile, "is no doubt lurking in the background waiting to make a grand and impressive entrance. She will ride in on a white charger or descend on us from a balloon. You know, she goes in rather heavily for that sort of thing."

Julie and Jimmy Bradshaw rushed in, glowing and in high spirits. "Hello, Mr. Van Horn!" the girl cried. "Are you all that's come?"

"To think," he groaned, "that you could be so rude to me."

"Oh, you know what I mean," she laughed. "Where are all our other guests? Val Martino, Mr. Jaynes, Tarneverro ——"

"Tarneverro coming?" Van Horn lifted his eyebrows. "In that case, I will have a second cocktail. Thanks so much."

Quite unexpectedly there was the sound of steel guitars at the front door, and of many fresh young voices singing a Hawaiian song. Julie cried out with delight.

"A serenade from Shelah's admirers," she said. "Isn't that sweet? She will be pleased." Her beach robe streaming behind her, she ran to the door and threw it open. She stood gazing out at a vast throng of high-school girls, laden with flowers. They stopped their song, and a young Japanese girl stepped forward.

"We would like to see Shelah Fane, please."

"Of course," said Julie. "Just wait, and I'll get her. While you're waiting—if you don't mind—will you sing The Song of the Islands? It's Miss Fane's favorite, you know."

She left the door open and returned to the living room. "Come on, Jimmy, we'll find Shelah. I think she's in the pavilion."

"Sure," said Jimmy. They went out onto the lawn.

"Couldn't be better!" Julie cried. "For Shelah's entrance on the party, I mean. That crowd outside serenading her as she comes in—she'll love it."

"Good Lord," said Bradshaw, disapproval in his voice.

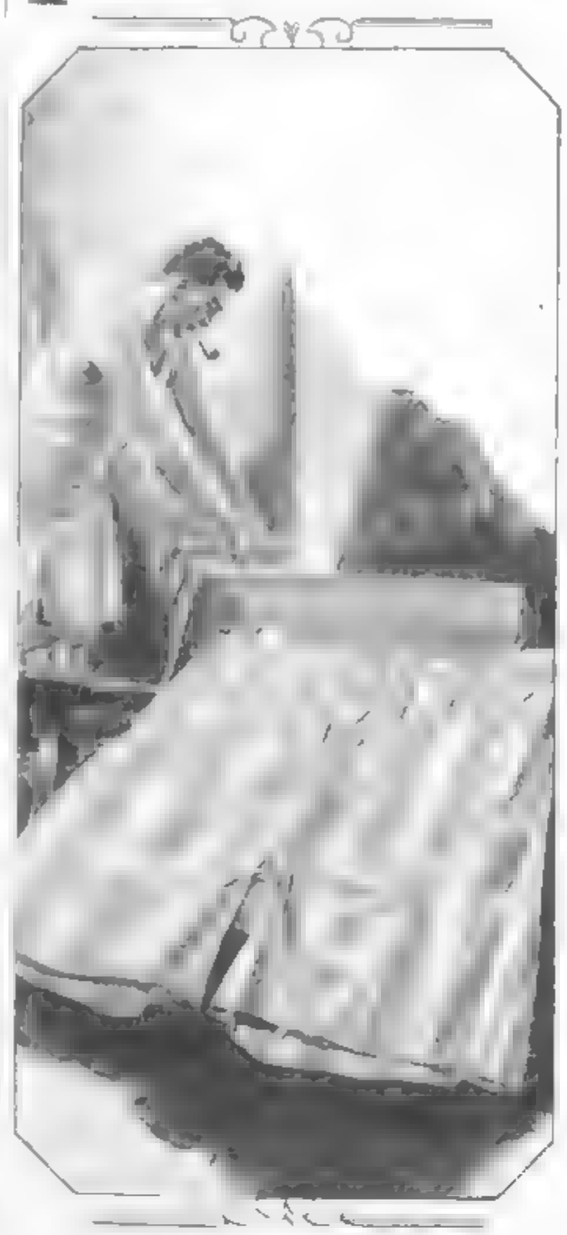
"Oh, I know," the girl answered. "It's silly, but poor Shelah's what she is. Her life has made her so, and she can't change." They went on across the soft lawn under the haw trees and the algarobas. The sweet haunting strains of The Song of the Islands came to them on the evening breeze. "Hurry," Julie said, "Shelah must get in there before that song ends."

She ran up the steps of the pavilion, with Bradshaw close behind. He pushed open the door of the single room. For a second he stood there, then he turned swiftly and caught the girl in his arms.

"No, no," he cried. "Don't go any farther."

(Continued on Page 184)

In shorts, too



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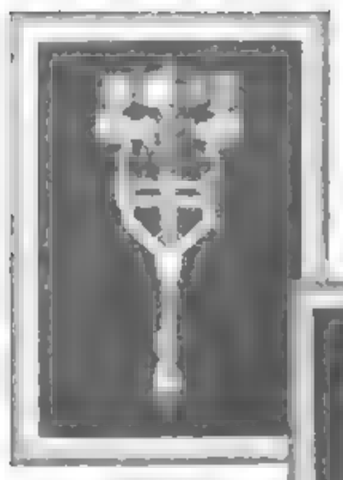

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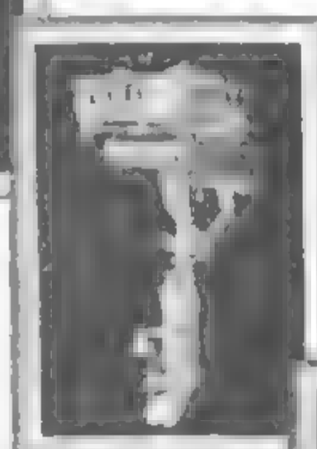

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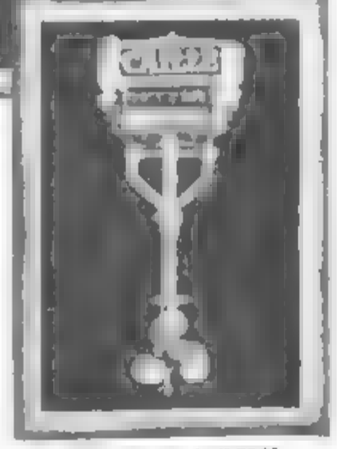

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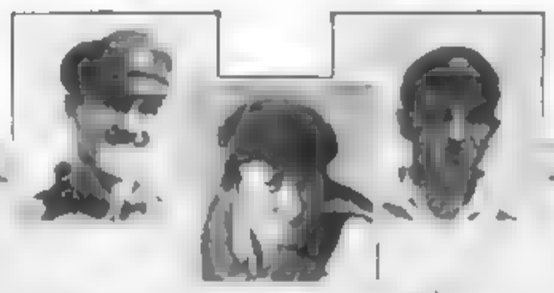

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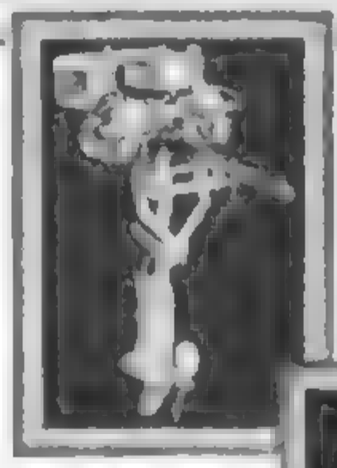

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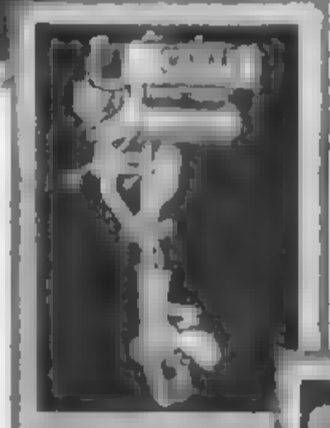

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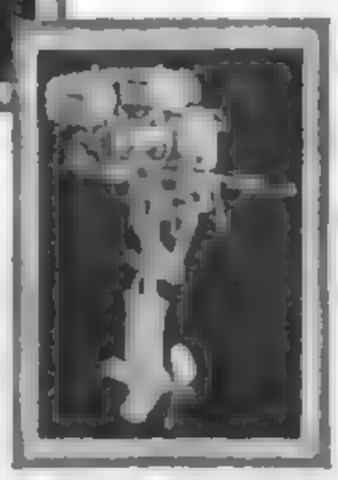

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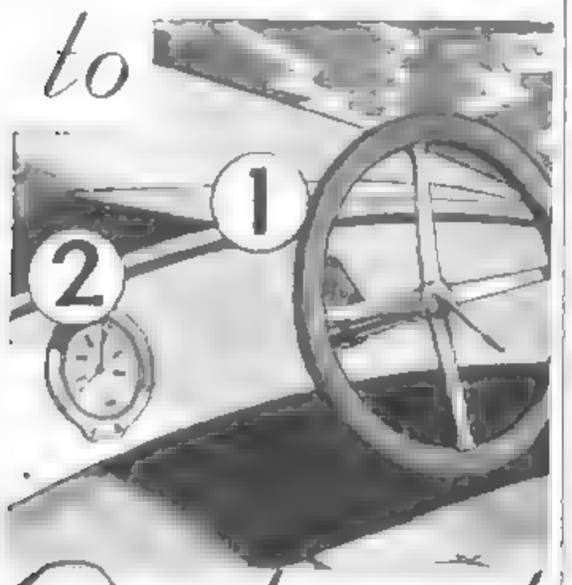

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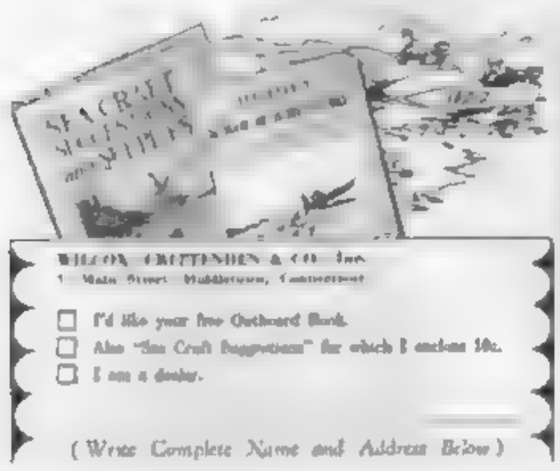
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(Continued from Page 182)

His tone frightened her. "What do you mean?"

"Turn around and go back," he pleaded, but she tore away from him and ran inside.

"You'll be sorry," he warned.

And she was sorry, it seemed, for above the voices of the serenaders and the distant whine of steel guitars, her own voice rose in a sharp cry of fright and terror.

Shelah Fane lay on the floor beside a small, straight-backed chair. She had been stabbed through the heart; her priceless ivory gown was stained with crimson. Outside, that little group of her admirers continued to sing fervently their serenade.

Julie knelt by the star's side and Bradshaw looked away. In a moment he went over, and lifted the girl to her feet. "We'd better go," he said gently. "There's nothing we can do."

He led her to the door. She looked up at him through her tears. "But who—who ——" she murmured.

"Ah, yes," he repeated. "That, I'm afraid, is the big question now."

He found, on the inside of the pavilion door, an unexpected key. They went outside and the boy locked the door, putting the key in his pocket. Slowly they walked back to the house. Huntley Van Horn greeted them.

"Did you tell Shelah?" he said. "The stage is all set. Her guests are gathered in the living room, her great public is singing lustily at the door—it's a grand entrance——" He stopped at sight of Julie's face.

"What's happened?" cried Rita Ballou shrilly.

Bradshaw stood looking about the little group. Jessop came in and, picking up the silver tray on which he had served the cocktails, prepared to collect the empty glasses. Out at the door The Song of the Islands trailed off into silence.

"Shelah Fane has been murdered in the pavilion," said the boy in a low voice.

There was a sudden crash. Jessop had been guilty of his first error in forty years of service. He had dropped the silver tray.

"I beg pardon," he said to no one in particular.

Outside, Shelah Fane's admirers began another song. Bradshaw dashed through the curtains to the front door.

"Please," he cried. "Please, no more tonight. You must go away now. Miss Fane can't see you. She is—she is ill."

"We are so sorry," said the girl who seemed to be the leader. "Will you give her the flowers, please?"

They began to load him down with fragrant blossoms. Presently he staggered back into the hallway, his arms filled with a riot of color. Julie was standing there, her eyes wide, her face deathly pale.

"Flowers," said Bradshaw. "Flowers for Shelah Fane."

With a choking cry, Julie fell in a heap at his feet.

IV

DOWN at the Grand Hotel, Charlie Chan was well started on what he perceived was going to be an excellent dinner. The hour of oratory was not near enough to worry him, the food was good, and he felt at peace with the world. He did not know the name of the small fish that lay on the plate before him, but one taste had led him to approve most heartily of its quality. He was leaning forward to apply himself with increased diligence to the task at hand when a bell boy touched him on the shoulder.

"You are wanted on telephone very quick," said the boy.

A sense of vague unrest troubled him as he walked down the long lobby to the telephone booth. He would have preferred a life of quiet meditation, but a ruthless fate was always breaking in upon him with some new problem that must be solved. What now, he wondered, as he entered the booth and pulled the door to behind him.

He was greeted by an excited young voice. "Say, Charlie, this is Jim Bradshaw, of the Tourist Bureau. Huntley Van Horn told me I could find you at the hotel."

"Yes, and now you have found me, what is it that has brought you to this state of high disturbance?"

In jumbled phrases Bradshaw poured out his story. Charlie listened calmly.

"Shelah Fane," the boy was saying. "You know what that means, Charlie. This news of mine will be cabled all over the world tonight. You're going to be in the limelight as you never were before. Better get down here as fast as you can."

"I will arrive at once," Charlie answered. Was that a sigh, Bradshaw wondered, that came over the wire? "Let nothing be touched until I touch it," the detective added.

He hung up, then called the police station and gave certain directions. At last he came from the booth, mopping his perspiring brow with his handkerchief. For a moment he stood motionless, as though gathering his strength for the task that lay before him. Another case, another murder, and he knew that what the boy had said was true; this time he would work in a bright spotlight indeed. Shelah Fane! Not for nothing did he have numerous children who, as he often said, were movie-crazed. He knew only too well the interest that had always centered about the woman who now lay dead a short distance down the beach.

"A thousand-mile journey begins with one step," he sighed, and took it—in the direction of his hat.

When he returned to the door of the hotel, he encountered Tarneverro. The fortune teller also carried a hat, and seemed on the point of going out. "Hello, inspector," he said. "You haven't finished your dinner already?"

"I have not," Charlie answered. "I am rudely wrenched away by important business. The most important I have encountered for some time."

"Yes?" returned Tarneverro lightly.

Charlie's small eyes were fixed upon the other's face with a fierce intensity. Not too soon to collect impressions, to weigh, to measure, to study.

"Miss Shelah Fane," he said slowly, "is just now found murdered at her home."

For hours afterward he was to speculate upon the look that crossed that dark, mysterious face.

"Shelah!" Tarneverro cried. "Good Lord!"

"You were on your way there, perhaps?" Charlie continued.

"I—I—yes—of course ——"

"Do me the honor to ride with me. I desire to ask questions."

Val Martino hurried up. "I say, Tarneverro, are you going down the beach?"

Tarneverro told him the news. The director heard it with surprising calmness.

"Too bad," he said evenly. He was thoughtful. "Well, there goes six months' hard work. That picture's ruined. I'll never find anybody to double for her. I've tried it."

"Good Lord, man," cried Tarneverro angrily. "Shelah is dead, and you babble about your picture."

"Sorry," said Martino. "Sorry for poor Shelah, of course. But even in the movies, the show must go on."

"What became of that fellow Jaynes?" Tarneverro asked suddenly.

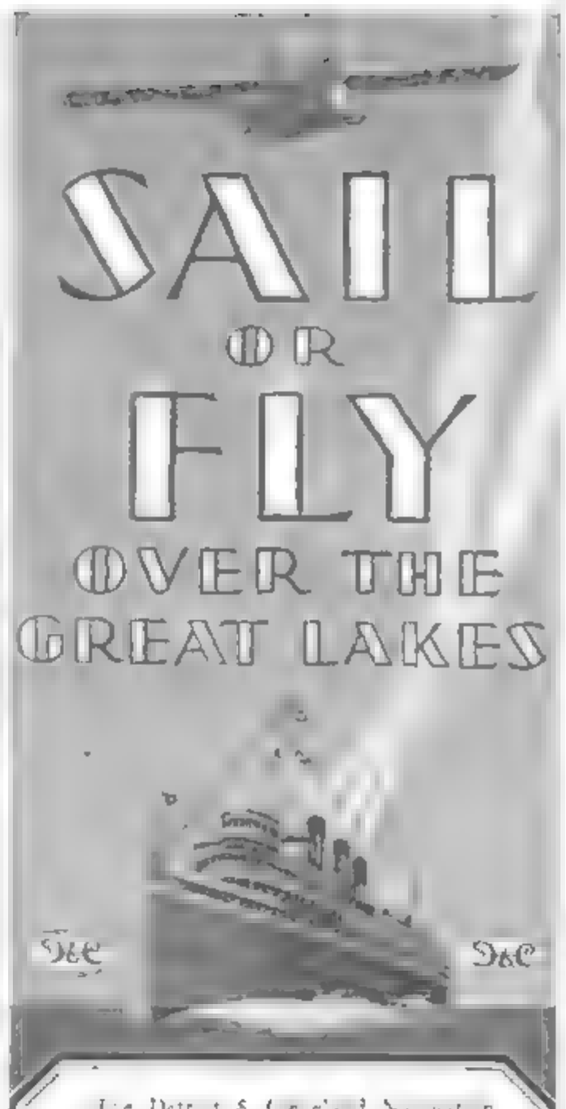
"Right after we left you, he shook me off and strolled down the beach. He was in a state of mind—well, you saw that. Wasn't coming to the dinner—but I fancy I'd better find him and bring him down, eh?"

"Yes, yes," Chan said hurriedly. "I must see him. Come, Mr. Tarneverro. Speed is necessary." He led the fortune teller out to the drive, where his battered flivver was waiting. "The vehicle is none too grand," he apologized, "but it moves. Will you kindly leap inside?"

Silently Tarneverro climbed into the little two-seater. Charlie started the car.

"This is a terrible thing," the fortune teller said. "Poor Shelah! I can hardly realize it."

Charlie shrugged. "Time to be philosophical," he suggested. "You have perhaps heard old Eastern saying: Death is



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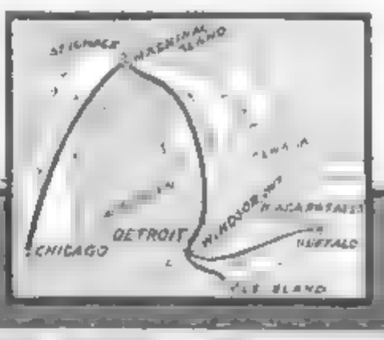

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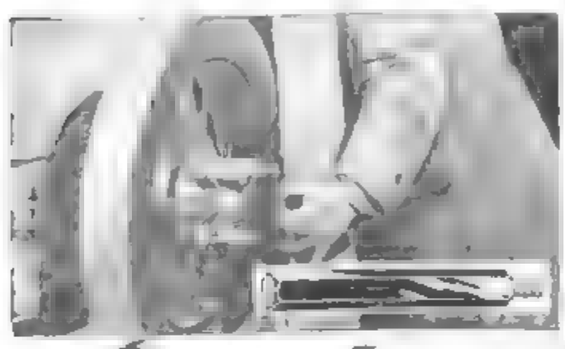

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the black camel that kneels unbid at every gate. Sooner or later—does it matter which?"

"I know, I know," Tarneverro continued. "But in a way, I'm afraid I'm responsible for this. Oh, Lord, the more I think about it, the clearer it becomes. Poor Shelah's blood is on my head."

"Your remarks have interesting sound," Charlie remarked, as the car moved through the hotel gates onto the avenue. "Explain, if you will be so kind."

"This evening," the fortune teller went on, "I told you I might call upon you to make an arrest in a very important murder case. I fully expected to do so. I'll tell you what I meant by that, as briefly as possible. Shelah Fane had cabled me from the ship, asking me to meet her here. It seems that this fellow Jaynes had proposed to her, and she wanted my advice. For some time past she had been in the habit of coming to me with all her problems. She loved Jaynes, she wanted to marry him, but she was afraid of what the future might hold in store. She feared that at any moment the world might discover that for three years or more she had gone about burdened with a terrible secret."

"What secret?" Charlie inquired.

"This morning," Tarneverro continued, "you spoke of Denny Mayo, who was found dead in his home in Los Angeles some three years ago. The police have been at sea on the case from the start. But Shelah Fane—she knew who murdered Denny Mayo. She was in Mayo's house, paying a harmless call, on the night of the murder. The doorbell rang, and she foolishly hid in another room. She saw the thing done. All this she confessed to me this morning. What is more, she told me that Denny Mayo's murderer is at this moment in Honolulu."

Charlie's eyes gleamed in the dark. "She told you the name?"

Tarneverro shook his head. "I'm sorry. She didn't want to, and I made no effort to press her. Her reason, of course, for not revealing her connection with this affair at the time, was that to do so would ruin her career. She has kept silent all these years, but she hesitated to marry a man of whom she was really fond, and perhaps drag him through some very unpleasant publicity later on."

"A natural hesitation," Chan approved. "You encouraged it?" He had stopped the car in the drive of Shelah's house, but he made no move to alight.

"I did, of course," Tarneverro said. "More than that, I strongly advised her to lift this burden from her mind and find peace at last. I assured her that if she revealed the name of the guilty person—man or woman—of her own accord, no police in the world would be inclined to punish her for her long silence. I trust I was right in that?"

"Speaking for myself only, yes," nodded Charlie.

"I suggested she refuse Jaynes for the present, and go through with this unpleasant duty which I felt she owed to society. I said I thought it would be extremely foolish for her to marry any man with such a threat hanging over her happiness. If he really cared for her, I pointed out, Jaynes would marry her in the end. If he didn't care that much, then it was better to discover it now."

They alighted and stood under the banyan tree. Charlie peered into the fortune teller's face. "And if Jaynes did not marry her ——" he suggested.

Tarneverro shrugged. "You are on the wrong track there," he said. "I had no sentimental interest in Shelah Fane. But I didn't fancy my rôle—the secret she confided in me was a bit more than I'd bargained for. I felt, too, that for the sake of her own happiness she ought to get rid of this burden at last. So I pleaded with her to make public the name of the guilty person in the Mayo case."

"And she agreed?" Charlie asked.

"Not precisely. The idea rather frightened her. She said she would think it over and give me her decision tonight. 'Write me a brief statement, with that name included,' I told her, 'give it to me at dinner this evening, and I will make everything as easy for you as possible.' I was confident of gaining my point, or I would never have spoken to you about it. Yes, I would have gained it—but now—now ——"

"Now," Chan said, "the killer of Denny Mayo has silenced this woman forever."

"Precisely."

"But in what manner did this person discover she was hovering on point of revealment?"

"I can't tell you," Tarneverro replied. "There is a balcony outside my room. That's a possibility, but not a likely one, I fear. Or it may be that Shelah consulted the killer, told him—or her—that she could no longer remain silent. It would have been like her. She was indiscreet, impulsive." They moved toward the steps. "I hope that what I have told you will prove helpful, inspector. It gives you the motive, at least, and it narrows your search. Believe me, I shall be at your side through this investigation. You are going to have all the help I can possibly give you. I want, even more than you, the name of Shelah's murderer."

"Your help will be valuable indeed," Chan told him. "What did I say to you this morning—you are Number One detective yourself. I did not dream that so soon we would be working side by side."

Jessop admitted them and they went into the living room, where the two Ballous and Van Horn sat in gloomy silence. Charlie stood gazing at this small group with thoughtful deliberation. Jimmy Bradshaw entered behind him, his bathing suit abandoned for dinner clothes.

"Hello, Charlie," he said in a low voice. "You're needed here, all right. In the pavilion—clear over to the right on the lawn. I locked the door as soon as we found what had happened. Here's the key."

"You are bright boy," said Charlie, pleased. "That fact has long been apparent as the morning sun." He turned to the others. "It will naturally be understood that no one leaves this house until I grant permission. . . . Mr. Tarneverro, will you kindly accompany me?"

He walked with the fortune teller in silence across the lawn, white now under the rising moon. Chan went up the steps first, and unlocked the door. With marked reluctance, Tarneverro followed.

Charlie went over and dropped down on one knee beside Shelah Fane. Slowly he looked from her to the fortune teller. "Long time I have been in present business," he said softly, "but rough, blunt feelings do not come natural to me yet. I am sorry for this lady. Never before this moment have I seen her; yet I am so very sorry." He stood up. "The black camel has knelt at plenty famous gate tonight," he added.

Tarneverro remained some distance from the body. He seemed to control himself with an effort. "Poor Shelah," he muttered. "Life was very sweet to her."

"It is sweet to all of us," Charlie nodded. "Even the beggar hesitates to cross a rotting bridge."

"I can never forgive myself," the other continued. "What you see here began this morning in my apartment."

"What is to be, will be," Chan comforted. "We will not move unfortunate one until arrival of coroner. I have already telephoned the station. But we will look about, Mr. Tarneverro. Do not forget, you are to help." He knelt again and lifted Shelah Fane's left arm. "Here is already some evidence. There has been a struggle, and wrist watch was smashed in process. Crystal is broken, and"—he placed the watch to his ear—"the working of the timepiece immediately ceased to function. The hands remain stationary at two minutes past eight. So soon, without an effort, we know exact moment of tragedy. That is indeed something."

"Two minutes after eight," Tarneverro said. "At that moment, Jaynes, Martino,

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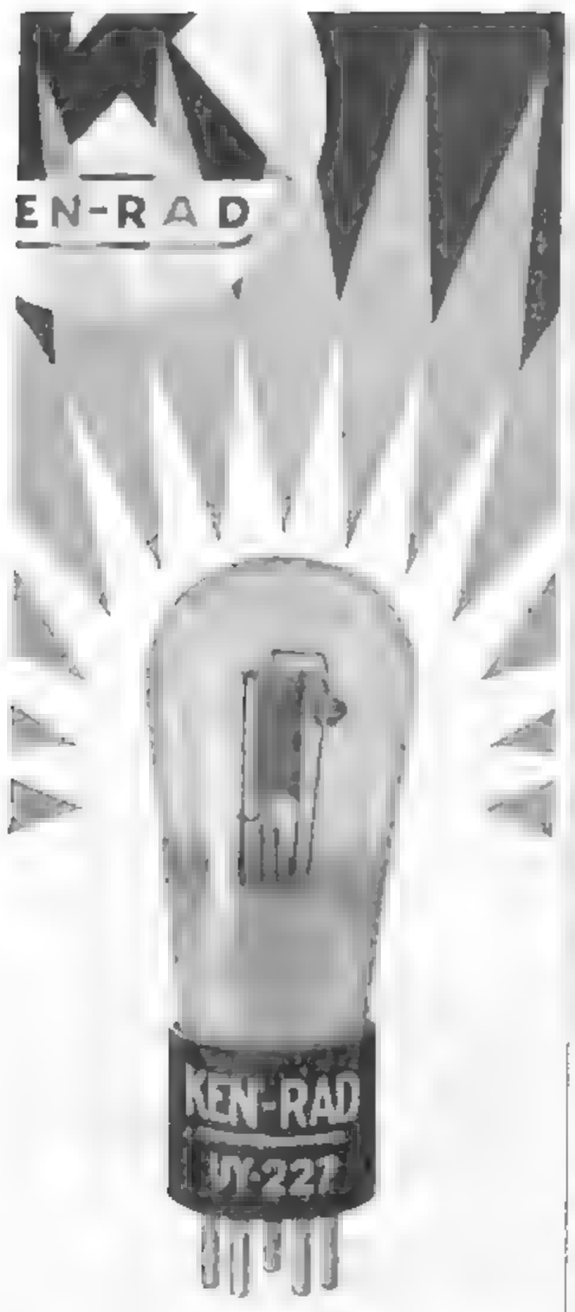

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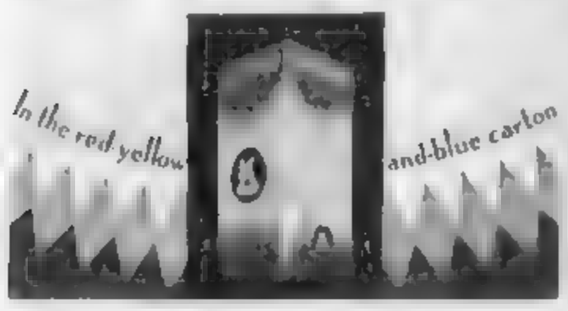

Van Horn, you and I were in the lounge of the hotel. Remember, Van Horn looked at his watch, remarked it was eight o'clock, and said he was starting down here."

"Of course," Chan nodded. "The alibis arrive in one huge flock." He pointed to the orchids, crushed on the floor. "Further evidence of the struggle. Bouquet was torn off, trampled under foot."

"All of which looks a bit like jealousy," responded Tarneverro, frowning. "Can we be wrong about the motive, after all? No, it might be anger too."

Charlie was crawling about the rug. "Peculiar thing," he remarked. "Flowers were fastened by pin—you may note the shoulder strap is torn—but no pin is here now." He examined the orchids and made a thorough search of the floor, while Tarneverro watched him. "It is true," he added, standing up, "the pin which fastened flowers is strangely missing."

He stepped to an old mahogany dressing table, a handsome piece in its day, but now banished to the beach house. The table had a glass top, and leaning over, he studied this with a microscope he had taken from his pocket.

"One more point," he said: "This corner here has lately received fierce nick. What can that mean?"

Tarneverro had picked up an expensive gold mesh bag that was lying on the table, and was studying the contents. "No use," he said. "The usual compact, and a few dollars. For a moment I had a crazy thought that perhaps Shelah had already written down for me that name we want. It would have been a very happy chance. The case would have been over before it started."

"Cases do not permit themselves the luxury of such easy solution," sighed Chan. "If letter such as you warmly desire had been in this room, murderer would have it now. No; fate is never so kind. We must take long way round. Come, we have finished here for the present. Much more to be done later."

They went out and Charlie locked the door. As they moved across the lawn, he enumerated the clews. "A watch stopped at two minutes past eight in fierce struggle. A bouquet of orchids crushed in same, the pin that held them in place oddly lost. A fresh nick on glass corner of dressing table. Enough for the moment, maybe."

As they entered the living room, Jessop was ushering in Martino and Alan Jaynes. The latter's face was pale beneath its bronze, and he was obviously much upset.

"We will all acquire chairs," Chan suggested. "Many questions must now be asked."

Jessop came forward and faced Tarneverro. "I'm sorry, sir," he said. "With all the excitement, I quite forgot it."

"Forgot what?" asked Tarneverro, surprised.

"This letter, sir." He took a large, elaborate envelope from his pocket. "Miss Fane requested me to give it to you the moment you arrived."

Tarneverro stretched forth his hand, but Charlie stepped quickly between them. He took the envelope. "So sorry. But the police are in charge here now."

"Naturally, sir." Jessop bowed and backed away.

Chan stood there, a rather helpless looking figure, holding the letter in his hand. Could it be true? Was the answer to this puzzle so soon within his grasp? A long, understanding look passed between him and Tarneverro. The room seemed filled with people, milling about, seeking chairs. Charlie lifted his right hand to slit the envelope.

The floor lamp still furnished the only illumination in the room. Chan took a step nearer it; he had the envelope open now, and was about to remove the contents. Suddenly the lamp went out and the room was plunged into darkness. There followed the sound of a blow, then another, a cry, and the fall of a rather solid body.

The place was in an uproar. Out of the blackness came an insistent demand for lights. The lamps in the wall brackets flashed on, revealing Jessop at the switch.

Charlie was slowly rising from the floor. He rubbed his right cheek, which was bleeding slightly.

"Overwhelmed with regret," he said, glancing at Tarneverro. "Famous god Jove, I hear, nodded on occasion. For myself, I fear I have just taken most unfortunate nap." He held out his left hand, in which was a tiny fragment of envelope. "Vital portion of letter," he added, "seems to have traveled elsewhere."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GONE ARE THE DAYS—

(Continued from Page 46)

or to do proper justice to the spirit of the music until they had several drinks of old Kentucky bourbon.

On some occasions the band was hired to play beneath the windows of certain popular young ladies. When Master Tom Marshall was courting Miss Lulu May, he engaged Vernay and his men to play under the trees while he stood out in the moonlight and sang love songs. He had a fine voice and was handsome enough to look like a Romeo under the balcony of Juliet, so everyone vowed it was a most romantic innovation and from that time Vernay was in great demand during the moonlit summer nights.

Occasionally Vernay would go without being invited and play on the lawn in front of the house of one of the prominent families. When the music ended, the master of the house would send the butler to him with some silver or the band would be invited into the kitchen quarters for supper. On one such occasion it happened that no one was at home except the young daughter of the house. She did not have any silver, so running into her father's room she took from the table a bottle of bourbon, and tying a red ribbon to its neck, she let it down through the darkness to the player.

The next morning she discovered to her dismay that by mistake she had given away a bottle containing bay rum. Meeting Vernay on the street a few days later, she started to explain her mistake, hoping anxiously that no harm had come to them from drinking it.

The old negro interrupted her with many bows and flourishes: "No, Miss Ma'am—no, indeed. We thought it was one ob dem new highfalutin' drinks you hears about an' we enjoyed it jes the same."

Vernay also played for the weekly dancing class that was held at the old Lee House every Saturday afternoon. The little girls in stiff muslin and bright pink, blue and Roman sashes attended, prim with importance, while the small boys arrived reluctantly and sullenly in black velvet suits. The day of Lord Fauntleroy curls had not yet dawned upon a protesting masculine world, but the vogue for fancy dancing had; and needless to say, these solo exhibitions demanded by a mincing and mannered dancing master were the particular abhorrence of the budding manhood of the town. Besides the fancy dances, the young people were taught the polka, the lancers and the schottish. The young gentlemen made stiff bows, clicking their heels and bending from the waist, and in dancing they touched only the tips of their partners' fingers.

From the platform Vernay watched them benevolently as he played for them, as he had played for their parents and grandparents before them. As the little figures danced by the platform he would lean forward and shout encouragement:

"Yo shore is a fine dancer, Mas'r John. Like yo' daddy right over again."

(Continued on Page 168)

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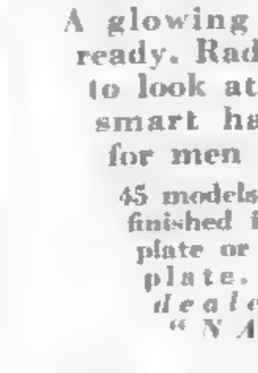

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In 1929—In addition to nine large mail order houses, we operate the greatest general merchandise chain in the world, with hundreds of modern retail stores throughout America!

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This romance dates back to pioneer days when, in 1872, Montgomery Ward, a young man of vision, founded the business which today bears his name. It was he who conceived the idea of merchandising through the medium of the U. S. mails. His first book of merchandise was a little 8-page pamphlet printed on a foot-power press. It contained the first guarantee of "*Satisfaction or Your Money Back*"—a guarantee that immediately won the confidence of the people.

TODAY, Montgomery Ward & Co. operates the greatest chain of general merchandise stores in the world. These hundreds of stores throughout the nation, and our nine great mail order houses, serve more than twelve million families—or *one-half of all the families in the United States*. This business which started so modestly in 1872 will, in 1929, exceed $300,000,000 in sales volume.

This growth—this steady progress for 57 years—has but one explanation: sound business policies, honest and fair dealing that has won the confidence of the buying public, and the offering of quality goods at prices which have saved customers millions of dollars annually. . . . . .

This is the first of a series of advertisements to appear in The Saturday Evening Post, in which we will give you definite facts to demonstrate that Ward's plan of distribution is sound, logical and economical. We will show you how short-cuts and savings in distribution costs are actually reflected in the selling prices of our merchandise offerings—of which there are now more than 40,000.

The reasons for the savings in Montgomery Ward & Co.'s prices are, after all, simple, common-sense reasons everyone can understand. They are true facts which cannot be underestimated or disputed—facts which, over a period of 57 years, have won the patronage of one-half of all America!

If you will watch for these advertisements you will be well repaid, because you will learn, under the Ward plan, how little it is really necessary to pay for high quality merchandise.

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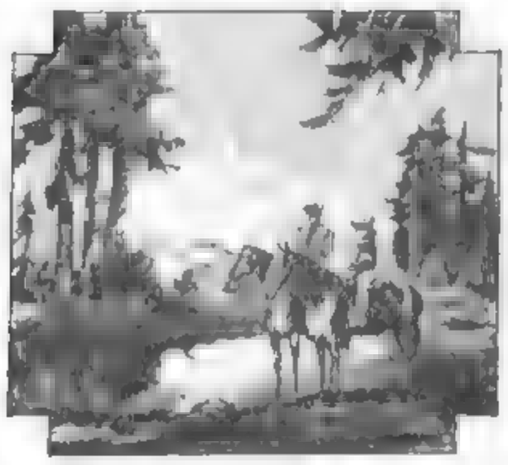

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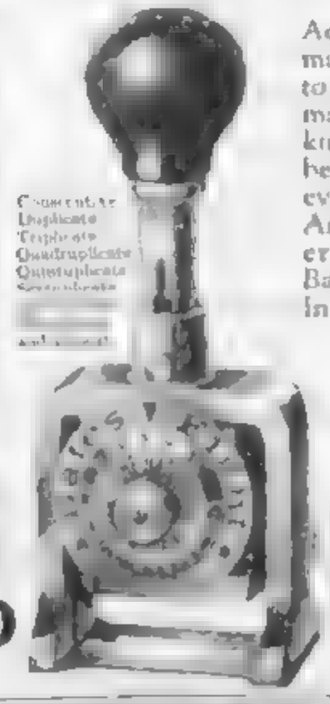

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(Continued from Page 186)

"Dat's de way, little Miss Lou, step right out. Yo' grandmother was de finest dancer in Kentucky."

So it could be none other than Vernay that should play for our dancing party, and now that mother had decided upon music—or rather, had allowed Samantha to decide for her—she felt rather pleased than otherwise; for although she sighed a little at the extra expense, she was still young enough to enjoy dancing and had often told me about the days when she was a belle in Virginia.

But she could not permit her mind to dwell on frivolous subjects at the moment, for the morning in a Southern household was the time religiously devoted to inspection of the home. With me close beside her, she walked through the long double parlors and went on out on the long veranda that opened from the kitchen L. As we opened the door a delicious odor rushed to meet us, for already the charcoal stove in a corner of the porch was lighted and servants were busy preparing the strawberries that had been sent in from the farm to be made into preserves, jams and jellies.

Today it was to be the clear translucent jelly for which my mother was famous, and she inspected with great care the mixture in the big kettles on the stove and examined the glistening red jars standing in rows on the table. Taking her seat by the table, she instructed one of the maids in the cutting of white paper circles, which after being dipped in brandy, were laid on top of each jar.

A young negro ran around the house and up the steps of the veranda.

"Miss Mary, company's come, Yes'm. Jes' drove up. It's Mas'r Taylor's fambly from Washington."

My mother cast a quick glance at the preserving kettle and rose to her feet.

"How many have arrived, Gene?" she asked calmly as she smoothed her voluminous white skirts.

The young negro, Generosity Jackson, known to the family as Gene, grinned from ear to ear.

"Dere's two carriages full an' the servants' wagon, an' I think de chillen is comin' along too."

My mother issued quiet orders to the attentive maids, who were already smiling in anticipation of "de company."

"Put out the fire, Miranda. We will let the preserving go. Ophelia, run and tell Samantha there will be ten guests for dinner. Gene, run to the courthouse and tell the judge that Mr. James Taylor's family have driven over from Washington to visit us." Then, bending over me, she whispered, "Tell Sally to prepare for company, darling."

Ten Unexpected Guests

With a final pat to her snowy ruffles and a last glance at the maids, who were hastily removing the jars of jam and putting away the preserving utensils, she floated out into the cool hallway. As I ran up the stairs I heard her voice greeting the unexpected guests. Her welcome was wafted up to me like the very incense of friendliness. There was not a trace of annoyance or hurry in her pleasant cordial voice, no suggestion that the important matter of strawberry jelly had been interrupted at the crucial moment, or that anything had risen to ruffle the composure that was the distinguishing mark of a Southern lady.

Upstairs came the company, talking and laughing, as certain of their welcome as of the sunlight that poured into the big upper hall. From one end of the great house to another flew the maids, carrying piles of linen and damask to bedroom and dining room. Bags were carried up by Gene, the carriage arrived with the children, who, in the care of their mammy, trotted up to the nursery quarters, where my little brothers greeted them with shrieks of joy. The whole house talked and sang, with laughter running along as the best accompaniment in the world. The ladies sailed down the stairs into the drawing-room and the gentlemen gathered on the porch. In a few moments we heard my father's hearty roar of welcome as he came along the street from the courthouse.

Out in the kitchen quarters there was subdued chuckling and laughter as Mr. Taylor's servants joined the family negroes. When the door swung open we heard the deep laugh of Aunt Samantha, entirely in her element, as she marshaled her forces for the preparation of the noon meal, which in those days was always dinner. Up and down the cellar stairs ran the negroes, carrying pitchers of cream, chickens and immense yellow globes of butter. In the dining room, Sam, the butler, directed two young negroes as they extended the long table, while he himself prepared the tray of mint juleps for the gentlemen.

Through the doors of the double parlor we could see the great table elongated and yet not half filling the room. At each end were towering silver candlesticks, at each place a silver goblet and wine glasses, and in the center a massive urn filled with garden flowers. From where I sat beside my mother I could see the portraits of my grandparents on the walls hanging over the long sideboard that was covered with silver of the massive design of the Victorian day.

A Correct Interior of the '70's

When dinner was served the soup was carried in by Sam in a great silver tureen and served by my mother, and the chickens and ducks were placed in front of my father, who prided himself on his skillful carving. The wine, a light port, was poured from Bohemian red decanters. In those days only the negroes drank gin.

Our guests had driven over from the little town of Washington, just outside of Maysville. It was then the county seat and my father often went there to hold court. Besides Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor and several other friends, a young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, were in the party. They were from Richmond, Virginia, and were making their first visit to Kentucky.

Closing my eyes, I can still see the long room as it was on that June afternoon in the year 1875. The walls were covered with a paper that depicted scenes from early American life. It had acquired a soft patina of age that made a perfect background for the portraits that hung upon it. The windows were draped with red brocade caught back by tasseled cords. At the tops of the windows were heavy gilt cornices. In the center of the long wall space was a white marble mantel, on each end of which stood the alabaster vases in the shape of cornucopias that my mother filled every day with fresh flowers. The floors were carpeted to the extreme edge. The furniture was upholstered in red brocade and silver. In the center of the room hung a crystal chandelier whose myriad diamond-shaped pieces reflected the sunshine by day and the candlelight by night. At several points in the room hung long embroidered bell pulls to summon the servants. The back parlor was furnished in the same style, and on the occasion of a large entertainment the folding doors were pushed back out of sight and the two rooms thrown together. Early in the summer the curtains were taken down, the carpets removed and the furniture covered in linens. For housecleaning in those days was entered into in a whole-hearted way unknown to a later generation brought up on vacuum cleaners and patent labor-saving devices.

The women of the South had a great deal of sweetness and sentiment, but they were not in any sense of the word democratic. There was a broad line drawn between the families of the "quality" who belonged in the state, either by birth or by marriage, and the newcomers who had moved there in more recent years, attracted by a society which they hoped to enter, by the possibilities offered in breeding and racing fine horses, or by the positions in the distilleries that had been built outside the town.

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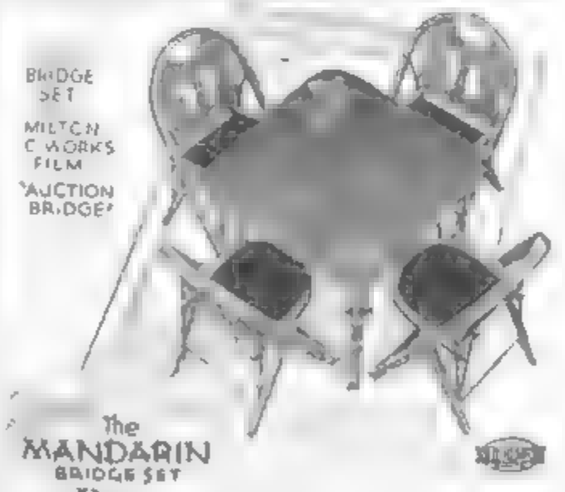

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

303 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

My mother was a woman so graceful in mind as well as body that ambition and jealousy were equally unknown to her. Coming from one of the oldest families of Virginia, she was the acknowledged leader in the town. Among her acquaintances she numbered only those whose names were familiar in the annals of Kentucky. Others simply did not exist for her.

The old negroes learned their manners, religion and standards of life from their masters. There were few households where they were not cared for, treated with kindness and supported long after their years of usefulness had passed. In return they bestowed upon the family to whom they were attached an affection and faithfulness never equaled by any subservient class. They vied with one another in boasting of the grandeur or distinction of the family, and, being at heart great snobs, they were deeply grieved at any change in the accustomed way of living. Nevertheless, when reverses came upon their protectors they adapted themselves cheerfully to the less prosperous circumstances, though often with many amusing and childish attempts to imitate a glory that had gone.

It was always a source of puzzled shame to them when the young ladies in a family were obliged to seek outside employment. There is a story of an old negro who lived with a wealthy family. When financial reverses came upon them, three of the young daughters went out into the world to take business positions, while the fourth daughter remained at home. In the hearing of the old mammy, the only servant left in the house, someone ventured to say that no doubt this young lady would soon follow the example of her sisters and set out to make her way in the world.

"Oh, Lordy!" cried the old woman. "Oh, Lordy! Can't we 'ford to have one *lady* in de fambly?"

To the negro, the "fambly" was the world. What happened within the little circle of the people they knew and loved was life; what went on in a world that extended beyond the street or the negro quarters was as unknown as death itself. Even today this is often true, as in the case of a young soldier during the World War. He was about to set out for camp and very proud of his new khaki uniform with the narrow silver bar on the shoulder. He rushed into the kitchen to show himself to the old mammy who had been his nurse.

"Look at me, mammy!" he cried. "I'm going off to war'"

"Oh, land; oh, land!" wailed the old woman, throwing her arms about him. "Oh, chile, ain't all de niggers free yet?"

The Latchstring Always Out

The darkies in a Kentucky town often had their quarters in an L of the house entirely given up to their use. There were usually in my father's house a cook and a kitchen-maid, a laundress, a butler, two or three chambermaids, a parlor maid and a little darky who kept all the carved furniture dusted. There were also two or three boys who ran errands, held horses, swept the porches, and the like. Outside the house lived the coachmen and two gardeners.

Most of these servants had been connected with the family for a long time. Some of them had been slaves and after being freed had refused to leave. Others were of a younger generation who, brought up in the traditions of the family, would take service in no other home

Besides our regular house servants, there were always about the kitchen quarters several dependent negroes who had grown old in the service of the family, as in the case of Aunt Drusilla. At the rear of the house one stumbled over pickaninnies of various ages who were sometimes the fourth generation to come to us for care and protection.

Hospitality was the rule and not the exception. There were few days in the year when one or all our guest rooms were not occupied. If the family sat down to a meal without a guest to share it with them, it was a matter to be commented upon and deplored, for hospitality as it existed in the South at that time was not a duty; it was a custom and a definite part of our lives. A visit as short as a day was almost unheard of. The difficulties of travel were greater than today, so that when one finally reached one's destination a long visit was regarded as nothing unusual. In Kentucky there was no such thing as wearing out one's welcome. To do that one would first have to wear out the entire family.

When the Taylors drove over from Washington to stay with us it was always a time of rejoicing. Besides being connected with us by marriage, Mrs. Taylor was my mother's most intimate friend. On this occasion, after the ladies had retired to their rooms for the afternoon siesta, my mother hastened to consult her about the evening party. At the end of their conference Mrs Taylor was of two minds, whether to go to Cincinnati by the boat which left at seven o'clock that evening or to put it off until another day.

The Height of Steamboat Luxury

"I want to take Milly to the doctor's and I can bring you back some favors for the cotillion. Besides, I should like to make the trip on the Bonanza and see the fine Turkey carpets and the crystal chandeliers. Fancy such luxury on a river boat!"

My mother embraced her fondly. "I don't want to lose you, but you can decide later. Meanwhile I know some of your friends are anxious to see you, so let's make a few calls before supper."

I watched them as they put on their delicate muslin gowns, their maids on their knees before them, pulling the ruffles into place and giving a last touch to a bow of ribbon or a cascade of lace. My mother's gown was of pink sprigged muslin, which she wore with a black lace shawl about her shoulders. On her dark curls was a tiny bonnet with a prim cluster of roses peeping from beneath the brim, and black velvet streamers that tied in a bow beneath her chin. I remember thinking how lovely she looked as she walked with Mrs. Taylor to the carriage that waited beside the horse block at the front door. I saw them drive away holding their diminutive lace parasols at the proper angle to shade their faces from the sun, with their immense skirts spread around them on the broad seat of the landau and their feet in prunella slippers neatly crossed on the velvet footstools.

I ran off to fetch my hoop and roll it in company with other little girls whom I could see running back and forth under the trees at the end of the street. As I passed the kitchen door I heard Samantha singing an old crooning song:

"Sing fi-lo, fi-lo Jesus —
I fi-lo where He leads us,
Anywheres, everywheres,
I fi-lo, fi-lo Jesus."

"What are you making, mammy?" I asked, stopping in the doorway.

"You run right along, chile, run right out ob here! Ise fixin' for company. Mas'r Taylor's fambly, dey knows good food. Yeh, yeh, Ise busy. Yo' run on, honey."

As she spoke she raised herself ponderously from beside the kitchen table and disappeared for a moment into the depths of a closet.

"Hyar now, you chile. I knows dis is wat you is after." She handed me a plate of little frosted cakes and stood in the doorway with her hands on her broad hips, squinting her eyes in the sunshine.

My heart went out to her in a sudden burst of affection and I seized her black hand. "Dear old mammy!" I cried.

"Whassar matter wid you, you little curly head?" She bent down to look into my face.

"I was just thinking, mammy, about next year when I'll be away in Miss Pearl's finishing school in Philadelphia and I won't be able to see mother or you."

"Now, now, what's all dis talk about goin' away? Maybe you won't go.

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Where's dis Miss Pearl, anyway? Up North, eh? Yeh, yeh. Well, de South's de place for you, chile." Then, with a sudden loyal recollection—"Still, ain't dat de school what finished yo' ma and Mis' Taylor?" I nodded. "Dere ain't any finer ladies in dis world. Dey's quality, little miss, an' don' you forget it." She reached down and wiped my eyes with a corner of her blue-checked apron. "Ennyway, don' take on. Maybe yo' won't go." She retreated into the depths of the kitchen with a sound that might have been a smothered sob, a snort or a laugh. As I picked up my hoop and moved away I heard the plaintive song:

"I fi-lo, fi-lo Jesus,
Anywheres, everywheres"

At supper that evening Mrs. Taylor told us that she had decided to leave that evening on the steamboat Bonanza.

My father whipped out his watch. "It's time for the boat to leave in ten minutes," he cried.

My mother hastily pulled the bell rope and Gene came running.

"You get ready, Harriet, and I will send word to the captain. Gene, tell Tom to harness the horses and then run as fast as you can to the pier. Tell Captain Ferris that Mrs. Taylor of Washington desires to take the boat, but she will not be ready for another half hour or so. Ask him if he will have the kindness to hold the boat for a while."

So the Bonanza waited an hour for the beautiful Mrs. Taylor, and when she finally walked leisurely up the gangplank, followed by her negro servant, the captain met her on the deck and escorted her over the shiny new boat. He led her into the ladies' salon, where he showed her the Turkey carpets and gilt mirrors, and then into the lounge, where he pointed with pride to a portrait of Gen. Robert E. Lee that hung in the post of honor.

Your Presence is Requested ——

During the evening our neighbors came trooping in to call upon the new arrivals. Sam and his assistants hurried back and forth, carrying trays of glasses and bottles of port. I was too young to be allowed in the drawing-room every evening, but I was allowed to watch from the upper hall and to listen to bits of conversation that floated up to me. I went off to bed to dream of the party, for I was to be allowed downstairs for a short time. I think that for a child there is almost more excitement in the preparations for a party than in the actual event itself, especially when they are permitted to help in some small way.

My parents encouraged their children to be useful whenever possible—not because there was any lack of servants or that our assistance was needed, but it was considered as a tribute to one's guests. The following morning we woke with the most lively anticipation of the pleasure we would have in helping with the preparations. On such occasions all the relatives of the family negroes joined the household and entered fully into the spirit of the festivities.

The invitations, written in silver ink on white glazed paper, had been carried to our friends a few days before. Sam, in long-tailed coat and white vest, had delivered them at the back doors of the houses, chatting with the servants as he waited for a "pussonal" answer. There were no telephones in those days, and entertaining, although simple, was more formal and conducted with an elegance that adhered closely to certain rules. There were many simple gatherings, however, that made no tax on the hostess beyond a light supper or wine and blackberry cake.

On summer evenings the older people visited from house to house or after the heat of the day drove out in the cool of the evening along the Lexington Turnpike. Groups of friends met to play whist or cribbage or backgammon. There was an occasional concert at the opera house, usually given by a church organization or one of the schools. Large affairs to which all our world was invited were always held at an old hotel whose long iron balconies overhung the river. In winter people went sleighing or, when the river froze, held skating parties. The great social event of the year was the week of the trots. The track ran for a mile along the Ohio River, and for ten days in June the famous horses of Kentucky were exhibited by their owners. At the time of which I write the track had just been completed and trotting had received a new impetus owing to the importation of highly bred horses from England.

The town was very proud of its track, which was oval in shape, with stretches about three-eighths of a mile in length. The soil was of clay mixed with a light river loam and sand, with a gravel underbed, so in case of rain the ground dried quickly. It was considered a fine piece of engineering. In their day all the famous horses of the South raced over this track. They were driven in sulkies with high wooden wheels. Later, with the invention of the pneumatic tire, low-wheeled sulkies were used.

Sam Does His Stuff

The entertainment which was in course of preparation at my mother's house was one which my parents gave every year on the first day of the trots and preceded a week full of social activity.

Early on the morning of the party we children were stationed at the doors of the double parlor, watching the men stretching linen over the carpets to make a smooth floor for dancing. Mr. Antony, the caterer, arrived early, with his assistant. He looked strangely informal in his shirt sleeves as he directed the servants who carried plants and flowers into the house, lifted furniture back and forth, set up tables for the supper out on the veranda and made a place for the musicians. All this activity gave a delightful air of festivity to the house.

My mother moved calmly from room to room, making sure that the habitual routine was being carried out, and after satisfying herself that all was going well, joined the ladies on the upstairs veranda. Here, clad in muslin negligees, our guests, surrounded by their negro maids, devoted themselves to those little trifles that add so much to a woman's appearance, setting stitches in a tulle gown, rubbing a piece of jewelry, altering the position of a knot of ribbon.

In the kitchen Aunt Samantha directed a dozen maids, while the children dodged in and out among them, slipping a surreptitious finger into a bowl of icing, stealing a spoonful of jelly or snatching a chicken wing from a laughing darky.

When the hour for the party arrived Sam, the old butler, stationed himself at the door. His bow and broad beaming smile greeted the guests as they stepped over the door sill.

"Howdy, Mas'r James? Step right in, suh."

"Yo' servant, Mis' Lee. Yo's sure is lookin' fine as silk!"

"Howdy, Mas'r George? Thought yo'd gone to New York for good, sah."

The long rooms began to fill with the voluminous skirts of the ladies, and gentlemen appeared in long-tailed coats with ruffled shirt fronts and stocks. The music of Vernay's orchestra filled the house with

(Continued on Page 194)

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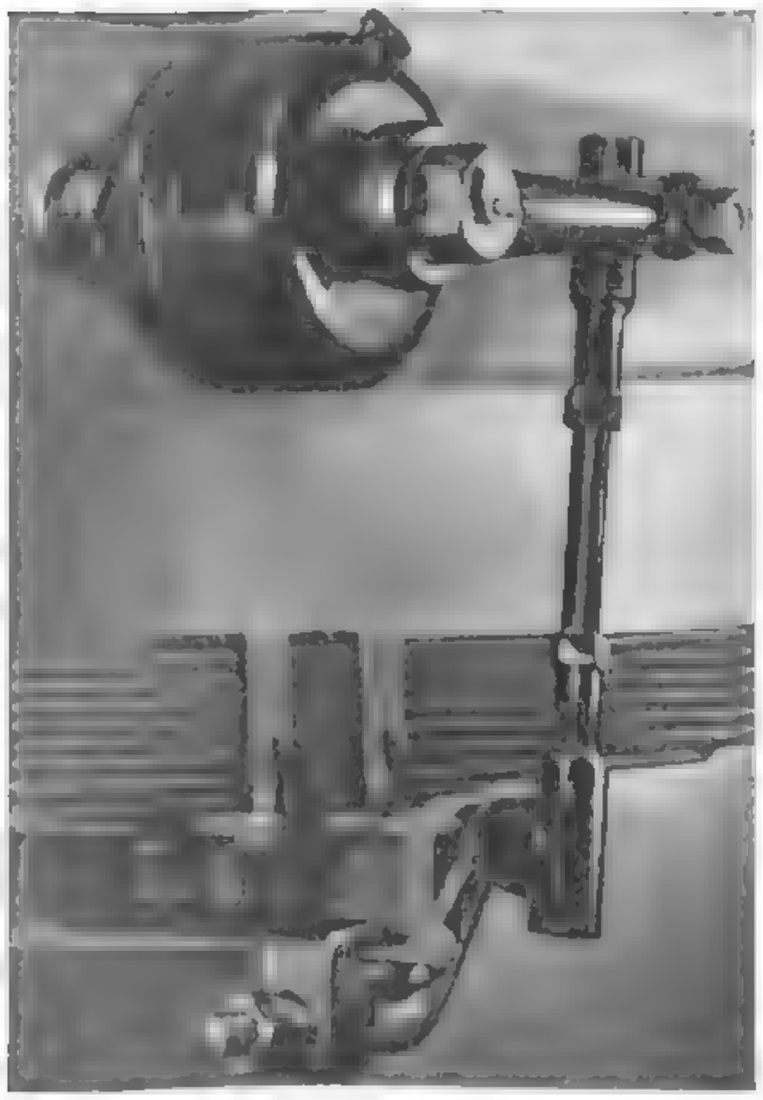

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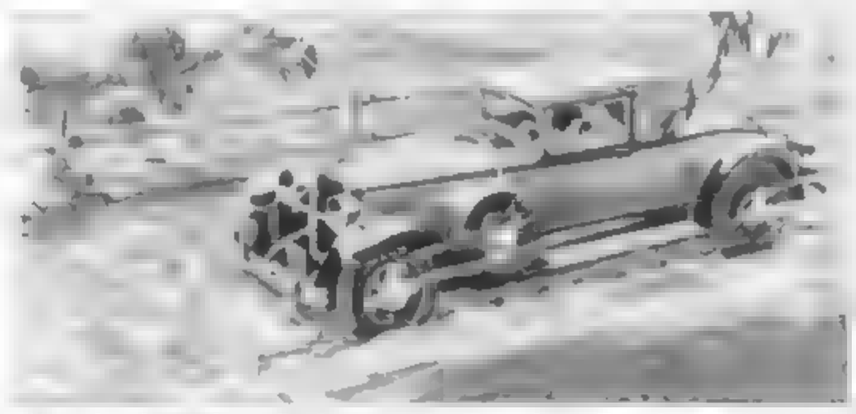

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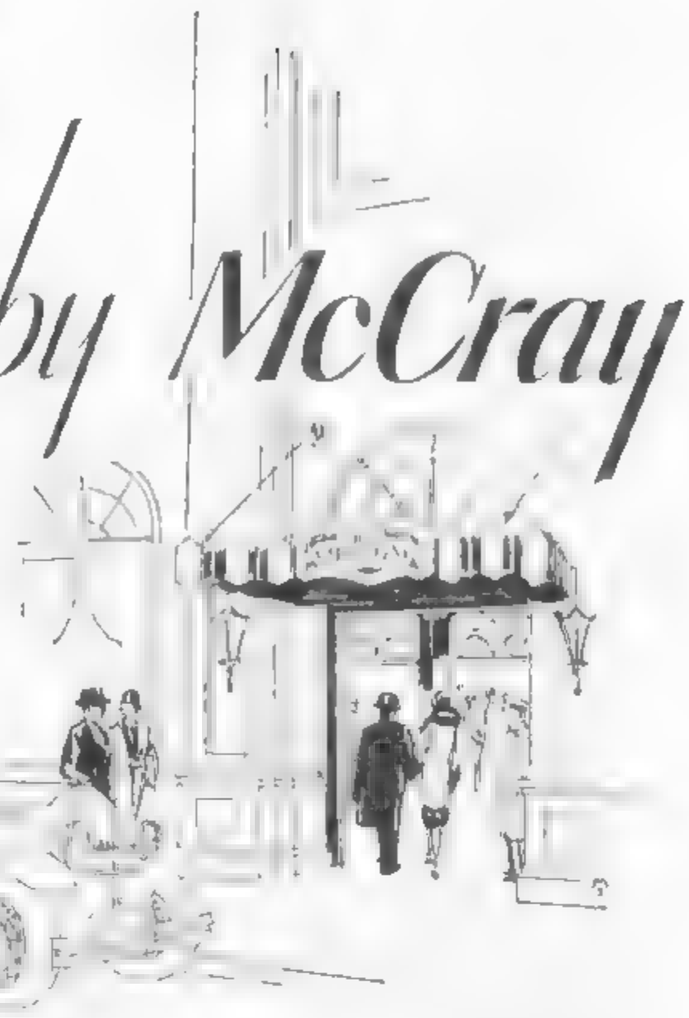
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

for
Hotels - Restaurants - Institutions

a New Standard of Refrigerator Service *by McCray*



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FOR ALL PURPOSES
For
Grocery Stores·
Meat Markets·
Hotels · Restaurants · Hospitals·
Institutions··
Florist Shops·
Homes . . . .

NEWEST and FINEST of achievements in McCray history, the No. 332, shown above, is typical of the latest models built especially for hotels, restaurants, hospitals and institutions.

Gleaming white porcelain fused on steel provides an interior easy to keep spotless and sanitary. Four-inch walls are insulated with pure corkboard, sealed with hydrolene.

Five-ply laminated oak with flush panels make a handsome as well as staunch and durable exterior. Hardware of the latest self-closing type, is bronze, heavily nickelled. Piano casters enable easy moving.

Like all McCray models the 332 may be used with machine refrigeration of any type, or ice.

Other styles and sizes, with the same details of quality construction, are available for every refrigerator need.

In hotels—in restaurants, tea rooms, cafeterias and soda luncheonettes—in city and country clubs—in public and private schools and colleges—in hospitals and sanitariums—in public and private institutions, McCray equipment is chosen for *efficiency* in service and *economy* in operation with machine or ice.

McCray also builds refrigerators, coolers and display case refrigerators for food stores, markets, and florist shops, as well as models for large and small homes.

See the new models at the salesroom nearest you. Or send now for literature and information about refrigerators to meet your particular needs. No obligation, of course.

FORTY YEARS of close association have given McCray an intimate knowledge of the exacting refrigerator needs of hotels, restaurants and institutions.

In these latest models, built upon the staunch foundation of quality which has always characterized McCray, we have embodied refinements and improvements which provide a new standard of refrigerator service. Wherever perishable foods must be kept in large quantities, these new models are hailed as the finest achievement in modern sanitary refrigeration!

Significant of this high regard, is the selection of McCray equipment by so many of America's largest and finest establishments. McCray quality has been *proved in service for more than a third of a century.*

With mechanical refrigeration of any type—or ice—McCray construction gives assurance of thorough refrigeration at low cost for operation. *And remember, it is the refrigerator itself which determines the character of service you receive, whatever cooling method is used.*

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Salesrooms in All Principal Cities *(See Telephone Directory)*

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

McCRAY REFRIGERATORS

(Continued from Page 190)

melodious sounds. The chandeliers sparkled and trembled, as the couples swayed to and fro in the measures of the dances. The older people sat about for a while, watching the dancers, but gradually they withdrew to the library, where the card tables were set out for them and Sam was in attendance with trays of refreshments. My mother, in her rose silk gown, with pansies on her white shoulders and in her hair, seemed to me far more beautiful than any of the young ladies present. I am sure my father thought so as he led her proudly out upon the dance floor, holding her by the tips of her slender white fingers. On the vine-hung veranda, lighted by the soft glow of Japanese lanterns, laughing groups gathered about the tables or clustered on the steps.

Servants darted back and forth upon the veranda to the house and up the stairs to the library, carrying glasses, passing trays of ices and cakes, all the while showing their white teeth in delighted smiles and keeping time with heads and shoulders to the irresistible music. As the evening went on, two by two the dancers left the house and strolled out into the gardens.

To the little girl looking on, the laughter that filled the great house, the half understood romance of the young couples as they wandered in the white moonlight, the perfume of the roses and the strains of music bring memories as clear to her today as on that June evening so many years ago.

Never afterward could it be quite the same as on that glamorous night. Whether in later years the child saw with eyes from which the veils of illusion had fallen, or whether that year was actually the turning point when the South began to change, it is hard to tell.

Long after the music ended and the laughter had died away; when the lights in the old house had flickered out and the world was left to silence and moonlight, the child lay in the darkness with wide-open eyes, thinking about her family, her home and the little Kentucky town she loved. It was as though she wished to carry with her forever after that memory of the perfume, leisure and happiness, the security and grace of living which was the old South.

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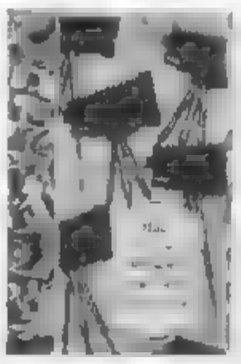

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